THE FORUM

JULY, 1925

Vol. LXXIV

No. 1

$5747
14

THE NEW RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

III — Babism and Bahaism

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"A DAY will come wherein the lights of unity will enlighten all the world. The earth will be irradiated with the light of God. That light is the light of unity. There is no God but God." — Mohammed, The Koran. "Ye are all fruits of one tree, the leaves of one branch, the flowers of one garden" — Baha'u-'llah. . . . These texts reflect the spirit in which the prophets of a new faith have suffered martyrdom in the cause of love and unity. Bahaism aims to be a super-religion that welcomes members of every creed.

IS the prediction of the Arab prophet about to be realized in America, and especially in the Middle West, on the shores of Lake Michigan? The geographical situation is well chosen; the civilizing power of this lake and its eventual destiny may well surpass in grandeur and in achievement the glory of the Mediterranean, that mother of cities, ancient and modern, of Graeco-Latin art, and of the religions which have nourished us thus far. In fact the enormous development of industry and commerce around this inland sea seems to presage that the vigorous people on its shores will one day be able to produce, — already there are signs of it, — a beauty and a spirituality our industrial world has not hitherto known.

Meanwhile from Mr. Albert Vail, author of *Heroic Lives in Universal Religion*, I have a letter which says: "Our Bahai temple in Chicago, which is to be open to all sects and religions in a spirit of brotherhood, dedicated to the oneness of God and the oneness of mankind, is now about one-third built. It is located on Sheridan Road and Linden Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois, just north of Evanston. It has already attracted a great deal of interest because

of its unique architecture and the ideals of universal brotherhood and peace for which it stands."

Up to the present there has existed only one Bahai basilica, at Iskabad, Russia. The Chicago temple, modeled upon oriental pagodas or mosques, will form an entire district composed of edifices and *edicules* grouped around the mother-monument, so that, according to Mr. J. E. Esslemont, the English historian of *Baha'u'llah and the New Era*, "the worship of God may always be closely associated with reverent delight in the beauty of nature and of art, and with practical work for the amelioration of mankind." In the centre of a large circular garden symbolizing the all-embracing orb of Allah's power stands a nine-sided shrine surmounted by a dome. Nine flower-bordered walks lead to nine inner portals; and each visitor, issuing from the pathway of his own denomination or trend of thought, will at the central door divest himself of the prejudices, rites, and dogmas that disunite, and under the great dome become one with all his fellow men.

Wonder has been expressed that Mussulmans, avowed or nonconformist, should dream of the religious capitulation of mankind on such a bold scale when, except in Turkey, they chafe under the hegemony of Christians. In some quarters the scheme has been interpreted as a roundabout attempt at liberation through a grandiose counter attack. And those who say that Bahaism is not Islam overlook the origin of this super-religion, a mighty branch of the Mohammedan tree. In the *Bahai Scriptures*, edited by Mr. Horace Holley of New York, Baha'u'llah is reported to have written, "It is evident that whosoever hath not acknowledged the Koran hath not in reality accepted the Books which preceded it."

During his life Mohammed restricted himself to incarnating the national revival of his own Arabian race; still the verse from the Koran quoted in the introductory note of this essay shows clearly enough that his secret aspiration was the spiritual conquest of the entire world. The vision of a millennium is not confined to St John; the Mussulmans also have their Apocalypse. First it was the Bab, then Baha'u'llah and his successors, whom they believed to be entrusted with the mission of fulfilling the prophecies.

Yet the building of a Bahai temple in Chicago comes as a surprise and, in a country of puritan traditions, seems to be a paradox. Is not catholicity the revendication of Christians? That

they should unite with those whom they call infidels, to proclaim under the banner of Baha'u'llah the accomplishment of that law of love which has its unparalleled expression in Christ's Gospel, is an enigma which can perhaps be explained only by the history of Persia and the miraculous power of the blood shed by martyrdom.

Persia had often surprised the world. She gave birth to the first prophet Zoroaster, the creator, if one may say so, of heroic morality. Denouncing the serpent to which Adam had harkened, Zoroaster solved the grievous problem of conscience, and separated the good from the bad, as the God of Genesis set apart Light and Darkness.

Marvelous, elegant, long-suffering Persia, — rightly was she called the France of Asia. Darius, her Louis XIV, and Cyrus, her Napoleon, made her the empress of nations. What poets can be compared with Firousi, Saadi, Hafiz, and Omar Khayyam, — more modern and poignant than Heine and Baudelaire? Her miniatures, carpets, pottery, and swords are still the exotic ornaments of sophisticated salons. But in the course of the last two centuries her star has waned, and she has become ignorant and servile, — the timorous and obscure vassal of Turkey, Russia, England. Through fanatic quarrels and sinister politics, she was torn and vilified. Moslems, slaves of literalism and scattered into antagonistic sects; Jews, Christians, and Parsees, despising and fighting each other; bribed governors and voluptuous kings turned into a wilderness the ancient Iran of gardens and palaces, — a wilderness of depopulated towns infested by highwaymen. In her distress she called upon Allah, who, decreeing that her sufferings should serve to purge all nations of their evils, sent a generous paladin, more pacific than Mohammed whose descendant he was: Mirza Ali Mohammed, the Bab, or the portal of a new wisdom, — a young man, brave, handsome, and tempered like a steel blade, the finest product of his country. This new Alexander, "the beloved of the worlds," subjugator of souls, died in 1850 at the age of thirty-one, having shed no blood but his own, a martyr of spotless love, of universal charity.

The Babis, his partisans, were "beheaded, hanged, blown from the mouth of cannons, burnt, or chopped to pieces." Their homes were burned, their womenfolk carried off or executed. Still the movement progressed. Scarcely had the Bab's mission begun, —

he was allowed a bare two years of preaching, — when he was cast into prison, questioned, bastinadoed, disfigured, then tried for heresy before a clerical court, and finally put to death.

The Bab was led to the scaffold at Tabriz with a young devotee who had implored to share his fate. About two hours before noon the two were suspended by ropes, under their armpits, in such a manner that the head of the disciple rested against the breast of his beloved master. Armenian soldiers received the order to fire; but when the smoke cleared, the Bab and his companion were found to be unscathed. The bullets had merely severed the ropes by which they were suspended. Amazed by what they considered a miracle, the soldiers were unwilling to fire again. They were replaced by a more docile squad, and this time the volley took effect. The bodies of both victims were riddled by bullets and horribly mutilated, but their faces, spared by a strange caprice of destiny, bore an expression of radiant transfiguration.

All Europe was stirred to pity and indignation. The event occurred on the ninth of July, 1850; among the *litterateurs* of my generation, in the Paris of 1890, the martyrdom of the Bab was still as fresh a topic as had been the first news of his death. We wrote poems about him. Sarah Bernhardt entreated Catulle Mendès for a play on the theme of this historic tragedy. When he failed to supply a manuscript, I was asked to write a drama entitled *Her Highness the Pure*, dealing with the story of another illustrious martyr of the same cause, — a woman, Quarratul-Ayn, the Persian Joan of Arc and the leader of emancipation for women of the Orient.

Her case was unique. Had it been admissible for a woman to be a Mahdi, or a "Point", Quarratul-Ayn, — who bore resemblance both to the mediæval Héloïse and the neo-platonic Hypatia, — would have been recognized as the equal of the Bab. Such virile courage and power did she inherit that all who saw and heard her were uplifted to a new understanding of the mission of her sex. A poetess, philosopher, linguist, and theologian, an early convert of the Bab, she threw aside her veil, despite the immemorial custom of Asia, carried on controversies with the most learned scholars of her country, discomfited them, and won recognition as their master. Imprisoned, anathematized, driven from town to town, stoned in the streets, she defied, single-handed, a Shah who

"through his decree could slaughter a thousand men each day", — and often did so. To her executioners she said, "You may kill me as soon as you please, but you cannot stop the emancipation of women." Then, having donned her choicest robes, as if to join a bridal party, she was dragged into a garden and strangled by a Negro.

The Bab had exhorted the people to purify themselves that they might welcome the Divine Sun, of whom he was the Radiant Morn. When the Bab declared his mission in 1844, Mirza Hussayn Ali, a young man of twenty-seven, the son of a vizier, and of royal descent, boldly espoused the perilous cause. Prison and exile soon became his portion. Scenes were enacted during this period which recall the Terror in France, with its horrors and its heroism. In the words of Mr. Esselmont, when the executioners came to fetch one of these comrades in jail, "the one whose name was called would literally dance with joy, kiss the hands of Hussayn, the Bab's spiritual heir, embrace the rest of his fellow-believers, and then hasten with glad eagerness to the place of his martyrdom."

To fulfil his mission as a "Manifestation of God", Hussayn Ali, like Mohammed, required the consecration of solitude. Therefore, without even advising his family, he retired into the desert of Kurdistan, where, unlike Elisha, he met not angels to serve him but robbers and desperados. But in the night, as his voice rose in hymns and prayers, vagabonds and banditti drew near his cave and became believers and brothers. After two years of isolation as a hermit, his fame had spread, and he returned to Bagdad, preaching the good tidings of solidarity and love to rough Kurds, mysterious fire-worshippers, persecuted Jews, mutually hostile Christians and Moslems. Then he was recognized as the One who was to come, — as Baha'u'llah, the Glory of God, the Blessed perfection. But the crowned tiger in Teheran banished "the Blessed Perfection" from Persia. A new hejira began. With caravans Baha'u'llah crossed Asia Minor to Constantinople, whence the Sultan of Turkey sent him to Adrianople.

From Adrianople his enemies determined to exile him once more to a place where he could find only misery and death. With eighty followers he was shut up in the army barracks at St Jean d'Acre in Syria. Malaria and dissentery decimated the little band,

all confined in the same dungeon with putrid water to drink and insufficient food.

Years went by; little by little the restrictions were relaxed, and at last the prison gates were opened. They had glorified God in hardship, poverty, and ignominy; they could thank Him in a condition of honor and affluence.

During the period of his incarceration, and after his liberation by the young Turks, Baha'u'llah devoted his time to various activities. In several books he gave permanent form to his message for mankind as the Manifestation of God, — or rather God Himself, which he claimed to be. In the intervals of this writing he entered into correspondence with the rulers and potentates of the world. From his prisons, weighed down with chains, he dictated laws to them, writing, as he declared, with the "Pen of Command". His epistles were often prophetic. In 1869 he rebuked Napoleon III and warned him that abasement would "hasten upon his heels". "Soon," he declared to the Shah of Persia, "a republic of men will rule over thee." And to the Sultan of Turkey he announced: "Revolution shall appear in your midst, and your countries will be divided. Then you will weep and lament, and nowhere will you find help or protection."

Simply and serenely, Baha'u'llah passed away on the twenty-eighth of May, 1892, at the age of seventy-five. By his will, Abdul Baha was constituted his father's representative and the expounder of his teachings. Since the death of Abdul Baha, his eldest grandson, Shogi Effendi, has been appointed to the responsible position of "Guardian of the Cause". He is now twenty-seven. To him are adjoined "the Hands of the Cause of God", four tried and trusted friends. Under the supervision of the Guardian, they help and direct the "spiritual assemblies".

The Bahai movement first became known in the United States in 1893. "Since then its progress has been somewhat slow," writes Mrs. Mary H. Ford, a distinguished Bahai lecturer, "but it has passed from individual to individual, from city to city, until at present its assemblies are to be discovered in every rising community of the country. Owing to the exceedingly slight organization and the absence of a creed, it is difficult to estimate the number of the converts in America. The most active centre of the Bahai faith in this country is New York City, where the

publication of its literature is also established. Then come Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Along the northern Pacific shore, as in the East, the Bahai Cause has its assemblies in all the principal towns, and is being enthusiastically propagated through its principles of international peace and brotherhood." After earnest consideration and some inquiries, we think that we do not exaggerate in believing that the active Bahai are at least one hundred thousand in America; and more than two hundred thousand here are influenced by the teachings of Baha'u'llah, among them an elite carrying less or more his message by the pen or by speech.

The number of Bahais in Persia at the time of Baha'u'llah's death was estimated by Lord Curzon at a million. He added that it would soon be possible for the Cause to "oust Mohammedanism from the field of Persia". One can now understand why such signal honors were rendered to Abdul Baha by the English Government in Palestine. Since then "both Eastern and Western writers about the movement admit that the number of Bahais throughout the world is to be reckoned in millions," — perhaps fifteen to twenty. The ever-increasing expansion of Bahaism is due to the fructifying blood of the martyrs, to the persecution of the Sultan and the Shah, and also to the western tours of Abdul Baha.

Succeeding his father as the "Centre of the Covenant", Abdul Baha, the "Servant of God", displayed great zeal and diplomacy. Whereas the Bab scarcely left Persia, and Baha'u'llah remained almost all his life in Asia, Abdul Baha "consorted with all people with joy and fragrance", traveling around the world like an uncrowned king. London, Edinburgh, Paris, Vienna, and scores of other cities in Europe and the United States received his pontifical visit, but his favorite places of residence were Acre, Haifa, and the Holy Land because of their glorious memories and the simplicity of the life which prevails there.

His forty years of seclusion lent a glamour to his personality which stood him in good stead during the last period of his career as a leader. This glamour was enhanced by the turban which he wore, his Persian cloak, his metaphorical language, and the symbolic rose, cherished flower of Ispahan, which was in evidence at all receptions and banquets in his honor. He had little difficulty

in drawing to his martyr's cause Christians who entertained a vague regret for their forlorn religion; scattered and free-thinking Hebrews; intelligent and modern Mussulmans repelled by the ignorant fanaticism of the Ulema; Hindus athirst for any new cup of mysticism; and a restless cosmopolitan elite eager for the latest thrill. Under his régime, Babism and Bahaism have absorbed ready-made ideas, and they are developing into an economic program moulded to the needs of the time, combining, as best they can, Judaism, Islam, and some aspects of oriental Christianity; an opportunistic and undenominational faith without creed, dogmas, rites, or priests, bereft of the supernatural, eliminating asceticism, regarding miracles as not positive but symbolic facts.

Bahaism embodies nine fundamental principles: The independent investigation of truth; the oneness of mankind; the oneness of religions ("Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, Krishna are one being, one essence, one cause, one power, and one foundation"); the harmony between religion, science, and reason; the equality of men and women; the solution of the economic problem (obligation of useful labor and voluntary sharing of wealth); the establishment of an international auxiliary language; universal peace; an international tribunal.

That there is much to be said in praise of those nine principles I should be the last to deny. But they are not wholly novel, and it is at once apparent that such an arduous and gigantic program oversteps the boundaries of religion proper. We have a French proverb which says, "*Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint.*" In an advertisment of *Bahai the Spirit of the Age* by Horace Holley, I read: "Christian, Jew, Socialist, Buddist, Free Mason, Spiritualist, Theosophist, Humanitarian, — all, it is claimed, can find their highest ideals fully realized in the creative power of the Bahai principles." Does it not seem too grand to be true? Behind these oracular panaceas for the evils of our time and of all time, what sign is there of an agency that will eradicate the venoms hidden away in the sinuosities of the universal mind?

Once during a journey through Syria I stopped at Mount Carmel to place flowers on the tomb of the Bab, but had not the good fortune to meet Abdul Baha. In 1912 I was luckier. A few weeks before the production of my Persian dramatic poem at

Monte-Carlo I had the privilege of a conversation with Abdul Baha at the home of my musical collaborator. Thanks to a young diplomat, who had just returned from Persia and knew the language, we could exchange ideas. The old prophet was full of hope for the future. Through Baha'u'llah's doctrine, he declared, the world was on the way to becoming metamorphosed into a "rose-garden and a paradise". I had already listened to pæans of universal peace and knew that not infrequently they could be a harbinger of universal war.

"Do you really believe," I inquired, "that the solution of so grave a problem is posited in such ephemeral instrumentalities as the Hague Tribunal or Esperanto?"

Abdul Baha lifted his clear gray eyes, which reflected the poignant weariness of life. "This world is but one realm and one native land," he replied. "This twentieth century is the dawn of spiritual illumination, and it is evident that day by day its potency will assume greater and greater proportions."

In this exalted and Daedalian Eastern soul I suspected a sincere over-confidence in our outwardly brilliant civilization. I reminded him that Asia has so little to gain from our intricate "improvements", while we have so much to learn from the laws of the spirit which she intuitively discovered many centuries ago.

"Can peace exist among men," I exclaimed, "before man is at peace with himself? Psychology, not external collyria, may, in rebuilding the individual, heal social perversions and deficiencies. Man is immemorially soul-sick. Torn between his lower and higher self, he is not seriously determined to create in the world a harmony he fails to find in himself. Since he secretly longs for conquest, all that artificial mechanism of accord is but a plaything in a hand always ready to grasp the sword."

Abdul Baha shook his head majestically and, with oriental impressiveness, replied: "Let us heed the gentle voice of the dove and the melody of the nightingale." Then, closing his eyes, he added: "Be admonished, ye who are possessors of intelligence."

Two years later all Christian Europe was a battlefield.

Christianity's misfortune has been its division into sects, which instead of striving for harmony among themselves have set the disciples of Christ against one another. We have thus given other cults occasion to assert themselves. While the Byzantines were

discussing empty words instead of carrying out the precepts of the Gospel, Arabs and Turks, drawn by Mohammed from idolatry to the conception of a unique God, threw themselves against the decadent Christians of the Orient and Occident, assailing Europe from end to end, conquering Constantinople and occupying Granada.

At present a new assault is being attempted. The whole Moslem world is trembling in an anguish that marks a rebirth of energy, both intellectual and physical. From British India to hispanic Morocco a disquieting agitation has spread. If, as the Koran says, "heaven lies beneath the radiance of the sword," — a blade that has flashed and may flash again, — on the other hand a mystic weapon, still more deep-cutting, is being brandished by sages and apostles.

We are in an era, less of competition between countries than between races. With the Bab and Baha'u'llah, the Arabian tribes, responding to the trumpet call of the higher self, contend for the hegemony of all souls. Why not? These sons of Ishmael are men as we are. What should we have to fear if, instead of anathematizing them, we summoned them to a discussion whose sole aim would be the triumph of truth?

Christianity cannot become really universal until it accepts the challenge of other religions, studies them sympathetically, and renders to them justice for all the services they have contributed to civilization. If that were done we might then be able to demonstrate to adherents of other faiths that the four Gospels contain all they are searching for. It would also be fitting for the Christian to prove, by his conduct, that he is more virtuous, more enlightened, more tolerant, more charitable, and more stanch than his brethren of other cults. Once we act in this spirit, divided beliefs will converge in "the sea of divine generosity"; peace of spirit and joy of heart will be established on earth.

Bahais, previously members of antagonistic sects, have manifested toward every one, even their enemies, a spirit of help and amity. We can only be glad that persecutions have diminished and that a gentle and ennobling influence has regenerated the Orient, from Syria to Burma. It is quite possible that Bahaism has a mission to pacify and spiritually quicken races and tribes which we have so far been unable to evangelize.

THE UNCHANGING TYRANT

L. Adams Beck

WHETHER you are one of the "unchanging tyrants" or a "nobler male" you will find much that is wondrously quaint and droll in this essay based upon a two hundred years old treatise of advice to "Virgins, Wives, and Widows". The advice, though couched in the picturesque verbiage of a bygone day, is not nearly so archaic as the spelling. If any Ladies are angered by it they will find ample consolation in the vigorous protest of Miss Gilman. It is safe to predict that neither of them has settled the matter forever!

NOW that woman has wrested from us all the rights, protesting that the wholesome air of a perfect equality was what she yearned for in the old days of slavery, when we held that

"Woman is passion's slave, and rightful lord
O'er her and passion rules the nobler male,"

is the nobler male to believe her? Are we to act on the assumption that we have enfranchised a generous comrade, who, unjustly subjugated, saw life all the time from the same angle as ourselves, loved freedom with our disinterested love, desiring it for our sakes as much as for her own that we might purge our souls of a great wrong? In short, have we found a new and chivalrous comrade, who will play the game according to the rules we invented directly we left Eden and faced the harsh realities of life outside the garden? Not we! This paper is a solemn warning to fear the Greeks when they come bearing gifts, and to expect no mercy from the unchanging tyrant whom we have armed afresh.

There has come into my possession a book two hundred years old. My copy dates from the youth of the eighteenth century, in the early days of Queen Caroline's reign in England. Nominally her husband, the second George, swayed the sceptre. He certainly believed this himself, and none was so eager to confirm his belief as his submissive Queen Consort, none so indignant when her loyal subjects went about the streets of London singing (with more insight than grammar),

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain.
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you that reign."

For though his Majesty was on no account to suspect it, her age knew very well that the gray mare was much the better horse,

and that this lady who breathed softest submission, who without remonstrance permitted her little King to amuse himself with such pretty toys as generally commend themselves to Princes, was herself in reality the monarch who made and unmade statesmen, who steered the ship while dapper George enjoyed himself in Hanover and thence wrote sympathetic descriptions of the latest prettiest toy to the submissive wife to whom his will was law. Submission, in short, was the cloak of tyranny. But let us remember that tyranny has many weapons and that despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the insignia of freedom.

This book is a revelation. It discloses the inner, the unchanging will to power of woman. She stoops to conquer when needful, for her appetite for rule is unquenchable, but when the victory is won she tramples, — *Vae victis* is her cry. And the book, which calls itself *An Infallible Guide to the Fair Sex, Containing Rules and Directions for their Conduct as Virgins, Wives, and Widows*, may be described as a Manual of Strategy for use in the duel between the sexes for the possession of power. It is therefore naturally concerned with the noble art of cookery; but it deals frankly with the treatment of a Drunken, and Unfaithful, a Choleric, or a Foolish Husband, and other varieties of the species, with the fullest instructions to the Lady how best to make her Market of the specimen in her possession. And it concludes with plentiful recipes for strong drinks such as Mum, Mead, Metheglin, Verjuice, and others, and with rules for curious Cosmeticks, lesser but useful weapons in the attack. It was published by subscription in the manner of the time and was immensely popular.

It opens with the encouraging statement that "altho' the Female may be thought by some to be inferior in their Intellectuals to the other Sex, yet, in the sublimest part of Humanity no one can dispute their Equality for they have Souls of as divine an Original," — a war-cry surmounted by the illustration of a risen Sun of Righteousness with a female face casting stiff rays upon a very large and comfortably filled Pye, thus handsomely combining the two principal themes of the book. And on the ground that honesty is the best policy for both worlds, ladies are instructed that they will be gravely mistaken if they allow men to usurp this strategic advantage and excel them in good conduct.

The Virgin is the first pupil. She is told that "in such a degen-

erate Age do we now live that a Blush (which was formerly accounted the Colour of Virtue) is now looked upon as worse Manners than those Things which ought to occasion it. And not only the Air, but the Vices of Men are copied. A blustring ranting Stile is taken up, adorned with all the Oaths and Imprecations the Memory and Invention can supply, as if they meant to vindicate their Sex from the Imputation of Timerousness."

But they are to remember that Men resent this assumption of Equality, and it is on this and higher accounts, impolitick, to put it mildly. Who can respect a Virgin who goes blustring about with Oaths and Imprecations? What chance is hers of the strategic position of a Wife? No, indeed, and there is Modesty also to be considered, — Modesty, which is in grave danger in so degenerate an Age. For the enemy also is a strategist.

"The best way to countermine the Strategems of Men is to be suspiciously vigilant even of the first Approaches. She who will secure her Chastity must never let it come to too close a siege. She must not lend herself to lightness of Carriage or wanton Glances, things that show a Woman so weary of her Honour that the next comer may reasonably expect a Surrender. Let her therefore put on so severe a Modesty that her very Look should discourage the most impudent Assailent. But perhaps the Sex may fear thus to imperil the Glory of their Beauty. To this let it be replied that she, who to boast the length of her Hair should hang herself in it, would but act the same Folly in a lower Instance."

It is pitiable to see how such advantages are thrown away. "Solon, the sage, made it one of his laws that an Adultress should not be permitted to wear any Ornaments, that so they might in their Dress carry the Note of their Infamy. Should we have the like Distinction it is to be feared that many of our gayest Birds would be unplumed."

Yet let not a woman think that all her charm depends upon Modesty. "There are some Women who know no other. They think they have a Privilege to fail in all the rest, to be proud, arrogant, and slander with impunity. Anne of Bretagne was a Princess so haughty that she try'd very much the patience of Louis the Twelfth. This Prince used often to say, 'We must expect to pay for the Chastity of Women.'" On pain of Unpopularity let not Women exact this payment.

But Good Humor can also be carried to excess. "There is a certain Thing called a good kind of Woman. She is never without a Plaister for a wounded Reputation. She seldom has the Propriety of any particular Gallant but lives upon Brokage and waits for the Scraps her Friends are content to leave her. Such a Woman is evidently a Detrimental in Battle." There is also the Lady who thinks it less ill Manners to talk impertinently than to be silent in Company. "When such a one rides Admiral and carries the Lanthorn in a Circle of prating Fools, the chattering of Monkies is a better noise than such a Concert." I like this. It refers to the old custom of the Admiral of a Fleet carrying a lantern which the rest must follow.

"Let Women grow graver and not be Girls of Fifty who resolve to be ever young whatever Time with his iron Teeth may determine to the contrary. A cheerful old Fool may reasonably be put into the list of the tamer kind of Monsters. There is a certain sort of Woman called a grave Hobby-Horse, a kind of She Numps, that pretends to be pulled to a Play and must needs go to Bartholomew Fair to look after the young Folks: but in reality she takes them for her Excuse. Such an old Butterfly is of all Creatures the most ridiculous."

But it is the Flapper, the youthful Virgin, who arouses most uneasiness. "Indeed the very great Confidence that Youth now seems to have of itself as it is very indecent, so it is extremely Pernicious. They who should formerly have seen a young Maid rambling abroad without her Mother or some other prudent person would have look'd on her as a Stray, and thought it but a neighbourly Office to have brought her home, whereas now 'tis a rarity to be seen in any Company graver than themselves, and she that goes with her Parent, unless it be such a Parent as is as wild as herself, thinks she does but walk abroad with her Jailor. But sure, there are no small Mischiefs that attend this Liberty, for it leaves them to the choice of their own Company, and when they once begin to nibble at the Bait, and to be pleased with Courtship, 'tis great odds they do not escape the Hook. Let each Virgin therefore when any Overture of Marriage is made, divert the address from herself and direct it to her Parents. 'Tis most agreeable to the Virgin Modesty which should make marriage an Act rather of their Obedience than their Choice."

Having now conducted the Virgin to the Entrance of another state we must shift the scene to the trials of a Wife. Here is the innermost cunning of strategy brought forward. Mark it well! For first we deal with the unfaithful Husband. He is introduced with the observation that a patient submission is the one Catholicon, and therefore are they far in the Wrong who pursue their Husbands with Virulencies and Reproaches. This is, as Solomon says, "the pouring Vinegar upon Nitre, and applying Correctives when Balsams are most needed. For when a Husband can accuse his Wife's Bitterness he thinks he needs no other Apology for his own Misbehaviour." And it is obvious that he must be left without a Leg to stand on!

But the authoress pursues her vein, adding that the Sufferer (the Lady) must certainly be meek if she wishes to be compassionated, for, "We have naturally some regret to see a Lamb under the Knife, whereas the impatient Roaring of a Swine diverts our Pity. And not only so, but the late Marquiss of Hallifax in his curious Treatise called 'Advice to a Daughter' enjoins her to consider that though the Female Sex have the greater Share of the Penalty it is more than recompensed by having the Honour of Families in their Keeping! Therefore they must not see this Fault in their Husbands. They should not seem to look that Way. Besides, should a Lady show too great warmth on such an occasion it would make her appear much more ridiculous than the Injury that provoked her to it. An affected Ignorance which is seldom a Virtue is a great one here." The omission which one regrets, however, is the information as to exactly how much warmth is admissible without emulating the Roaring of the Swine, for surely a mild regret would establish the Sufferer more securely as a Saint.

We next come to the Drunkard, and here we lead off with the subtile observation that "a Wife should thank God for her Husband's Faults." "A Husband without Faults is a dangerous Observer. The Faults and Passions of Men bring them down to their Wives, and make them content to live on less unequal Terms. Thus, in case of a drunken Husband, his Wine shall be of her Side. It will throw a Veil over her Mistakes. When, after having dined too well he is received without a Storm, the Wine will look out in all Kindness. And a woman should consider that

where the Man gives such frequent intermissions of his Reason the Wife insensibly gets a Right of governing in the Vacancy, and that raises her Credit to a higher Pitch than perhaps could be done under a sober Husband who never puts himself into an incapacity of holding the Reins."

Enter the Choleric Husband. "To this may be said that passionate Men generally make amends at the Foot of the Account. If he is Angry one Day without any cause he will be kind the next without any Reason. Therefore a Woman may easily bring over his Passions to her Party. Instead of being struck down by his Thunder she may direct it where and upon whom she shall think it best applied. But then there must be Art, and a skilful Hand, — for there is a great deal of nice Care requisite to deal with a Man of this Complexion since a man swells against Contradiction and thinks he is lessened if opposed.

"Women are to beware of kindling the Fire whilst the wind is in a corner which may blow it in their Faces. They are dexterously to yield everything till he begins to cool, and then by slow Degrees they may rise and gain upon the Man. A shrill pettish Answer would provoke him, and rather than fail in such Occasions when other Remedies are too weak, a little Flattery may be admitted, which by being necessary will cease to be criminal."

Nor is the covetous Husband omitted and the Guide observes: "This complaint is now general against all Husbands. He that spares in everything is an inexcusable Niggard. The lady must observe seasonable Hours of speaking when she offers anything in Opposition to this reigning Humour, and a third Hand may sometimes prevail. A Dose of wine will oftentimes work on this tough Humour and remove it. The Wife's business must be to watch these critical Moments and not let one of them slip without making her advantage of it, and she may be said to want Skill, if by these means she is not able to secure herself in a good Measure against the Inconveniences this scurvy Quality in her Husband might bring upon her, except he should be such an incurable Monster as it is to be hoped there are not many of."

"The last supposition is of a Woman's meeting with a Husband weak and incompetent to make use of the Privileges that belong to him. It will be granted that such a one leaves room for a great many Objections, but God Almighty seldom sends a Grievance

without a Remedy. A Lady will be less afraid than perhaps she would be with a wise one. His unseasonable Weakness may sometimes grieve her, but then set against this that it gives her the Dominion. If she has such an Idiot, she should be sure that none but herself should have the Benefit. Such a fool is a dangerous Beast if others have the keeping of him and she must be very undexterous if when her Husband shall resolve to be an Ass she does not take care he may be *her* Ass."

This endearing resolution will lead her to go skilfully about it and above all things to "take Heed of distinguishing in Publick what kind of Husband he is. For this may provoke the tame Creature to break loose and show his Dominion for his credit. The surest Method will be to do like a wise Minister to an easy Prince, first give him the Orders which are afterwards to be received from him."

I wish there were space to give more of these valuable promptings to a Wife, and indeed the book well deserves a second article for the information of those who have any confidence in the Sex thus instructed. But I must pass on to the Widows.

When the victim has been alternately harried and beguiled to the tomb, it is hardly needful to say that his Widow's first consideration will be His Remains, and an honourable Interment, "prudently proportioned to his Quality and Fortune, which will be a much better Instance of her Kindness than frantic Embraces and Caresses of a Carcase. In which cases it is observable that these vehement Passions moulder as does the Body." Nor will it be decorous that the Widow be too soon consoled by Another. It would not look well in her. "She that can make her Mourning Veil an Optic to draw a new Lover nearer to her Sight gives cause to suspect the Sables were all without," and this may make the projected victim more wary.

I wish I had space for the Ancient Widows, and the Younger Widows with their light frolick Humour, and the invitation to them to open a Vista into the other World where they may see the dismal catastrophe of their comedies; and even the vain Lady I can only brush in passing to the really urgent matter in hand, which is the cookery with which the Victim was to be propitiated. For as I hinted in the beginning, the Guide recognizes that the road to Power is not so much through the heart as through the

stomach of the opposing Sex. Two thirds of the book is therefore given over to recipes for foods and drinks, — recipes of the most amazing, the richest and rarest. They would be: Hecatombs of beasts must be sacrificed! What does the Lady care? She is exhorted to feel no squeamishness in this noble art of household strategy. All must be of the best. If pork will please, — "when you go to kill your Pig, whip him about the yard till he lies down, then stick him, scald him, and roast him, and he will eat well." Surely the impatient Roaring of that especial Swine may be excused! But it gives no pause to the Lady in whose campaign he is but a weapon. What does she care, so long as the covetous Husband be pleased, and thus being cajoled may be himself bled in his hours of trustful ease.

Now it is quite evident that loyal admiration is the keynote of the book, and that the shining example which all Ladies are invited to imitate is that of Queen Caroline. She is the perfect Woman. And her record is that she so bedazzled, beguiled, and bewildered her royal husband that he had not the faintest notion but that he was the greatest autocrat alive, and that all the world looked up to the heights of his throne with awful reverence, the real truth being that everyone but himself knew his will was his wife's and every atom of power or prestige he possessed concentrated in her hands, while his Ministers ridiculed him, his people lampooned him, — and were probably one and all exactly in the same case themselves.

These things are written for our instruction. For so it has been from Adam and the Apple downward, and it is to an enemy infinitely stronger and more wily than ourselves that we have conceded, not the privileges, for they clutched those from the beginning, but the technical rights on which to base them and make their position impregnable. Equality! So might the Python have murmured as she lamented her frailty to the lion, her pathetic lack of claws and teeth. One wonders what he thought of that equality later on as she wrapped her coils surely, slowly, about him and swallowed him. *With gently smiling Jaws.* And this doom is about to engulf the whole Western world.

What will be the position of the nobler male in England now that he has two million more women voters than his own shrunken forces to direct his affairs for him?

Well may we tremble before the Oriental who thinks and deals far otherwise with his women. The Serpent, aided by the Woman, never blinded his eyes to the real issue before him. He sees her as she is.

All the odds are on women. Their lives are longer, their constitutions stronger, — ask the insurance offices! Their hearts have always been as adamant in comparison with man's, despite a surface sentimentality which they are scarcely any longer at the trouble to pretend. They are utterly unscrupulous as to means when the end attracts them, and, as this invaluable book reveals, their domestic cajoleries are founded upon a finished system of hypocrisy. Consider the character and art it reveals in the brief extracts given from a solid manual. Consider them; fortified as they are to-day by every legal and political buttress, and ask whether we have done wisely in playing into the hands of the Eternal Tyrant, and what chance remains?

The only answer is given in this venerable parable.

"The female goats having obtained of Jupiter the favor of a beard, the male goats full of concern began to be indignant that the females rivaled them in their dignity. 'Suffer them,' said the God, 'to enjoy their empty honours and to use the badge that belongs to your rank, so long as they are not sharers in your physical strength and courage. They are what really matter and always will settle the question in the long run.'"

The old, old remedy from which only our own folly has parted us. The thick stick.

THE NOBLER MALE

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

SELDOM, in modern times, has appeared a pleasanter picture of that nobility than in this little effort of Mr. Beck's.

It consists mainly of quotations from a two hundred year old book, written by a woman, — or said to be, — a book of advice and instruction for maids, wives, and widows. To what end is this advice? That the maid may secure a husband, her only means of

livelihood or advancement; and that the wife, inescapably bound to a husband, may find some means of lightening her bondage.

The pitiful devices recommended, precisely those by which a clever slave may win some privileges from a master, Mr. Beck calls "tyranny". Tyrants do not have to consider so carefully the whims and moods of their subjects. The tyrant tyrannizes; he does not plot and scheme for little easements.

If the book had any base at all for its popularity it must have rightly estimated the kind of husbands women had to deal with. The first mentioned is the Unfaithful Husband, the adulterer, and the scheming tyrant is recommended not to notice it, and by no means to reproach him. How a man must suffer under a tyranny like this!

The next undesirable husband is the Drunkard. I wonder if the nobler male ever had imagination enough to think what it must be to a clean decent woman to have a drunken man come home to her as a husband. A very general fault of the nobler male is drunkenness. Its effects on the prosperity of the household, on the family, and on the wife, are well known. What is the tyrant advised to do? She is told to thank God for her husband's faults, and that the faults and passions of men bring them down to their wives. Practically, she is to take the reins when he is incapable. This is tyranny. Then the Choleric Husband, the big angry creature under whose blows so many wives have suffered. What is she to do now? To yield everything, to submit, to flatter, — again the only hope of a slave, but hardly distinguishing marks of a tyrant.

And if he gives her no money, or far too little, which is admitted to be a common condition, what is her remedy? To bide her time, use patience and delicate manoeuvring, with the help of a third party desirable, or to give the stingy husband a "dose of wine".

Poor slave! Poor helpless piece of property, owning nothing, earning nothing, dependent for food and drink and clothes, for every necessity of life, to say nothing of its pleasures, upon the nobler male. And if he in his nobility refuses to provide for her, and if she, having no other recourse, contrives to wheedle out of him her denied supplies, this is called tyranny. The admittedly incompetent husband she is to shield in public and manage in private. This is making the best of a bad bargain, but if tyranny, why so considerate?

The Carolinian book seems consistent enough, and was doubtless useful in its time, but the deductions of Mr. Beck are sadly inconsistent. He fears much from the new freedom of women, frankly admitting her former slavery. As a slave, he deems her still a tyrant; but if, when she was utterly his property, with no appeal on earth from his commands, she could still manage to rule him, how can he be so much stronger and nobler?

Here was the nobler male, having in his hands all the major economic processes of the world; managing its business and finance; building ships and carrying on the traffic of all the oceans; holding education peculiarly his own and denying it to her; making and administering the laws, and executing upon her the punishment he had ordained, owner and master not only of wife, but of daughter and sister as well; the mother even having no power over her children save as he allowed it; religion wholly managed by him in all its offices, and pressing heavily on her, as did every power in his hand. And here was the female, uneducated, untraveled, inexperienced; she had no money of her own, she had no "jury of her peers", only and always men to dictate what she might do.

Yet the laws of biology are stronger than any men could make. Love between man and woman has endured under every injustice; there has been happiness and confidence between man and wife, in some instances, through history. In the sadly too frequent cases where husbands were of the kinds here quoted, and worse ones not mentioned, then it is true that women, to live at all, have been driven to a class of tricks and manoeuvres, the pettiness of which is but too clear an evidence of the nature of their masters.

So long as cooking is their best appeal one wonders much at man's high claim of nobility.

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Beck means his little discourse for a joke, and is laughing in his sleeve that any one should take it seriously.

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

VI — Ancient Egypt — Part Two

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated from the French by Alfred Sutro

IN this concluding paper on the life of Ancient Egypt, M. Maeterlinck interprets the spiritual atmosphere that pervades the innumerable tombs and temples which bear grim testimony to the civilization of thirty dynasties of Pharaohs with its mixture of grandeur and naïveté, its oligarchy of wise and thoughtful priests, and its Kings who deified themselves and worshiped their own image. The seventh contribution to THE FORUM *series will deal with the American "Egypts" of pre-Columbian days.*

IN the midst of the incoherence and inconsistency that pervade Egyptian theology, we come across traces at times of a secret religion, traces that the parasitic growths of the popular religion have not been able entirely to hide. We find that these innumerable gods with the ever-changing names are in truth only one god, who was at the same time all the others; one god whose name and form varied with locality or temple, with his powers and functions, with dynasties and kings. The Pharaoh is a god during his lifetime; all men are gods after their death, and whichever god they choose to be. God is all, and all is god; consequently there is only one god, and he cannot be explained because he is all. Thus we arrive at a pantheism so far-reaching that it becomes monotheistic; and then of necessity turns into absolute agnosticism, because we cannot know the great all.

This secret religion formed the basis of the mysteries, which the Greeks copied, notably in the mysteries of Eleusis, the most famous of all. We learn from the thousands of paintings to be found in tomb or temple that it was the great drama of life or resurrection that these mysteries allegorically conveyed. Under the myth of the resurrected Osiris lay hidden the history of all mankind. Even as Osiris was recalled to life by magical incantations and formulas, so might the death of every man be made the beginning of a new existence, provided the same magical incantations and formulas were employed. To the profane, who interpreted this new birth literally, the life that was to start again was more or less the same as the one that had just ended; to the initiate it meant a life of the spirit, an eternal and universal life in

the great all. And it is possible that initiation was practically no more than the study during one's lifetime, the rehearsal as it were, of the great after-life drama of death and the new birth.

The essential aim of the mysteries, therefore, was to give expression to the nebulous promise of agnostic pantheism; but they wrapped it in a multitude of metaphors, both anthropomorphic and zoömorphic, for the benefit of those who could not lift their eyes so high. The texts that expounded it, and proclaimed that man was strictly and wholly god, and identical with all gods, were never, though precautions were taken, really kept secret. They were contained in *The Book of the Dead*, of which there were thousands of copies, handed down from father to son. But if these austere texts had been circulated among the people, there would have been an end to religion; and they were put aside, therefore, carefully kept in the background. The priests, urged by the desire to add to their number, multiplied indefinitely the names of this secretly unique and unfathomable god, multiplied his attributes and his images. Magical incantations took the place of the doctrine it was so difficult to understand, so dangerous to dwell upon. The priests framed and sanctified formulas that were supposed to render those who made use of them, and knew not, as happy and vigorous in the other world as those who knew, — that is, the initiates. There may possibly have been two kinds of initiation; the one, and the higher, to pantheism and agnosticism; the other, more practical and frequent, to the magical formulas; and indeed we find again and again the religion which prayed to and worshiped the gods inextricably confused with the magic and witchcraft that brought those gods to their knees and compelled them to obey man's bidding.

Here once more we note the inconsistency of the Egyptian mind, which at one moment attains the loftiest height of the greatest religions, to fall back immediately after into an abyss of barbaric stupidity, of imaginings that are incredibly inane. Thus we have the curious spectacle of a king who has proclaimed himself the equal of the gods of Abydos and Heliopolis, monarch of earth and heaven, lord of yesterday and to-morrow, and the descendant of Ra, stooping to the pettiest, most contemptible subterfuges, passwords, and falsehoods, that he may ward off the crocodiles and hippopotami, tortoises, snakes, baboons, and

red asses, that bar the road which leads to the eternal fields of Ialou.

It is possible that this grand agnostic pantheism, — which is the loftiest peak that human thought has ever climbed, or that any religion has ever attained, — is it possible that, as some have believed, it may be merely the lingering echo of an ancient tradition, left behind by another race of men; a race that has disappeared but was more intelligent, more spiritual, than those that have survived? If the foundation of all great religions is more or less the same; if, having sacrificed a god that the world might be saved, they all end in absorption and annihilation in the divine, may we infer that the idea fell ready-made from heaven and that the different primitive religions did no more than accept it, mangling and corrupting it after their own individual fashion? The suggestion is attractive, but evidently somewhat fantastic. M. Alexandre Moret, one of the leading French Egyptologists, very justly remarks that, at the fetichism stage, which is the origin of all religions in Egypt as elsewhere, "The mass of primitive men believe that their soul will be saved, because it is bound up with the 'Totem', in other words an animal or vegetable species or a class of objects that cannot *all* perish. At the death of the individual the 'Totem', the immortal, collective soul, gathers unto itself the atom which it had sent forth on this fleeting excursion."

Thus, in the night of the centuries that have no history, no sooner does man emerge from his animal stage than the thought of survival frets him, and he yearns to find a resting-place for his soul. May we not have here the humble origin of the belief in immortality, the origin of all the creeds that, starting with the wretched Totem, grew and expanded, keeping pace with the intellect, till they attained the inscrutable, unfathomable gods of India, Persia, and Egypt, and even the supreme God of Israel, who is not the Jehovah of the Bible, but he of the secret traditions, the En-Sof of Zohar? There is not one of these gods whom we might not worship to-day, without the least sense of degradation; for our own reasoned, scientific agnosticism has discovered nothing else, at least nothing better; and the final truth was always, is still, and probably always will be, that after death we disappear in the entire Totem; that we have never known any-

thing, that we know nothing now, and that we never shall know. Notwithstanding all we have learned and all that science has taught us, we know nothing more of our origin and our end, we are no further advanced, than the prehistoric savage who worshiped, as the symbol of his god, of the immortality of his clan and his soul, a cat, a falcon, a crocodile, or merely a clump of reeds.

Of this higher religion, which was never as systematic, as widespread, as philosophical, as those of India and Persia, the Egyptians retained only one essential dogma, the Judgment of the Dead. This was the basis of their system of morality, and nearly all their religious literature derived from it. The loftiest expressions of this dogma, notably the deification of the soul or the return of the soul to God, — which connects with the Vedic Nirvana just as much as with agnostic pantheism, — fell by slow degrees into neglect, or at least receded further and further into the background; and the Judgment dwindled into a mere appearance before a tribunal whose procedure very much resembled that of our courts of to-day. This matter has been dwelt on so often that I will merely mention a few leading features.

Brought before Osiris and forty-two divinities, each one representing the sin he is called upon to punish, the dead man is amazed to see his heart in one of the scales which Horus holds in his hands, the other containing the image of Maat or Maït, representing absolute justice. He then pleads his own cause, and makes his confession. This confession, like everything else that concerns Egyptian morality, is exclusively negative; he enumerates all the sins he has not committed. In Egypt it was of more importance to have done no harm than to have done good. Should the nicely balancing scales testify to the sincerity of his confession, the dead man becomes the equal of Osiris, he is Osiris himself; and, being Osiris, he is all the gods. He is free to go where he pleases, take the form that he pleases; he can choose his own destiny, either climbing into the vessel of the sun, when he becomes Ra the supreme god, or betaking himself to the heavenly field of Ialou.

But, to judge by what we see on the walls of the tombs, it does not look as though the defunct took much interest in this deification, or that he had any special desire to board the vessel of

Ra or to sojourn in the fields of Ialou. He is free to go where he pleases, on earth or in heaven; but, rather than be let loose in an infinite that inspires him with no confidence, he prefers to remain close to his mummy, in the comfortable, well-furnished, well-provisioned tomb where he can resume the occupations and enjoy all the pleasures of his terrestrial life. This at least would seem a legitimate inference; for the paintings treat all that concerns deification in the vaguest and sketchiest fashion, while the most elaborate care is lavished on the way the "double" installs himself and organizes his existence; the double not being perhaps properly speaking the soul, that is, the divine soul, but from the practical point of view a much more interesting soul, the soul of every-day life, the human soul of an existence that is to be indefinitely prolonged.

These are obviously somewhat irreconcilable beliefs, or at the least ill-assorted; and in Egypt, as everywhere else, the lowest prevails in the end and swallows up the others. Even the Judgment of the Dead, that noble, solemn drama of conscience passing judgment on itself, was not allowed long to remain on its pinnacle; very soon it became enough for the greatest criminal to recite certain formulas, for him to be welcomed by Osiris and receive from him the divinity reserved for the innocent.

But if the dead man could not clear himself before the posthumous tribunal; if his heart, heavy with crime, inclined the scale downwards, and he was not provided with the magical formulas that control the gods, what happened then? Le Page Renouf, the most learned of English Egyptologists, declares that in not one of the inscriptions hitherto deciphered is there record of punishment inflicted on the condemned. Here I think he is wrong. In that vast, black, desolate furnace, the terrible Valley of the Kings, I myself have seen, notably in the tomb of Sethos I, unmistakable figures of the damned, hanging head downwards in the shades, or their souls being driven into the bodies of swine which are tormented by monkeys, the swine apparently being the only animal that will never look up at the sky. It is impossible to get the better of him, my dragoman used to tell me, so long as he has his nose on the ground, in the muck. He will do nothing you want him to, and beating or threats are no use; he struggles like the very devil, and yells loud enough to alarm the whole village. But jerk his snout up

to the sky and he will suddenly stop, alarmed, disturbed, staring in amazement at the wonderful blue vault that he has never seen before; his piercing shrieks dry up in his throat; he becomes as gentle as a child, and you can do with him what you will.

This is the spiritual atmosphere that pervades these innumerable underground tombs, that enfolds the whole country over which there reigned thirty dynasties of Pharaohs. It was the atmosphere breathed by those mighty Kings, who became gods in their lifetime, and so actually and concretely gods that they worshiped themselves and offered sacrifices to their own statue. And yet these splendid monarchs at times betrayed a very small mind. For instance, he who was the greatest, the most truly Egyptian of them all, the famous Rameses II, called Sesostris by the Greeks, and believed to have been the Pharaoh of the Bible. His mummy is in a show case at the Cairo Museum. He is now, as he lies there in his glass box, with a saucer on either side of him containing disinfectants, only a black, shriveled, horrible little old man. Not very long ago, the tropical heat of an Egyptian summer so worked upon him, or liquefied him perhaps, that he raised his right arm aloft, to the unspeakable terror of the attendants in the gallery.

He reigned for sixty-seven years. It is to him that we owe the vast buildings at Luxor, at Karnak, the tombs of Rameses, the temples of Abou-Simbel and of Abydos, the colossal statues of Memphis, — in fact, half the monuments and temples of Egypt from the Delta down to the Second Cataract. But so monstrous and morbid and childish a vanity possessed him that he appeared to resent the existence of any king before himself. He was jealous of all that had been done by other kings. His life was poisoned by the records of their glory. Wherever it was possible he caused their royal seal, that was stamped on the granite, to be erased and his own set in its place. He would have liked to wipe out the whole history of Egypt, till it came to him. And this destruction of seals, with the accompanying violation of tombs, was frequent among the kings. The successors of the famous queen Hotshopsitou, for instance, took incredible pains to blot out for ever the record of her reign. They obviously were not intelligent or far-seeing enough to realize that their bad example would inevitably be followed, and that, notwithstanding all their incantations, they would in

their turn be treated in exactly the same way as they had treated their predecessors.

The moral and intellectual atmosphere, even of the throne, was not very remarkable. It falls far short of the level reached in India or Persia. It hovers over the ground, it cannot rise above commonplace, every-day things. It strikes one as a little heavy, a little musty, like the climate, like the Egyptian way of living. For the Egyptian of old seems to have been more alert, more active, industrious, in fact a better kind of citizen than the Oriental of to-day. Baked by the sun, he still kept his full vigor; there was more of the European about him than of the African or the Asiatic. Incredibly extravagant in his palaces, his tombs, and his temples, he was inclined to be economical in private life, conventional, a lover of order and method, a little humdrum.

Moreover he was much less austere than we are led to believe by the thousands of paintings that depict him as everlastingly surrounded by spirits and gods, or performing his solemn ritual in religious and funereal ceremonies. He takes no pains to conceal his pleasures, which he does not regard as vices. He loves women, wine, and particularly beer, the national beverage which, like the bread, is prepared afresh every day. He is seen drinking it in pleasant kiosks or under the shade of the vine, as he plays his game of draughts or listens to music on the bank of the little pond, which ornamented every garden, with pretty girls round him clad in tissues "light as woven air". Regarding it as his duty to follow the example set by his gods, he marries one of his sisters; and as these incestuous marriages went on for thousands of years our prejudice against consanguineous unions may perhaps rest on no scientific basis.

It is at least certain that, in regard to sexual matters, his ideas differed from ours. To quote Maspero: "Manners were easy in Egypt. Maturity came quickly to the girl, who lived in a world where the laws and customs seemed calculated to inflame her natural ardor. As a child, she and her brothers played together in a state of absolute nudity. When she grew up, it was considered modish to expose the bosom, and to wear garments so transparent that nothing was hidden from the eyes of men. The maids who waited on her guests and her husband in town wore nothing but a narrow girdle round the hips; and in the country the peasants

threw off their one garment as they started work on her fields. In her religion and the religious ceremonies she attended, there were obscene manifestations of the godhead; and the hieroglyphics she used when she wrote paraded lewd pictures before her. The mention of love did not, as with the modern girl, conjure up visions of an ideal love, but merely a clear and precise image of its physical side. The woman to whom the notion of adultery came could not brook the smallest delay; but one asks oneself whether there were more women with this idea in Egypt than elsewhere?"

Without endeavoring to answer the distinguished Egyptologist's question, we may recall the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and a precisely similar adventure that befell a certain Anoupou, as is related in *The Tale of Two Brothers*, which dates back to the XIXth dynasty.

Prostitution, also, was quite differently regarded by the Egyptians. The Pharaoh, in the Story of Rhampsinitus, prostitutes his daughter so that he may obtain the name of the king who has robbed him of his treasure. Cheops does the like to procure the money required for the completion of his pyramid; it needed but a few jewels to induce the divine wife of Baïti to betray her husband and become the king's favorite; and Thouboui, in the Adventure of Satni-Khamois with the Mummies, gives herself to Satni, as soon as the agreed sum has been paid. All these things are told without any suggestion of blame or surprise on the part of the narrator. It is true that these stories merely belong to the folk-lore; but they will probably convey the spirit of the time in which they were written more faithfully than strictly historical documents.

And yet, for all these vagaries, the Egyptian was brought up to love justice and, above all, truth; and truth formed the foundation of his whole moral code. The true and the just were so closely interwoven in his mind that he had only one word to express them both, as he had only one for falsehood and evil. "Speak what is true, do what is true, let all thy actions conform with the truth, because truth is great, and mighty, and abiding, and to attain its limits is to attain beatitude."

We have taken a brief and cursory glance at a civilization which, though its qualities were but mediocre, endured for more than four thousand years. It is, with that of China, the longest

that history has ever known. For forty centuries, while the rest of the world was given over to barbarism, massacre, brigandage, rapine, and monstrous disorder, it procured for the people who lived under it a happiness and tranquillity, security and peace, that might well be envied by the people of to-day who rank among the most fortunate.

What were the forces that kept this civilization together? Obviously and above all, the priestly oligarchy that held the reins, an oligarchy of wise and thoughtful men who jealously guarded their secret; while above them were kings not only by divine right but actually divine, the monarch not being merely the representative of the god on earth but the god himself, and so concretely and actually god that no one, himself to begin with, for one instant doubted his divinity, of which he was so sincerely, so deeply convinced that he worshiped his own image and did it obeisance.

But there were other peoples who were governed by prudent oligarchies and kings who held themselves to be gods, and that nevertheless did not last long. In the Egyptian people, as in the Chinese, side by side with the divine authority that strengthened the social edifice from its base to its crown there existed a certain force that never left them, an authority humbler than the other but more effective, inasmuch as it permeated, saturated, the entire organism; and this was the obsession of death and the adoration of the corpse. Strangely enough, wherever the thought of death is uppermost, persistent, and paramount, life takes a firmer grip, quickens, multiplies, flourishes. The two civilizations that endured the longest, that were the most stable and tranquil of all that are known to us, had the same ideal: a coffin.

Can it be that this ideal best serves humankind? The ideal of material happiness, whatever bliss it may lead to, has never brought content to man; it destroys more rapidly than it builds, and ends only in disaster. The spiritual ideal of the great religions has its abode in altitudes that only few can attain. But the humble ideal of a posthumous life and dwelling that shall be more or less the same as those one has left here, and of uncertain duration, — this is a dream within the reach of every man, one that every man can understand. It is, if we may attach any faith to the experiments and still very contestable affirmations of our psychists, the

least extravagant perhaps of all the conceptions that man has formed of his future, and the only one which has some faint chance of realization. And it must be remembered that this ancient religion of the Pharaohs, however fantastic and, at times, grotesque its setting may have been, still remained in its essence a very reasonable religion, and one that, stripped of the follies and extravagances added to please the crowd, connects with the greatest hypotheses.

At the least, this accessible ideal lifts existence on to a plane where time and the good and evil happenings of the day may brush against it but cannot harm. It provides a channel for man's hopes and illusions, his dreams and bold ambitions. It gives imagination a foothold; it leads to a Beyond whence there is no desire to stray. It teaches resignation and patience. It does not dissolve life in the infinite, but offers a broader scope, a wider horizon, and a sure and attainable goal.

THE SOCIAL GENIUS OF WHITE ANTS

LEMMIE ROSCOE CLEVELAND

ONE hundred million years before man existed on earth a race of insects had evolved a society in many respects superior to that of man to-day. These termites, or white ants as they are popularly called, have solved the problems of adequate and easily obtainable food supply, of the division of labor and the just distribution of its fruits, and of the control of population growth, — all problems which are still unsolved by man and whose existence threatens the world civilization of which he is so justly proud.

MAN regards himself proudly as the "lord of all creation". His achievements in adapting nature to his needs he usually regards as unprecedented and unrivaled. It is Gilbert Murray who has said somewhere that, "our material wealth, our organization, our store of knowledge, our engines of locomotion and destruction, are utterly unprecedented, and surpass even our own understanding." And yet the record of man's past is strewn with the wreckage of his civilizations. Again and again he has reached a high pinnacle of progress only to slip backward toward barbarism and even savagery. For all his vast accomplishments, for all his mastery of nature there are problems which baffle man's ingenuity. And it is man's repeated failure to solve these problems that has caused the fall of his past civilizations and which to-day threatens the world civilization of which he is so justly proud.

Man does not control the growth of his own numbers. He is not sure of his food supply; in many parts of the world he is ravaged by recurring famines. The problems of the division of labor and of the equitable distribution of the usufructs of labor are yet unsolved. There would be cause for pessimism, for grave doubts of man's future, were it not for his superiority over all living creatures in one respect only. Man with his mind, with the organization of mental activity, of thinking, that is science, is wresting nature's secrets one by one. Thus his insatiable curiosity and unquenchable mental energy have led him to a study of other forms of life. Among these he has discovered a race of insects who one hundred million years before his advent on earth had already evolved a society in many respects far superior to the human civilization of to-day. For this amazing span of time these marvelous insects have maintained their seemingly immortal civiliza-

tion. And even to-day their existence is practically unknown to the vast majority of human beings.

The layman who knows them at all calls them "white ants" or simply ants, but to the entomologist, the particular scientist who studies insects, they are "termites" of which there are more than twelve hundred species.

Man is proud of the fact that his habitat is not limited, as in the case of many other animals, to certain regions of the earth. Human beings live everywhere except in the coldest part of the world. But so do white ants. And in the tropics their number is enormous. Their abundance is due to their successful solution of the preëminent problem confronting all living creatures: the maintenance of an adequate food supply.

We do not often stop to think in what a roundabout and precarious way we feed ourselves. Though man is carnivorous, his ultimate diet is vegetable. For the animals he feeds upon feed upon vegetables, or upon other animals which feed upon vegetables. The soil is the ultimate source of man's food. He has to grow his food. Not so the white ants. Their food supply is wellnigh ubiquitous. They live upon cellulose, one of the most plentiful and most easily obtainable of all substances. What intelligence is displayed in this selection of food! Man uses more than ten million tons of cellulose annually to cover his body. This magazine is made of it, as are all of our books and newspapers. But unfortunately, like most animals, we cannot eat it; and for the very good reason that we cannot digest it. Neither can the termites. But they have solved the problem and secured to themselves a practical monopoly of the world's most plentiful diet, by taking into partnership a lower animal which can digest the cellulose for them.

Man forms many relations with his fellow men in business, in law, in matrimony, and the like, but these relations are far from ideal. They may be broken at any moment with the consent of either party, for they are bound by no fundamental law of necessity. The partnership which the white ants have formed with a teeming menagerie of highly complex one-celled microörganisms knows no human counterpart. It is a partnership based upon the iron law of necessity. For neither the white ants nor these one-celled animals or protozoa who infest their intestines can live

apart from the other. There are other instances of such partnerships in nature; but none is so beautiful in its perfect interdependence as this one between termite and protozoa.

Through laboratory experiments we have learned that all termites can be made to lose their protozoa by starving them seven or eight days, by placing them in oxygen, or by keeping them at a temperature of thirty-six degrees Centigrade for twenty-four hours. After the protozoa have been removed by one of these methods the white ants, although uninjured by the treatments which killed their partners, are not able to live more than three to four weeks on their normal diet of wood. If, however, they are fed wood or other cellulose that has already been digested by a fungus (one of the lower plants) they do not die, but are able to live on indefinitely. Or, if within a few days after their partners have been removed, they are replaced, these white ants are able to live. The manner in which the protozoa were taken from the ants did not kill them, but the absence of these organisms from their intestines did. Accordingly most of the individuals in a colony must have protozoa in their intestines. The protozoa cannot live outside of the white ant; hence the white ant is just as indispensable to them as they are to it. If the protozoa are placed in the intestines of any other insect or if they are placed on moist logs or stumps, they die immediately.

Under laboratory conditions where they have been studied for many years, white ants with protozoa in their intestines thrive just as well on writing paper, newspaper, filterpaper, absorbent cotton, or cloth, as on wood which constitutes their normal diet when in a state of nature. The group of substances known as fats, of which animal fats, oil, and butter are good examples, they, together with their intestinal protozoa, manufacture from cellulose by transforming it. Proteins, a group of chemical compounds upon which the growth and development of tissue depends, are manufactured by using nitrogen, combining it with some of the products obtained in the digestion of cellulose. This method of manufacturing proteins is a unique one. The only other example of it in nature is in the case of the bacteria which live on leguminous plants, such as certain varieties of peas and beans, take nitrogen from the air, and thus enrich the soil. This ability gives

the termites unlimited food resources and much spare time, which they have put to good advantage by developing the highest and most efficient type of communistic civilization in all the world.

The fact that the protozoa are small, the largest of them not being more than one-eighth of an inch long, does not minimize their importance. The most destructive microörganisms or germs are even much smaller than these white ant co-workers. The protozoa, just large enough to be detected with the unaided eye, may be seen to take into their bodies particles of wood or paper nearly half as large as they are. These bits of wood or paper are digested and eventually become a part of the tiny creatures who ate them. Millions of these protozoa living in the intestines of a single white ant die daily and give themselves as food to the termite who has chewed and swallowed wood or paper and maintained them in a gastronomical paradise. Death in numbers means nothing to these protozoa, for there is a generation every day. The intestine of the white ant is absolutely filled with protozoa all the time, and they must die in immense numbers every hour to make room for more. The white ant chews up paper or wood, forces the small particles down into its intestine where millions of these animals are ready to take the particles into their bodies, digest them, and give themselves when they die for the growth and development of the white ant, who either lays eggs or works to help others lay eggs, which develop more white ants; and the process is repeated *ad infinitum.*

There is another group of white ants composing perhaps two hundred different kinds that does not use these interesting animals to digest its food. Instead they have formed a partnership with one of the lower group of plants commonly known as fungi or molds, which digest cellulose for them. They have set apart certain portions of their colonies which are called fungus gardens and here they keep these plants with their food. The white ants bring food to the city and immediately place it in one of the gardens, where something similar to what a farmer calls a compost heap is formed. When the food is digested the ants go to their garden or table and eat. When they leave the colony to start a new one they always carry a supply of the fungus, for their life depends on it. This is as efficient a method as where the protozoa are used, and it may be better in some respects, for these white

ants have more and larger colonies than those who have the protozoa as partners.

White ants, though among the most primitive of all insects in bodily structure, are socially the most advanced. They live in large colonies or communities which might just as well be called towns or cities. These are located in logs, stumps, or houses deeply buried from the light, and completely sealed off except for an underground communication to wood or other cellulose matter. The population is usually composed of five different kinds of citizens, each kind being referred to as a caste. In human society the distinction between castes is social. In white ant society the difference is in the structure and function, while the social position remains the same. One caste has been called worker although it really does not labor more than any other. It is totally blind and has given up reproduction. This is not an unusual sacrifice. There are male and female individuals in all castes that have given up reproduction. They have the entire male and female organs that the reproductive castes have with the exception of one duct, which, owing perhaps to long disuse, has grown much smaller. The worker develops special organs for eating wood or paper and performs this labor for the other castes, which have lost the ability to eat wood through special attention to other duties.

Another caste, a highly specialized type of worker, has been called soldier. It is also blind, has no wings, and has given up reproduction. It cannot eat wood because of the very large jaws which it has developed. These jaws are made of hard material, are sharp, and are operated by powerful muscles. This makes the soldier an efficient citizen for defending the city when it is attacked by other insects. The soldier's jaws are more than five hundred times as large as the jaws of the other castes, and this often makes higher animals, including man, afraid of them. One soldier's fighting value is greater than that of a hundred workers, yet a soldier can be supported on the same amount of food as a worker.

There are three castes of reproductive citizens in most kinds of white ants. For want of better names these are known as first form, second form, third form. In each of these castes there are males and females or kings and queens. The reproductive castes soon after their reproductive organs begin to function become

incapacitated for eating wood or any work other than reproduction. The queen or egg-laying individual because of her enormous ovaries attains a volume four thousand times that of an adult worker, and the queens of many white ants become so large late in life that they are unable to move at all, and spend their entire time in specially prepared royal cells where they are fed by the workers. They become perfect machines, and thus much food and energy is saved. One highly specialized individual is able to carry on the reproductive duties on less than one-hundredth the food that would be consumed ordinarily.

The first step in the development of white ant society was to empower certain individuals or citizens with the duties of super-reproduction. To accomplish this many individuals had to give up reproduction altogether. It was not easy, for most animals and practically all individuals, except the very young and very old, take part in reproduction. Imagine how difficult it would be for human society to carry out such a program. When these duties are shifted to a few, great proficiency is soon acquired, offspring are produced more rapidly, with much less effort, and only when needed or desired. Those citizens, likewise, who give up the reproductive function, become much more efficient at their special tasks. Thus a wholesome division of labor is evolved. The reproductive castes propagate healthy specimens to carry on the race, the soldiers protect the progenitors and the workers, and the workers feed them both. By such an arrangement of labor, white ant society becomes in a true sense a superorganism or an ideal communism, whose population is automatically regulated to correspond with the ability to secure food. The workers who can and do chew wood control the increase and decrease in population, since the egg-laying individuals are solely dependent on them for sustenance. If too many young reproductive individuals appear, the workers destroy them either by failing to feed them, by killing them, or as sometimes happens by driving them from the city. This form of regulating the population is far more effective than man's feeble effort at birth control, which usually regulates the births which should not be controlled. The workers also have complete command over the usufructs of their labor. If the soldiers become too numerous, out of proportion to the size of the community which they defend, they are cut down to the right

number by the workers refusing to feed them. No swashbuckling captains of industry exist in white ant society.

Each caste as we have shown has given up many things, but the soldier's loss, for instance, of eyes, wings, and the reproductive function is helpful to society, for the soldiers are thus forced to remain at home and protect the city. Their duties are highly specialized, and this is true also of the worker and reproductive castes. In fact, it is through this complete specialization that white ants have been able to develop such an efficient society.

First form kings and queens possess large functional eyes and at a certain time in their life-cycle they develop wings capable of transporting them a considerable distance. It is at this period that two young reproductive individuals may leave the city alone, select a site for a new city, lose their wings within a day or so, mate, procure their own food for a year, and rear soldiers to protect them and workers to feed them, upon whom they then become absolutely dependent. It is interesting to note how this dependency is looked forward to, for only workers and soldiers are reared in the first brood. In the first and second generations of a new city no reproductive castes are reared. These appear in the third and all later generations and are always ready to head the city or become the royal couple in case of accident or death to the original founders.

There are many reasons why the other two reproductive castes of citizens cannot go away unaccompanied and start a new city. The second form has mere vestigial wings, frequently spoken of as wing pads, which never develop into anything having the least resemblance to the large and powerful wings of the first form. They have, in many kinds of white ants, slightly functional eyes, but cannot rear new citizens without being fed by workers, for they cannot eat wood. The workers cannot accompany them for they are blind and have no wings. This second form, then, is much inferior to the first form. It cannot reproduce the first form, though the first can produce it. This fact is mentioned because it indicates clearly from what we know of heredity in many other animals, that the second form caste is a step in the evolution of the first form, or reproductive citizens of the highest order. The third form reproductive caste differs from the other forms in that it has no eyes except under a microscope, no rudiments of wings,

and cannot maintain itself in the absence of workers. It can reproduce other individuals of its own caste and of the soldier and worker castes, but no individuals of the first and second form. It is the most primitive reproductive caste and probably represents one of the many stages in the evolution of the first form caste. And here we enter upon a matter of utmost interest. Human beings of good heredity (breeding), though in no case as far removed from those of inferior hereditary qualities as these castes of white ants are from one another, can, and usually do, produce individuals like themselves, while those of inferior breeding (feeble-minded, etc.) certainly produce few, if any, first-raters. The human race needs nothing more to-day than some method for eliminating its inferior citizens. The birth rate of undesirables must be lowered, the birth rate of desirables increased. Many white ants have met this problem face to face, but they, unlike man, have gone a long way toward solving it. Their less perfect reproductive castes (second and third forms) should be eliminated. In the first place these castes cannot produce the desirable citizens of the first form, and the first form in nature does not crossbreed with the undesirables. In those kinds of white ants where the second and third forms cannot eat wood, one may examine as many as a hundred cities before finding one community with these castes heading it. If these undesirable citizens are produced, — and this sometimes occurs, — they are forced to leave the city, which results in starvation and death; or else they are killed outright. They are not allowed to head the city unless the first forms are all destroyed. In other kinds of white ants where these forms can eat wood, they are much more plentiful, but in spite of their ability to eat wood, it may be clearly seen that these ants have not mastered their environment as thoroughly as those that eliminate the undesirable citizens.

There are two factors which have been preëminent in bringing white ant civilization to its present state of evolution. The first is the unique partnership of the white ants with the protozoa. The second is the ability of the white ants to produce castes, or individuals who can do only one thing, but that thing extremely well. We do not know how this latter is accomplished. For some reason a few white ants have never been able to produce a worker caste of citizens. Of course some may say they have lost their

worker citizens, just as slavery in human society has been abolished, but this does not seem likely because the reproductive forms in most white ants are dependent on the workers, and if the workers were destroyed they would also disappear. In a few other kinds of white ants there are no soldier citizens. Why these have failed to develop soldiers we do not know, but in about ten out of more than twelve hundred different kinds of white ants there are as many as three different castes of soldier citizens. Why are some white ants able to produce so many soldiers, while others cannot produce any? Are those that produce the three kinds more warlike, and those that produce no soldiers more peaceable? We do not know, but it does seem so. If we only knew how all these castes are produced, we might be able to use some of the facts in increasing the standard of our own civilization. We know the first form can produce all other castes. Recent investigation disproves that each caste was produced by starting when it was very small and feeding it a special kind of food, each caste being the product of a special diet. The microscope reveals the presence of each caste when the white ants are extremely young. The castes then can be traced back to the egg. That is, each caste has been determined when the eggs are laid. How can one individual lay so many different kinds of eggs? We do not know. This and many other things in white ant civilization are still beyond us. We can only envy our rivals their wonderful civilization and hope that further investigation and research may reveal truths by which we may profit.

THE FUTURE AND THE ARTIST

CHARLES DOWNING LAY

IT is the fashion among artists to cry down the present trend toward universal standardization. They see in it the end, not only of art, but of civilization itself. In this essay by an architect, the artist in every field is advised to cease his vain lamentations against the inevitable, and instead to make intelligent use of the vast possibilities that exist for working out entirely new methods of expressing aesthetic emotion. In the future there will be great art, but more because of standardization than in spite of it.

THE enthusiast who has our aesthetic progress much at heart is worried by the present indifference to art and our absorption in practical affairs. Every new machine put in a million homes fills him with forebodings of misfortune to our spiritual progress which he thinks must come through art, not through the multiplication of conveniences.

It may be that we are still too busy getting and spending; that too many people are making too many useless things which occupy the time of too many people in transporting, selling, and finally carting to the junk heap. But I think there can be no turning back. What we have gained in material advance we must keep, and we must have more of it. I who am hand-minded and can make anything from shoes to shingles would get on well as a pioneer or a primitive farmer, and the life attracts me. It is full of adventure, of obstacles met and conquered, of artful makeshifts, of simple contentment, and of digressions. But even I cannot bring myself to give up my life in the city for this; to abandon an overmastering passion which is most easily gratified here for the peace and quiet which comes with the trivial pursuits and the petty manoeuvring of deep country life. I would, too, go far with Thoreau, and my yearning is all for the freedom of a Walden, but it cannot be. Much as we dream of a rural Utopia we would never really wish to see it if it were possible. The halcyon past, as Roger Fry says, offers the one excuse for repeating the words of our Victorian forefathers, "Distance lends enchantment."

The conclusion to which we must slowly come is that our salvation is to be brought about not by any regeneration of man's physical or intellectual being, which seems to be no better than it was at the time of Pericles, nor by great improvement in political

machinery, which is vastly entertaining, but by a simplification of man's affairs, which is to be brought about by a further advance in the direction in which we have been going. This simplification may result in a reduction of our numbers, and a spiritually profitable reorganization of social life. We must give up our dreams of returning to the golden age, and with the tools we have at hand build a new society on the ruins of the old.

Our new tools are specialization and standardization: specialization in men and standardization in product. We who are specialists agree that this is right, but we are not ready to swallow standardization whole. The architects say regretfully that it has come in state capitols, in banks, in courthouses, in jails, and notably in schools. The town planner knows it is the solution of decent housing for the workers.

In spite of some drawbacks, specialization is the magic word which will open the treasure house of the future. It has been the Open Sesame of so much that we have to-day that it must be right. For it is the secret of the Ford, — and of our breakfast food. It has been fought by the individualists and lamented by the artist, but both have their eyes turned back to the past and have the musty air of the study and the lamp clinging to their clothes. Is it not mere sentimentality to grieve because our life is easy?

Some of us are coming slowly to this conclusion. We are not looking forward with anticipations of delight to the day when all our present worries will be standardized, but I think we shall. The relief to our spirits is so obvious when we can look forward to making no more trips to the tailor because the clothes will be known to all, as part of the daily news, and we can order "my usual size in the medium weight this spring's model tweed." There will be no more trouble with architects. We can order a house and be sure of getting a 1925 model with full equipment. It will be ready to run and will have the same advantages in convenience, reliability, economy, and resale value that the Ford automobile has, and it can be purchased on as easy terms. We can decorate it as we wish, by our own hands if necessary, or we can purchase its artistic equipment of pictures, furniture, and bric-à-brac in five foot units like a library. Standardization having reached this point, and everyone being satisfied with the product

he can afford to buy, we can begin to think of realizing the dream of our forefathers of a new social organization founded on an equality of opportunity and a uniformity of outward conditions of life. To my mind this means greater intellectual divergence, more individualistic character. The new organization will, I think, free our aesthetic emotions for expression in more ways than we know at present. This is the opportunity for the artist, for to-day every taste is cultivated by the duplication of great masterpieces by instruction in the history of art, by generations of archaeological study. That being behind us we can give time and thought to art's true content, emotion.

To the people who whine about art, all this standardization of products formerly hand-made seems shocking uniformity, a dead level of mediocrity, but to us who know that art is not matter but thought and emotion, and for whom it is an everyday companion, there is hope at last of freedom from many hard conditions and a promise of opportunity for creative work.

In our conception of art we lag behind the machine. We must let the things which can be produced in quantity alone and turn our creative impulse to larger affairs. Why should we go on digging in the past for forms of ornament to be used on our wholly new buildings? Would not some of our buildings be finer if the architect had not spent so much time enriching them with classic ornament?

What the machine can do without offense let it do. Let the architect cease to make his stupid drawings for carved ornament, which must be copied with fidelity by a slave, for the artisan who could do it freely no longer exists and cannot be recalled for pay. Many of the handicrafts owe their preservation to-day to the zeal of countless amateurs who delight in working with simple tools and in old methods. The professional woodworker would be lost without his buzz saw which can do anything but saw round holes. The handicrafts of the future must be done by amateurs who have possibly done their eight hours at the machine and seek a means of expression and of recreation. That is, they are specialists in work and digressionists in play.

It is possible that the admiration for handiwork, because it shows plainly the difficulties overcome, is always present, and that we share in seeing it the maker's sense of power and supe-

riority. With many machine-made things this sensation is not felt, because we are accustomed to the wonders of the machine. It is too easily done and ceases to be astonishing, so we must abandon the use of the machine for simulating handiwork. Thus in jade, the delicate carvings of old Chinese work represented hard and skilful labor, but it is nothing compared to a cut glass dish, which we are only too glad to drop on the floor. There remains, then, for our admiration in any object only the design and the perfect harmony between design and execution which the machine is rarely allowed to show. We are little moved by intricacy or difficulty in any object when we are never sure whether it be hand-made or machine-made. Handiwork in the future should be judged by higher standards, — that is, aesthetic standards only.

Another trouble with the machine is its perfect repetition. No artisan ever had the interest to do a thing twice in the same way and as well. Thoreau was right in refusing to make a second perfect pencil. There is a constant change in hand-work, either a variation in detail or a difference of quality in all repetitions, whether it be in carving or in weaving or whatever, which gives the work interest and vitality.

Signs of this new feeling in architecture are already apparent. The Cammeyer Building on Fifth Avenue is built of sawed slabs of limestone and polished marble and has no mouldings. A similar understanding of the machine is found in many other new buildings.

There is no need to lament the passing of this or that art. They never pass. The architect will still be an architect, but concerned with greater things, — with the planning of groups of houses, of public buildings, of open meeting places, with the whole layout of the city or the district; he will, in short, be a town planner or a country planner and will find in this modern field opportunities greater than he has known before. He should plan what after all must be planned and leave the rest for quantity production. We need not suppose that the standardized house will be like the old cook stove, highly ornamented and hideously ugly. I think it will at first be severely plain, with no mouldings or ornamentation, because with our advance in taste we must feel that machine-made mouldings are horrible, since they express only the erudi-

tion of the designer and the faultlessness of the machine. Plain floors, plaster walls, no fancy woodwork, will save much money which can afterwards be spent for painting, for sculpture, and for rich hand-work in important places. In the end the house may be a more perfect expression of the owner's personality than now, because he will start with so much less to undo and will, if he likes, be able to do so much more himself. Rich materials, which are improved by machine polishing, will, it seems to me, replace the Gothic terra-cotta finial or the cast Corinthian cornice. At last the architect can be freed from his Vignola and his draughting board, and can design buildings which depend for their beauty on the grouping of their masses, on their expression of form and space, and so designed that there is nothing to prevent their being richly decorated. Color, too, may be thought desirable when mouldings go by the board. Architecture then will be a living art adapted to our time and condition, as it is not in most of its range to-day, and the artist, the creator, will have his rightful position as a leading citizen.

There is no doubt that people born with the capacity to feel aesthetic emotion will find it somewhere, possibly in an elementary way in sport, or more obviously in communal undertakings, — such as pageants, the theatre, the dance, or in the cities themselves as they may be designed in future. It is foolish to attempt to direct people's interests and to give uninteresting and archaeological standards to the masses, which would lead them to think that a true aesthetic emotion can be found only in painting or sculpture. Those who are concerned for art humbly watch for the manifestations of her spirit and do not try to force their own method of expression.

I cannot believe that industrialism as such is bad, for it does provide man with many physical comforts and releases him from much arduous labor and some uncertainty of life. That the system is working badly now and has destroyed much that we like in retrospect is no proof that it cannot be made to work well and give us the ease and leisure which many of us have never had before.

It is certain that the amount of physical labor performed will never be as great as formerly. Everyone will have more time, and with this leisure will come a tremendous development of the

part-time artist who, after his short day's work at barbering, say, can devote his talents to painting or sculpture or whatever.

The amateur in art, as he has been known heretofore, is a contemptible creature, content with ignorance, having no standards, and prostituting art to his own vanity. From the part-time artist or artisan we may expect better things. His work will have a place in the house which it has not now, and time being of no value and the work being done for pure joy it may express something of the worker's pleasure. Was it not so in former times? When I was a boy the blacksmiths were farmers and worked at their forge between times. The carpenters, too, were farmers, and our neighbor the deacon was trained as a tinsmith and did tinning about the place when necessary.

It may even happen that the artist will become, as Gauguin found in Tahiti, useful to the people, because he does desirable things which others cannot do.

We can imagine a club of part-time silversmiths taking the place, formerly held by the guild, as guarantor of the quality of materials and workmanship, and it might wield a political power similar to that of the mediaeval guilds.

The stage of the future will be of many forms, all better than we have known before, because of a more perfect union of music, movement, speech, and vision, and done by an ever more perfect and more professional band of artists for an audience all the time increasing in their capacity to enjoy. When we lament the decline of the arts we must realize that it is only in certain directions. More people than ever before are devoting themselves to art, but it is a different art. Music, for instance, absorbs its thousands of professionals and is a modern development. The stage, no matter how far its beginnings go back, is in its present form new, and the movies were only invented yesterday.

What we can expect, then, is that we shall develop many new forms of art and give up those which can be done by machines, except as they are practised by an increasing number of non-professionals. In other words, we shall produce a cultivated audience and clientele of amateurs for the artist such as he has never known before.

In the future, painting and sculpture may be done only as part of a building, — that is, be one with architecture, — or painting

may, on the contrary, become less a matter of decoration than now, attempting an appeal only to the aesthetic emotions, more or less in the manner of the best Chinese paintings. In any case the painter will be reluctant to give up the easel picture, which in a measure frees him from the exactions of a client and from the unhappiness of ministering to the desires of an owner who wishes his surroundings to delight the senses only.

The sculptor may find the same freedom in small works and cease to accuse the architect of neglect. However delightful it may be to see sculpture on buildings, the creation of such work is always heartbreaking for the sculptor because of the restrictions and difficulties and the exactions of many interested but ignorant people.

In the motion picture the same tendency will be apparent. We may expect to see less reliance on scene, on fact and detail, and a more synthetic presentation of beauty, possibly less personal but more moving.

Specialization and standardization may indeed be the salvation of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and may produce new ways of conveying aesthetic emotion.

Is it not actually the case with orchestral music? There each performer is a specialist doing his small part in the whole. Perhaps the ensemble of architect, painter, sculptor, and their assistants may easily excel the one man performance of Renaissance genius.

The social result of specialization and standardization may possibly be that the son will follow in his father's footsteps more frequently than now, that there will be less centralization of political power, and, therefore, great divergence in the preoccupations of small groups. We may hope that a closely knit and stimulating insularity in small communities will replace to a degree the thriftless cosmopolitanism of to-day.

It is not to be supposed that simplification or standardization will produce any poverty of experience. It will certainly give freedom from many petty things and time that can be devoted to greater ones, or, if we be not of that kind, to the sweet and low pleasures of thoughtless, common people.

THE MORAL VALUE OF WAR

GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, JR.

IN May THE FORUM *began a discussion of war with a debate between General Bliss and Admiral Rodgers. This was followed in June with a plea for pacifism by Sherwood Eddy in which he indicted war as un-Christian and destructive of moral values. In the present article, Mr. Hinman not only upholds war as moral, but argues that its discipline and high adventure develop all that is best in us, and that it is only through war that civilization can possibly advance to an ultimate ideal condition of perfect peace.*

UNTOLD aeons ago, when gregarious man first assembled in communities, fixed or nomadic, the better to live the life granted him, certain of each group were alloted the duty of defending all against attack from without. These defenders were recognized as essential to the welfare of the community. They protected life and property against both man and beast. They also went afield and, if successful in their forays, returned with that which added to the well-being of their people. Thus originated war, and with it the most ancient and most noble of all professions, the profession of arms. Down through the ages have they come, — war and the profession of arms, — down to our present day. With their waxing, nations have grown to greatness. With their waning, nations have crumbled to extinction. Permanent, dominating constituents, together they have written the world's history.

And into that history, too, has been written through the ages the dream of permanent peace. The ideal of pacifism has struggled ever onward, hopeful that the path followed would lead ultimately to realization. Traces of the struggle are found even in the valiant epics of ancient lore. The Middle Ages had its "Truce of God". Modern history records the constant recurrence of the theme. Permanent peace, — in the name of religion, in the name of humanity, in the name of commerce, industrialism, and social progress, — ever the cry, permanent peace! Always has the cry been loudest after some gigantic clash of arms. To-day, after the greatest of conflicts, we are deafened by the uproar. No more war! Outlaw war! The slogans are broadcast throughout the earth. Disarm! Disarm! The cry dins the ear. War is anathematized. Warriors are execrated. Yet war and warriors survive. Why? Because war represents an active, inspiring factor for advance-

ment in human life. Spiritual, mental, material development have been quickened by the spur of armed conflict.

First, forget not the axiom upon which are builded the elementary principles of international diplomacy. The great powers of the world are always at war. Only at intervals does this warfare break out in the form of open hostilities. The people of the United States are accustomed to speak of their Navy as their first line of defense. Nothing could be further from the actual fact. Their first line of defense is their Department of State and their Foreign Service. When the diplomats and statesmen no longer can cope with the problem presented and the activities of other nations, then and then only are the Army and the Navy called upon for aid in defending the United States and furthering its aspirations. Then and then only do we have war in the popular sense of the word. If war in the sense of a conflict of arms between nations is to be abolished, steps must be taken for the suppression of the international contest constantly waging between the great powers of the earth during years of so-called peace.

A glance back through history reveals that nations have prospered proportionately as they have warred. Alexander the Great sighed for new worlds to conquer, and, for want of them, his Macedonian empire, builded by war, fell into decay. The Rome of Scipio Africanus, of Pompey, of Julius Caesar, prospered famously. When Rome was no longer worth fighting for, it passed and with it passed the prosperity and well-being of the Romans. In modern times, England stands forth as the incarnation of the spirit of dominant nationalism. As the Briton has warred, so has he prospered. His empire is a monument to his sagacious and valiant enterprise. He has fought; he has conquered; and the people of the "tight little isle" thrive to-day because warriors of bygone centuries fought and died for the greater glory of their country.

The United States of America, the youngest of the great world powers, — what are the outstanding features of its miraculous growth? The War of the American Revolution, fought under the leadership of a handful of militant men, won independence. The War of 1812 maintained that independence. The War with Mexico extended the empire to the Pacific. The War between the States welded that empire. The War with Spain extended the empire

beyond the seas. The World War established beyond challenge the right to world empire. Should thought of the War of the American Revolution inspire a feeling of reproach? Then all that the United States, — yes, all that America means in the world to-day is as naught; false is that ringing declaration that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent". Is the War of 1812 to be regretted? Then only might is right, and the world's dominant power is to be encouraged in arrogating to itself complete mastery over the welfare of all. Should the American people repent the War with Mexico? Then the great empire of the West and Southwest is not worth while; better were that rich area to-day barren and comparatively undeveloped like the territory just south of the international boundary between the United States and Mexico. Was the War between the States fought in vain? Then the Union, one and inseparable is nothing; disgruntled States should have been permitted to secede; and it were better, instead of a great and prosperous nation, to have a divided people, struggling their several ways against overwhelming odds. So, too, with the War with Spain and American participation in the World War. The non-occurrence of either would have left the American people without that which counts for much in their spiritual and material welfare.

The material advantages to the nations of victorious war have been obvious. Conquest invariably has spelled better things for the conqueror. At times, indeed, even the vanquished have prospered under the tutelage of the more valiant. But war and conquest have meant more, much more, than mere material gain. In war, whole peoples have risen to spiritual heights otherwise never attained. The spirit of the crusader has dominated all; and the material has been forgotten. The spiritual impulse has prevailed up to the firing of the last shot; and then, in a time of nominal peace, with materialism again in power, have been perpetrated those wrongs to right which subsequent armed conflict became inevitable.

Consider, too, what the spur of war has meant in the way of general progress toward making the world a more desirable place in which to live. When the lust for conquest or the urgent need for defense dominates all, then and then only does the inventive genius of man function desperately at top speed. Then and then

only are the inhibitory restraints thrust aside, and man dares to hope and to achieve what is in ordinary times of peace utterly beyond his powers. The achievements of science and invention in many fields during the World War are fresh in the memories of all. The masters of medicine and surgery rival those of chemistry and mechanics in their record of accomplishment. The impetus given by the war is carried over into the years of peace; and the prospect for future conflicts serves but to encourage the activities of scientist and inventor. Remove the stimulus of war, and the world will lose that goad which throughout history has incited its genius to defy all curbs. That way lies retrogression, not progress.

As modern warfare makes the most exacting demands upon the skill and industry of the world's best minds, so does it require the supreme effort of all the people of the nations involved. Great wars no longer are fought by small bodies of professional soldiers under the individual leadership of a single vigorous personality. Instead, entire nations are mobilized, and throw themselves into the fray. Untried workers at home and untried warriors afield bear the burden of the conflict. The worker at home finds much to inspire his efforts, — high wages, bonuses, safety as against the perils of combat, all sorts of special inducements designed to stimulate. For him, in many respects, war is such an obvious blessing that he accepts it cheerfully and even regrets its passing. For the warrior afield, the situation is somewhat more obscure. There are no high wages, no bonuses, no special comforts. His is a stern, rugged life of other things, — of hardship, of hunger, of deprivation, of suffering, and, perhaps, of death. What of him? Where lies the advantage of war to him and, through him, to the world?

The answer is in the fundamentals of military service, — in discipline, in self-sacrifice, in coöperation, in the comradeship of arms, in the song of the flashing bayonet on the battlefield. Despite miraculous advances in the science of mechanical destruction, despite the power and effectiveness of modern weapons, the moral factor, to-day as always, is decisive in war. The ultimate aim of all military training is to build up the morale of the men who must carry the fight to the enemy. All the mechanics of drill, all the science of tactics, all the art of strategy are as naught if the spirit is lacking. A great military chieftain to the contrary, not-

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withstanding, God is not always on the side of the heaviest battalions, unless that weight is something more than physical. There is the supreme moral factor, and the commander who reckons without it gambles with dice that are loaded against him.

During war times, many a citizen sitting snugly at home in his favorite chair reads in the official communiqué this phrase: "The morale of our troops continues excellent." Frequently the phrase is found in connection with the recording of some military reverse. The citizen in his favorite chair does not know just what the phrase means, but it gives him a vague sense of comfort, the feeling that things are not so bad as they might be. But to the staff officer at headquarters who drafted that communiqué, the phrase meant everything. That was why he wrote it into the communiqué. Its truth or its falsity spells the difference between security and the prospect of disaster. When morale is "high" the commander-in-chief dares anything. When morale is "low" he trembles. Morale, too, means something in the life of each soldier, from the commander-in-chief to the newest recruit in the ranks. And morale, that decisive military factor, is builded upon three human essentials, — the will to win, the strength to endure, the courage to die. To develop these three to the highest point is the fundamental purpose of all military training of the individual soldier.

The will to win, — that is the first essential, — the will to win. Is there any human trait so indispensable to progress? The will to win! The pressure of military necessity develops it as it never is, nor ever can be, developed in the pursuits of peace. It is that indomitable spirit which recoils not before the most arduous and perilous task. It knows not the meaning of the word *cannot*. It recognizes not defeat. The will to win! In peace as in war, it is invincible. That is the first essential.

The strength to endure, — that is the second essential, — the strength to endure. Without it, the will to win is but an invincible spirit, unconquerable but unconquering. The strength to endure! Another quality that armed conflict raises to otherwise unattainable heights. Nor is it mere physical strength; it is strength both of the body and of the mind. The terrific trial by the fire of battle is the ultimate test. Only those who have passed the ordeal know the depths of the proving. He who has passed it is a better man for

the tasks of peace. Nothing daunts him. The strength to endure,— that is the second essential.

The courage to die, — that is the third essential, — the courage to die. It flows from the will to win and the strength to endure. The courage to die! It is a sublime quality. Many a man says that he will die rather than endure some thing that he dreads; but he speaks of what he knows not. He has not looked death bang in the eye. The battlefield rips aside the veil of pretense and reveals the truth. Chatterers prate of the *supposed* glory and heroism of war. Fools, they know not. There is real glory, real heroism, such as they cannot comprehend. There on the battlefield man stands ready to make the supreme sacrifice. If he survives, he is a better man for having felt that readiness. Others talk of their willingness to sacrifice. He has proved his. The courage to die, — that is the third essential.

There are three, — the will to win, the strength to endure, the courage to die. Together they embody those traits which mean most for the advancement of mankind. Abolish war, and there is stopped at its source an ever-flowing spring of these essential qualities.

Through all three runs the fibre of discipline, — discipline, the builder of morals; discipline, the prime characteristic of military training. Those who know little of discipline talk much of it. They babble of its brutality, its character-slaying, its mechanism. Those who know the true meaning of military discipline recognize the hollowness of these babblings. Discipline, far from killing character, develops it. Otherwise it is not true discipline. The purpose of discipline is to subordinate the selfishness of the ego and to effect a spirit of coöperation for the achievement of a common goal. Discipline seeks to produce in man a forgetfulness of self, so that under the most exacting conditions, despite the terrific strain of battle, despite the peril of destruction, he will be able to perform those deeds which are for the common good. In discipline the previously undisciplined man finds new strength, new courage, new self-respect, new confidence. He acquires a new outlook, a sense of duty to his squad, to his company, to his regiment, to his country, to his world. He becomes willing to sacrifice himself for the welfare of all.

There is nothing in life that compares with the comradeship of

the profession of arms. It is an eternal brotherhood, surviving the severest tests, scaling the topmost heights of self-sacrifice. It flourishes alike in camp and on the battlefield. It is the incarnation of the spirit, one for all, all for one. It pervades all ranks. It defies even national and racial barriers. The true soldier respects a worthy foe. The commander-in-chief exercises his authority not for self-gratification, but because it is his duty to watch over the welfare of those comrades intrusted to his charge. The subordinate obeys not in slavish subserviency, but in the proud knowledge that he is performing a duty for the common good. There are, of course, certain abnormal human units unable to sense this true comradeship of military service. Like all abnormalities, they attract more than their share of attention. From their factitious viewpoint they get a distorted picture. To whom does the great military leader dedicate his homely memoirs? Take a few at random, — to the heroes who died believing in their country's greatness; to his comrades in arms; to the American soldier and sailor; to the Infantry, the men who bear the brunt of battle. These are not idle phrases. They are the simple, unadorned manifestations of an undying, unchanging, unselfish brotherhood.

This sense of brotherhood, moreover, lifts the soldier far above the ordinary rules of mere life in times of peace. It is common knowledge that in civilian groups there is a marked tendency for the less worthy to drag down their betters, thus lowering the general average. It is just the contrary in the profession of arms. Bound by the ties of the brotherhood, the weaker rise nobly under the leadership of the stronger. Every soldier knows of men who, regarded as hopelessly inferior by their fellows in civil life, have developed under capable military leadership and have achieved heroism on the field of battle. Often when the tension of conflict threatens demoralization, a few stout hearts will lead their overwrought comrades on to new glory. The one-time weak are carried along with the strong. They cannot but strive to be heroes. Theirs are not selfish aims. They are comrades of a brotherhood with a duty toward a common cause.

In the military service as in no other walk of life is there that sense of duty to the community. The spirit of *get* is subordinate to the spirit of *give*. The average citizen thinks of his country in terms of what he can get out of it. The soldier thinks of his coun-

try in terms of what he can give it. There is need in the world for more of the spirit of service and coöperation, for a greater respect for the rights of others, for a higher sense of civic responsibility. These are the natural outgrowths of that discipline which war demands and which is the product of military training. Abolish war, and the greatest school of unselfish citizenship is lost to the world.

Can the world afford to do without this heroic school from which its sons are graduated into the noblest manhood? Can the world afford to eliminate those exalting courses in loyal citizenship which develop "particularly the qualities of discipline, of self-control, and of decision which are at the base of all success in human activity?"

The legitimate object of war is more nearly perfect peace. War, not the abolition of war, is the condition precedent to perfection. When the world has attained perfection in peace, then, but not before, can the world afford to outlaw war. Until that perfection is attained, war will and should remain, not as a curse but as one of the most effective agents for the advancement of mankind.

AT VÉFOUR'S

LAURENCE ADLER

Illustrations by Thomas Handforth

WHAT Parisian whose reminiscence survives a generation or two but recalls the restaurant *à la mode* of the sixties and seventies, "Le Grand et le Petit Véfour", the rendezvous of the wit and the fashion of the time of that comfortably bourgeois king, Louis Philippe, and his more splendidly sophisticated successor, the third Napoleon? Securely nestled among the gardens and terraced arcades of the Palais Royal, and a bit sheltered from the bustle of the street, Véfour's Roccoco Salons offered just the correct nuance of intimacy for the discussion of the discreet indiscretions of the age, and supplied an ornate background for many an old-flowered romance as well as the factional plottings and intrigues that were the order of a changeful epoch.

Old Monsieur Véfour, the admirable *patron* of the establishment, filled the varied rôles demanded by the dignity of his office with graceful and never-failing versatility. Besides aiding and abetting the inventive prowess and culinary ventures of his chefs, and controlling with a stern, all-seeing eye his band of decorously obsequious *garçons*, he was the guide and counsellor of headlong youths and half-persuaded damsels, and the confidential adviser of stately dowagers from the Faubourg St Germain. Above all, he

was a consummate meddler in the dangerous politics of the day, changing his Royalist leanings to firm Bonapartist adherence with chameleon-like alacrity, and agreeing with the "Vicar of Bray" that "whatsoever king might reign" he would still be the ruler of "Le Grand et le Petit Véfour". Meanwhile, Madame Véfour, keeper of accounts and books, and a shrewdly amiable little woman into the bargain, sat in her corner serenely knitting, oblivious of the stir of the *grand monde* about her, but content to bask in the reflected grandeur of her sagacious and well-deserving husband.

Oh, you little marble-topped tables, you gilded ceilings with fatuous, dimpled cupids, you curiously wrought rosewood pillars, you beguiling alcoves purposely secluded for the intimacy of lovers' quarrels and avowals, how you evoke visions of that beloved bygone Paris of the sixties and seventies! — of its landaus and victorias ambling along the tree-embowered boulevards (unsmirched by the incense of the modern god, Gasoline); of its higgledy-piggledy corners, and green, sequestered garden alleys; of its poets and novelists and musicians, its Flauberts and Renans and Meyerbeers, comfortably ensconced on the terrace at Marguéry's or the Café Anglais, while before their kindly, discriminating gaze, on the arm of some invincible grenadier of the first Napoleon or perhaps some more ancient knight of St Louis, promenaded the crinolined, much beshawled beauties of the Third Empire. You belong to romantic Paris of the nineteenth century, that blithely decorative age of swirling movements and memories that have merged into the Janus-faced, cosmopolitan city of to-day.

At present Véfour's is but a memory among the forgotten glories of the Palais Royal. But in 1908, when we first visited Paris, Le Grand et le Petit Véfour still challenged its more elaborately ostentatious rivals of the boulevards and the Avenue de l'Opéra, and for the benefit of a small but eminently aristocratic clientèle kept alive the transcendent traditions of culinary *noblesse oblige*. To be sure, the atmosphere had somewhat changed from the halcyon days of the Empire. The partitions of some of the alcoves had been removed, as if in reproval of their former sentimental embroglios, and the baroque decorations of the walls and the smiling cupids of the ceilings had lost a bit of their

flamboyancy and faded to keep in countenance the restrained, elderly elegance of the guests. Old Monsieur Véfour was gone, and his place was taken by a very imposingly handsome maître d'hotel, while Madame Véfour assumed the mantle of her regretted, grandiloquent husband and marshaled her *garçons* with the aid of an impressive gold-headed cane (also the legacy of the departed *patron*).

She met us at the doorway with a portly bow and called on her chief of staff, the magnificent Edmond, to place us with entire consideration for our comfort and ease. "*On va vous placer où vous pourrez tout voir*," she announced as though we were entering a theatre, — and in truth the setting might well have been a particularly skilful imitation of some quaintly paneled scene of the neighboring Comédie Française. We had been told, of course, that at Véfour's we should still find some of the romantic ruins of the Third Empire, but we had not expected to see exposed such a Mrs. Jarley's wax work series of "types". By the time, however, that Monsieur Edmond had seated us at a small window table, and Madame Véfour (after indicating just what special vintage of Chambertin must accompany our dinner) had gone off to greet Mademoiselle de Montféry, a stately, elderly lady, who was just entering the Petit Salon, we, for our part, began to discover that our costumes and manners were hopelessly modern and out of color in these brocaded surroundings.

At the table opposite, a square-jawed, elderly brigadier general, uniformed and goateed in true Napoleon III style, was regaling an elderly Bonapartist countess with bloody anecdotes of the Crimean War and the Siege of Sebastopol. The countess, toying with her snails, received these harrowing communications with vague aloofness and punctuated the most startling incidents of the general's story with a furtive peep at him through her lorgnette. This proceeding seemed to occasion glances of vehement

disapproval on the part of a certain stiff-necked Vicomte de Ramusan, a crusty, rail-like person, who, while debating the merits of his *vieux Beaujolais*, at the same time drank in the general's words with absolute conviction. The countess, by the way, did not entirely share his attitude, — at any rate her attention seemed to wander frequently toward the alcove at our left, where two small tables were being carefully prepared under the direction of Edmond. "They will be here soon. It's their night," he remarked in a rather loud stage whisper to the general's companion, thereby interrupting the brigadier's narrative at a climactic moment and causing the old soldier to express his irritation in no uncertain terms. He was immediately silenced, however, by a commanding voice from the neighboring Petit Salon. "*Les voilà. Entrez donc, Mademoiselle Eugénie. Entrez, chère madame. On vous attend depuis longtemps*," and Madame Véfour, between repeated curtsies and head-bobbings, ushered into the salon two heavily robed but coquettishly bonneted old ladies, followed by their somewhat panting and querulous maid.

"*À la bonne heure! Nous voici*," replied the slightly taller of the two ladies, she who had been addressed as Mademoiselle Eugénie. Casting a collective glance of mingled concern and approbation upon the entire company, both sisters (for such, it was quite evident, was their relationship) now permitted the attendant Clotilde to divest them of innumerable layers of mantles and shawls, a process which was performed with measured slowness and almost religious absorption until the final encircling scarf had been released and two truly bewitching rose bonnets, crowning a series of coquettishly bobbing, white curls, could be properly viewed and appreciated by the group of hushed friends and accomplices. Meanwhile, the resplendent Edmond, all solicitude, conducted the ladies to their alcove, the much beladen Clotilde vanished into an

inner chamber, the general returned to his Crimean story, and the countess and Mademoiselle de Montféry settled down to a more thoroughly lorgnetted study of the late-comers' costumes.

They were dressed exactly alike in pale blue brocaded velvet, looped up under the broad bodice, and slightly hooped skirt in the style of the Third Empire, and amply engulfed in quadruple ruffles of Valenciennes lace. Mademoiselle Eugénie wore a large embossed gold locket and bracelet of pearls. Both sisters had the air of having just stepped out of the frame of some old miniature or daguerreotype. Their somewhat haughty and aristocratic bearing was modified by the dimpled amiability of their well-preserved, ruddy countenances, and the vivacious remarks with which they addressed each other were emphasized by frequent bobbings of the carefully arranged rows of curls. Mademoiselle Eugénie now proceeded to open a large embroidered fan, spread it out carefully, as a connecting wall, so to speak, between the two neighboring tables, and over this wall the sisters began a series of sallies, poking fun at their friends past and present, whispering and giggling and flirting over the fan for all the world like two school girls, fresh from the convent.

All this performance on the part of these surprisingly youthful octogenarians seemed to be taken as a matter of course by the habitués of Véfour's time-honored salon. Madame la Comtesse whispered to her brigadier, "*Elles ne s'embêtent pas, ces deux.*" The vicomte sighed, as if for his lost youth, and Mademoiselle de Montféry merely relaxed her expression of rigid appraisal of everything and everybody, and sipped her coffee with a reflective smile. Madame Véfour, however, seemed especially pleased with this tête-à-tête going on in the alcove, as if it were something she had arranged for our benefit, and sent her ambassador, the solicitous Edmond, to inquire if the sisters had decided upon their soup.

"*Mesdames vont assurément commander un potage?*" he inquired archly. Mademoiselle Eugénie was enthusiastic for a dish of snails. Madame, her sister, however, infinitely pre-

ferred melon. After a discussion of about ten minutes' duration, and on the strong recommendation of Madame la Comtesse, snails came out victorious, to be followed by *crême Germiny*, *pigeon en casserole*, *salade russe*, and *riz à l'impératrice*. Edmond left with Madame Véfour to give minute directions to the chef. During his absence the byplay over the fan continued with heightened intensity, and just as Mademoiselle Eugénie was in the midst of the narration of some particularly spicy love intrigue that had been fostered and chaperoned by the departed *patron*, Edmond returned with the *brandade d'escargots*. The fan retired for the moment, and the snails were eagerly tasted. "A little too dry," suggested one sister. "Not enough pepper," commented the other. The dishes were at once borne to the kitchen for immediate remedy of these defects. Upon his reappearance the anxious Edmond was temporarily rendered blissful by the faint praise, "Not bad," to reward his efforts. But alack, the *crême Germiny*, brought in with fear and trembling, was sent back for a further flavoring of parsley.

By this time the maître d'hotel was rapidly becoming distracted. The pigeon and salad had been pronounced acceptable, but the *riz à l'impératrice* was found insufficiently cooked, and Madame Véfour had been called into consultation to suggest an alternative dessert. Having thus disposed of a goodly though somewhat interrupted dinner, the sisters took up their gossip over the fan with renewed vigor.

Who were these remarkable octogenarians, these queens of Véfour's Roccoco Salons, and why, being sisters, did they not share a single table instead of establishing themselves on dual thrones joined by such a fantastic link as a fan? We had finished our liqueurs and cigars, and glimpses of violet skies as well as the faint perfumes stealing in from the Palais Royal gardens lured us out into the Paris August night. Good Madame Véfour was once

more installed at her desk near the door of the Petit Salon. We concluded boldly to inquire of her as to the identity of the sisters and the reasons for their somewhat eccentric conduct. But at the very hint of questioning her expression became non-committal, and she replied, with kind but firm suavity, "*Ah ça, messieurs, il ne faut pas demander. Ça, je ne peux pas vous dire.*"

A month or so later we decided to celebrate the first evening of our return to Paris by revisiting Véfour's quaint establishment.

Upon entering the Petit Salon, where Madame bade us a most cordial welcome, we found the atmosphere surcharged with coming tragedy as well as comedy. The regular habitués of the place were already seated at their customary places. In the alcove, dressed in soft lavender, were the two sisters of the miniature, carrying on their game of banter over the fan, just as if they had been at it ever since our last visit.

But their stories of "lavender and old lace" were destined to be frequently interrupted. Edmond was dashing hither and thither, trying to satisfy the requests of all his guests, and somewhat flurried on account of the unusual number of outsiders. Such a thing was unprecedented. Mademoiselle Eugénie's voice had already been heard three times demanding to give a new order, as the soup was not at all to her liking. "It's much too thick. I won't have it." The countess was trying to calm and distract the old lady, who was threatening to lose her good humor. "Véfour's was not like this in 1864," exclaimed Mademoiselle Eugénie, and proceeded to describe in loud tones a banquet given in this very room during that eventful year for no less a person than the Emperor's Minister of Foreign Affairs Monsieur de Grammont.

In very truth, Mademoiselle Eugénie was in an imperious mood and all but impossible to satisfy on this ill-omened evening. Vainly her less peremptory sister tried to remonstrate. One dish after another was tasted and returned and exchanged, and the long-suffering Edmond at last began to turn argumentative. "But, madame, the lobster is particularly good. This Château Lafitte is of the best vintage."

Mademoiselle Eugénie folded her embroidered fan, the symbol of intimate frivolity. Her dignity as well as her unquestioned rule in this historic salon were at stake. Edmond once more approached her table, bearing on his tray what appeared to be a

particularly succulent dish of lettuce, garnished with endives and creamy mayonnaise dressing. The salad was served. Mademoiselle Eugénie ventured to taste it and then fairly muttered, "Filthy. Change this. Bring me lettuce with asparagus instead." But she had over-driven her mark. The long-suffering Edmond for once was obdurate. "It's a divine salad," he countered. "Exquisite. I prepared it for you myself." Mademoiselle Eugénie did not condescend to argue. She hesitated for an instant, then turned to her sister, who was eating her salad with obvious relish, and exclaimed in a high oracular tone, "If you wish to stay here and eat such salad, you may. I shall go," and, miracle of miracles, enveloping her plump person with all her intricate array of shawls, scarfs, and the final black mantle, she stalked out of the room.

A thunderbolt had fallen, and an uncanny silence descended upon the company. Like guilty conspirators we eyed each other with shifting, uneasy glances. The renegade Edmond had fled into the inner kitchen. Madame Véfour watched at the doorway, craning her neck into the unbroken darkness of the gardens.

In the alcove the abandoned sister sat in a huddled heap, sobbing piteously, her shawl thrown aside, her bonnet askew, and two pathetic rows of flattened curls threatening to lose their stable connection and to become mere drifters. At her feet, unheeded, its lace filigree already spotted by the encroaching dust but its gallant inlaid pearl figures still sending out glints of eighteenth century raillery, lay the sceptre of the departed queen, the embroidered fan.

AMERICA AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM

V — Light Without Heat

William Franklin Sands

IN March the Roman Catholic editor, Michael Williams, challenged Protestants to come out into the open and state their case against his Church. In April Mr. John Jay Chapman took up this challenge. In May Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman, a convert to Catholicism, replied to Mr. Chapman. Last month Dr. Charles Fama, a convert to Protestantism, made a further indictment, which is answered in the present article by a distinguished diplomat,—a Roman Catholic of Maryland's colonial stock.

OF the articles that have appeared in The Forum in reply to Mr. Michael Williams's challenge in the March number, that of Dr. Charles Fama contains unquestionably what Mr. Williams sought to elicit, expressed forcefully and as clearly as one could hope for. It may be summed up in a sentence: the Catholic Church is a menace to American institutions; — in some of the aspects of the official teaching of the Church, but principally because of the powerful, intolerant, oppressive administrative machinery of the Church centring in Rome, which is and must be by its nature directed to the suppression of other forms of religious belief, wherever it has a free hand or sufficient power of intimidation.

Dr. Fama's first main indictment is directed to the intolerant spirit engendered in Catholics by the "dogmatical assertion" that "whosoever does not belong to their particular sect will be tormented forever and ever in a hell such as Dante graphically described in his immortal poem." He is evidently no unpractised hand, for with this thrust he has the old Kingsley parry ready in advance: "Of course we know that our Roman Catholic friends will maintain that this is not true . . . but this is simply because they are not consistent with their own creed", which creed he proceeds to demonstrate out of "an Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine for the use of Sunday School teachers and advanced classes", etc. One despairs of holding debaters in this field to precision of language or of thought, yet may one remind them that the Church, believing itself to be the depository of Divine Revelation, uses a language as precise as that of the

law or of mathematics and as technical? Technical language is ever a snare to the tyro and the unwary; even such scholarship as that of Mr. Chapman (and of Dean Inge) wrecked itself completely on the "Syllabus". "Dogma" ("dogmatical assertion") is a very definite thing meaning not at all an emphatic assertion or a positive or general opinion. A certain French mathematician commenting on this eternal failure to use technical words in their technical meaning puts the matter thus: "The notion of Dogma is founded essentially and principally on Divine Revelation. Up to the arrival of the Messiah, Divine Revelation followed an ascending scale, receiving additions. This phase of the development of dogma ceased with the appearance and personal teaching of Christ. From the moment that Christianity replaced the Mosaic Law, dogma was fixed." Outside of "dogma" in this sense, opinion in the Catholic Church is as wide as thought. One may not clash with what Christ fixed for all time,—that is the limit and boundary, and it is not the arbitrary dictum of "the Church" that makes it so, but the inexorable logic of belief in Christ's divinity and mission. To ascertain what the Church teaches one may not take a page or a sentence from any book; one must take the whole highly technical subject. Dr. Fama might conceivably take exception to the manner of teaching such a highly technical subject as damnation, but only if he himself were well informed on what is taught, in its entirety. His method of argument does not show that he is well informed.

It is not quite fair to suggest that if a Catholic denies that he believes, or that his Church teaches, damnation to every non-Catholic as a practical matter (even though admitting the remote and improbable contingency of salvation in certain cases), he is in bad faith, ignorant, or inconsistent. I find difficulty in believing that Dr. Fama really means that, though he says it. I will assume that in saying it he is more intent on the art of debate and argument than on the facts. In either case let me offer him a notorious case of a prominent Catholic who does deny that the Church believes or teaches any such wholesale damnation, and who was never considered to be a bad or inconsistent Catholic because of it by the hierarchy: Pope Pius IX.

On December 9, 1854, Pius IX while reaffirming the truth of this very phrase which Dr. Fama cites ("Outside the Church there is no Salvation") in a formal address to a gathering of bish-

ops, had this to say on the subject: "Far be it from us, venerable brothers, to place limits to the Divine Mercy, which is infinite. . . . We must all hold as certain that ignorance of the true religion, when it is invincible, excuses from all fault in the sight of the Lord." It is important to note here the strength of the language used. The words "it is certain" have a precise meaning in the language of the Church, just as seemingly ordinary phrases have a precise meaning in the language of diplomacy. These mean that "it flows with absolute logic from dogma, which is God's own teaching," so the Pope could hardly have put it more strongly. "Invincible ignorance" is another phrase of exact meaning. It is the name given to the state of a mind which is in such good faith that it does not feel the need to inquire further. It is therefore not an arrogant or contemptuous and insulting expression, but rather a specific recognition of the sincerity of one who firmly believes that he is right. One must be patient with technical words and phrases used to express exact meanings. I remember a group of Americans in England during the war who were deeply insulted by the "arrogance and bad manners" of British officials in describing them as "aliens". They were not "aliens", they protested, they were Americans.

In the same address to which reference is made above, the Pope said further: "God . . . will not . . . suffer anyone to incur everlasting punishment who is not guilty of a *voluntary* grievous offense." The phrase to which so great objection has been raised, — "out of the Church there is no Salvation", — presupposes the word "voluntarily", one who is voluntarily, that is, by his own act, outside. It refers (and I repeat that it is dangerous to judge from a broken context) specifically and with great explicitness to people born within the Catholic Communion, not outside, and was addressed as a warning, at least as far back as the Fourth Lateran Council, to deserters; to those within the Church who might be trifling with heresy. The categorical answer to Dr. Fama's interpretation of Catholic teaching which he takes from broken texts is: *No one is lost except through his own fault.* Is that plain? Dr. Fama or anyone else who is interested will find this doctrine easily, if he will look for it honestly and will remember that we hold to an interpretive authority instituted precisely for the correction of errors, misunderstandings, and bewilderment,

which must inevitably creep into theological matters wherever individual free intrepretation reigns.

The second principal indictment is directed to the "official teaching" of the Church that the Pope must have temporal power; that "the Roman Church is the greatest autocratic, intolerant Monarchy that ever existed, and blind obedience is the command, and not the entreaty"; that therefore Catholics having their temporal ruler as well as their spiritual head in Rome, and "the Catholic world pledged heart and soul to its abject slavery", Catholic allegiance to America is not possible except when Catholics (as he admits is frequently the case) are profoundly ignorant of, or inconsistent with, the teachings and aims of the communion to which they belong.

I cannot conceive of a statement less likely to elicit a friendly and dispassionate reply. I have put some restraint upon myself at this point. I have done so because I deliberately choose to reject the dreary, barren controversy of seventy-five years, — always ill-informed and unworthy of intelligent men and so frequently unmannerly, — in favor of an earnest attempt to enlighten. If Dr. Fama chooses to claim dialectic victory therein, he is welcome. I do not think that his statement will make much appeal to the historically informed non-Catholic readers of THE FORUM. Is he totally ignorant of the history of the papacy? Of what even popes, — let us say, Hildebrand (Gregory VII), — have said on that subject, far more forcefully than he? Is he unaware of the sense of European chancelleries to-day, including that of Italy, on this matter of independence and of temporal power? Or of what Woodrow Wilson, whom he cites, has to say of the papacy and the Church, not as a politician but as an historian? I am content to leave that point in his argument to the judgment of those of his non-Catholic readers who are extra-parochially informed.

This far I will go with him: abuse of the power of the Church in temporal matters is probably the greatest danger which the Church is called upon to face, the true *porta inferi*, and against the possibility of such abuse Infallibility is no safeguard. Nobody claims for popes, cardinals, bishops, or priests immunity from selfishness, ambition, abuse of power, sin. Nobody with any knowledge of history denies that such abuses have happened, — read Hildebrand. All that we claim for the Pope is that he does occupy

a peculiar position in the world, independent of all government (the manner in which such independence is safeguarded does not greatly matter), and that he occupies this peculiar position by reason of being Christ's Vicar, the direct and lawful successor of Peter whom Christ placed at the head of that community to which he entrusted the custody of his Revelation. In that high office he is still a man to whom it is guaranteed only that by no possible mismanagement shall that precious trust of Revelation be lost by him to the world. It should appeal to the common-sense of any one who believes in the Divinity of Christ that had He not so guaranteed His vicars against loss of the truth, no matter what their human frailty might be, His mission would have been nullified as completely as if His apostles had raised an army and frustrated the consummation of the Redemption.

In this part of his reply Dr. Fama is perhaps most of all disappointing. It is irritating to find no historical background whatever in a debate of this kind. It definitely confirms my conviction that this whole dispute, — on both sides, — arises out of a totally incorrect expression of a very real state of mind. It is because I think it important to go to the heart of this matter that I have deliberately discarded dialectics in the interest of enlightenment.

Many Catholics feel that the Catholic Church needs no champion: With the Church the need is not of defenders, but, as with every other religious communion, as in every other activity of life, the great need is that individuals professing certain convictions shall make of them the mainspring of their actions, shall form on them their daily lives.

It would seem to the experienced that most of the objections one encounters do not really touch the teaching of the Church, — of which teaching, as has been pointed out in this series, most people, including far too many Catholics, are profoundly ignorant. They arise rather, humanwise, out of that which in daily contact strikes the eye immediately and directly: the inconsistent conduct of people from whom, if they truly believe what they say they believe, one has a right to expect better things. That kind of inconsistency has always been in human affairs. One must suppose indeed that it will always be, and therein precisely lies the struggle of Christ to conquer men's souls.

That is one of the main roots of the matter: Not the Church is

the target, but the Church as interpreted through the actions of those with whom we come in contact; not dogma, for dogma is fairly discarded in to-day's world. When Christendom broke asunder on the interpretation of definite revelation, controversy reigned; with the death of interest in dogma controversy ceases. What remains is largely prejudice, a vague distrust, a personal dislike. These would seem to be things beyond the reach of argument and polemics, and this brings me to the second root of the matter.

To those whose families have been American and Catholic since the early days of the Republic and before, whose memory reaches back to colonial conditions and through, let us say, the period of Catholic Disability Laws of Maryland (a survival in this country dedicated to free worship of conditions which our ancestors left England to escape!) the principal cause of irritation in the minds of their Protestant neighbors of similar origin is plainly evident.

In spite of the essentially American doctrine of religious freedom, America was founded in fact principally in Protestantism. Even Maryland, though founded by a Catholic, was not primarily a Catholic colony, but rather a colony founded on mutual toleration where Catholics might live in peace. America is in fact to-day the only country in the world possessing original and continuous Protestant traditions. There is no ancient family in the most Protestant part of Europe that cannot recall the time when it was Catholic, that does not take pride in the achievements of Catholic ancestors. In Europe Protestants still speak currently of "the old Faith".

In Europe, members of such families are well aware that it was not entirely, often not principally, sometimes not at all, points of religious disagreement which caused their forebears to change their Faith. There was quite truly the motive of scandal, abhorrence of abuses on the part of people high and low in lay society and in the administration of the Church, who, no matter what their rank or office, could by no stretch of the imagination be called consistent Christians. There were unquestionably many good and sincere, though not logical, persons who left the Father's House because of abuses practised therein by the sons of the House.

There was the motive of loyalty to, or compulsion by, a feudal

chief or prelate or to a form of government. In this struggle of the great of the world the plain people were the pawns and often took the religion imposed upon them to save their skins. There was the very powerful motive, untouched at any angle by religious conviction, of personal material advantage and advancement. There was weakness, weariness of struggle, final demoralization and acquiescence in a new form of religious "belief" imposed by rulers, — on both sides, — by means of fines, imprisonment, the rack, the gibbet, and the stake.

Men fight still and always have fought more fervently, more sternly for deep convictions than for material things. In the shock of early Christianity upon a pagan and barbarous world religion was for centuries in Europe the one profound conviction wherever it existed except in outward form and appearance. Men fought for it with all the crudeness of the state from which only recently they had begun to emerge. When fighting came, not Christian practises but pagan took the upper hand.

In course of time, men weary of warfare, of persecution, men longing with all their hearts for peace of soul, beaten men of both sides fled to the new world opening up unbounded horizons in the west; men fleeing from themselves and from other men except those who should share their thought in vital, fundamental things. Of all those who came to America in those days, Catholics were perhaps the most beaten and weary, for in the lands from which they came Protestantism was uppermost, and not only the established national church but every non-conformist's hand was raised against them in the bitter struggle. They had not the numbers to inspire respect as had the Friends, nor the dour, hard-bitten fighting qualities of the Puritans. They were isolated individuals, disorganized, broken men. During colonial days their lot was little better than it had been at home. Individuals of social prominence, ability, and wealth took part naturally and without insuperable difficulty in the affairs of the colonies; the mass of Catholic colonists small in numbers suffered, surrounded by suspicion and dislike, in some places actively oppressed. Later still, coming into the eighteenth century, the never-consummated conquest of Ireland sent out a fairly numerous group of Catholic exiles over all Europe and to America, mainly of the "Norman-Irish" nobility and gentry. Cultured men, men of the Court as

well as of the Camp, those who came here readily found place among their social equals, not greatly hampered by anti-Catholic prejudices and disabilities. From this stock came many of our early prelates and clergy.

From the early part of the nineteenth century to the middle years came a greater Irish immigration, forced out by economic pressure and by the perennial struggle for liberty and the Faith, facilitated by gradually increasing ease of transportation. These men and women came of unmixed Irish stock, the sturdy peasantry and toilers of Ireland, oppressed and bitterly resentful of their oppressors; intolerant of their own gentry though Catholic, because of its admixture of "Norman-English" blood. They were intelligent, shrewd, enterprising, and vigorous, but ignorant not only with the ignorance of their class throughout Europe, but also by force of the "Penal Laws" which deprived Irish Catholics of education and virtually of all civic rights.

The new immigrants found immediate opportunity for labor in their own avocations in field and factory and public works. They brought new life to the scattered Catholic missions, but they did not mix at first with their native American neighbors, in whom they recognized, in spite of the Revolution, descendants of their ancient enemy. They lived for decades a segregated life in the community feeding on their memories, their undying grudge against England, and their searing, longing homesickness for the old country: "Exiles from Erin". They prospered; they were prolific; they advanced steadily in ever increasing numbers from hard unskilled manual labor to responsible labor, to business, the professions, politics, — to which they brought an insatiable appetite starved for centuries, and unpractised. Gradually they began to take part in the affairs of municipality and state, but almost always as a racial bloc, not wholly touching American life as older Americans understood it.

With the rapid development of America the vacant places left by Irish labor, and the new places created by new wants were filled by new immigration from the south and east of Europe, from Germany, largely Catholic and alien also to the early American, and his clinging inherited "British" distrust of the "foreigner". With all these immigrations came national traits foreign to the form in which American character and customs had already

largely crystallized, distasteful in many ways to those Americans and by them set down (rather unintelligently one must confess) as Catholic traits, because these people, when they professed any religion at all, professed Catholicity. Occupation, language, facilities for religious observance also held these people segregated at first from the rest of the community. They prospered, as hard work, skill, and shrewdness must always prosper in a country like ours. In course of time the isolated units in which they lived extended their contacts from missions to parishes and, through the growth of benevolent and cultural societies, beyond the confines of dioceses, until quite suddenly they found themselves members of a church as broad as the nation, numbering millions believing identically the same creed, occupied in much the same avocations, leavened by the same interests, and full-fledged citizens of the same new nation. Suddenly also the rest of the country became aware of them, now no longer as individual Catholics or groups of toiling "foreigners" (although they might be American citizens of generations' standing) but as a "Church", as a powerful mass, pushing and exuberant, permeating American society in all its ramifications, advancing "American" opinions with vigor and assurance, apparently highly organized and disciplined, led by "un-American Princes of the Church", the whole dominated by some elderly self-styled "potentate" in Rome obviously an "alien" and quite likely to be "anti-American", who would undoubtedly be only too happy to exercise in American affairs the power given him by such a compact mass of voters to further the vague "intrigues" which, to an Italian, must assuredly be the very breath of his nostrils. This is the picture, grotesque though it may seem to us, as it has presented itself to perhaps the great majority of our Protestant fellow-citizens. Little comfort as this may bring to vanity, it is nevertheless a fact that must be faced, and a fact which, on our side, we have not perhaps recognized, and certainly not analyzed.

Protestant America, occupied with its own problems arising from a general slackening of definite dogmatic belief, having little of either time or inclination to study the theology, the organization, and the discipline of an "alien church", saw before it, the picture I have just described and, not unnaturally, found it profoundly disturbing. And, on the other hand, those who form the

majority membership of the Catholic Church in America have been too greatly absorbed in their own transformation into the body of the nation to know what was taking place in the minds of their neighbors.

Thus, what was, and still is, in fact, the natural consequence of the congruence in America within a comparatively short period of many diverse ethnological strains has expressed itself, on the one hand, in active (if not very intelligent) antagonism to the one thing common to them all — their faith. It happens too often on the other hand that personal or racial dislike is misconstrued by over-sensitive souls as attack on the church body to which they belong, when in reality it is nothing of the sort, as may possibly have been the case in the original Chapman controversy. Protestants, sincerely perturbed by all this simmering of the "melting pot", ask what limits can be placed upon so disciplined a body, if its interests should be, after all, not identical with the interests of the nation which our ancestors founded. "What assurance have we," they ask, "that the interests of such an 'alien' church, if not inimical now, may not become so?"

Our neighbors do not stop to consider that certain phenomena which they, and also many Catholics, observe with distaste, have nothing whatever to do with the Catholic Church but are in fact isolated manifestations by individuals and groups of clinging racial tradition.

Gradual infiltration into all the activities, social and political, which our country affords, the consequent real community of new interest, the inevitable slackening of the bonds of immediate kinship between the immigrant and the old country, all tend to soften age-old racial asperities. In another generation of restricted immigration that particular point of irritation may well disappear altogether. What objection there may then be to the Catholic Church will be directed let us hope, to the Church itself, uncomplicated by racial irrelevancies, and with clearer understanding of the theological and historical values involved in the case.

There will be nothing then, there is nothing now, in the Catholic Church in America to which these exuberantly healthy new citizens belong that is antagonistic to American institutions, though certainly the Church possesses and holds to certain things that Protestant Christianity of to-day is rapidly coming to re-

ject. Ritual, Dogma, Authority (to use the phrase which most enrages: "Infallible Authority") are claims and characteristics intolerable to the greater portion of current non-Catholic thought.

To an amazing degree Protestantism in America is stripping itself of Authority and Dogma and Ritual, of all outward distinguishing form. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Protestantism in America seems to be rapidly abandoning the last shreds of belief in revealed, i. e. dogmatic religion. Taken superficially, together with the rising flood of neo-paganism and of the new barbarism of Eastern Europe, this phenomenon may well appall. More striking, because deeper, more fundamental, is the surge of pure-hearted endeavor to find (each individual for himself) God, — not distorted by materialistic human vision, — but God revealed and interpreted by Christ Himself, the Founder; and to apply Christ's teachings and Christ's Life, each to his own life. Authoritative interpretation of that Life, for the moment, is fiercely repellent to such independent seekers. Ritual, Dogma, Theology ("Priestcraft", in a word) seem to them intolerably "hampering" in this extraordinary soul quest, and are rejected with impatience.

One may grant that point of view with profound respect. Here is something holy, something sacred. The fact that men at grips with their souls are impatient of the claims of the Catholic Church, are antagonistic to those claims, can surely cause no quarrel. Here is no issue; controversy is dead. Catholics can only look on in reverence at what may well be, as St Loe Strachey and so many others claim it is, the birth of a great spiritual revival, and in this attitude Catholics find no difficulty in understanding the Pope's abhorrence of controversial writing.

It is not likely that even sincere and positive objectors to the administrative system of the Catholic Church (like Mr. John Jay Chapman and Dr. Fama) can contribute greatly to the dissipation of ignorance. The damage in these matters is done largely by the class of "combatants" to which the former alludes: by "the scholars who fight the battle of the books above the heads of the populace" and who leave rancor and unformulated prejudice in the minds of the lowly.

Where conviction lies deep, the mind can rarely divest itself of passion. If the discussion in THE FORUM is to do any good what-

ever, it should be approached by each side from the point of view of the other as a preliminary, in order to arrive at a modicum of understanding of what each is attempting to define in the process of fixing an issue. It would be useful, for instance, to picture to oneself a church believing as the Catholic Church does that it inherits from the apostles the deposit of Christ's truth for safe-keeping through the ages; and, under the pressure of historical facts, which lie open to the eye of anyone who can read history, to develop for oneself the approximate outward shape that such a church would logically take. Without such dispassionate, critical, and honest study, I do not believe that such debates as this can lead to any result worth attaining. Heat and not light is the inevitable product.

AMY LOWELL AT SEVENELS

VIRGINIA YEAMAN

AMY LOWELL is dead. Readers of her poetry and critical works may find it hard to believe, for she seemed ever climbing higher, ever planting her feet more firmly on that path of achievement that loses itself in immortality. Fame she had achieved, ridicule she had silenced, — whether immortality in the field of letters is to be hers none can now say. But I, who have listened to her talk in her own home know that, as a human soul, she was touched with the divine fire.

There was about her such a vitality, such an abundance of life! Her talk was more vivid and luminous than her writing. A rare personality, a very big personality, found expression in her work. Many will appraise the latter . . . who shall appraise that unbounded enthusiasm, that spontaneity, warmth, and generosity? Who can adequately tell of the golden hours spent in talk with Amy Lowell!

Was it because she was there herself that one was swept irresistibly along upon the stream of words, lost count of time and surroundings? Certain it is that something magnetized the moments spent with her. Often one wishes, when meeting a famous person, that the communing had been left impersonal, the acquaintanceship limited to the printed word. This was not so in the case of Amy Lowell. One thought: "It is good to be here; it is better even than reading what she has written."

On my first visit a man met me at the gate and escorted me through the grounds to the house. That was on account of the dogs. And I was glad of his nearness when seven or eight great grey creatures rushed out at us, barking loudly. I should, at least, have been frightened if alone. I was lecturing a little at the time on modern poetry, and reading from Miss Lowell's work in connection with my lectures. A mutual friend, a well-known New England writer, had brought about the meeting.

The dogs shut outside, I waited peacefully in a reception room. It was a room distinguished by rare and beautiful objects, — but not too many of them. Despite the air of authoritative selection, there was an appealing, intimate atmosphere, an impression of

harmony and restfulness. Miss Lowell, entering, brought vivid, intensified life. Her greeting of the stranger was sincere, cordial, wholly delightful. If any human being ever lacked petty self-consciousness, that being was Miss Lowell. She was singularly free from all affectation, from everything that might have kept her from being simply herself. Direct, keenly attentive, she seemed completely at the disposal of the occasion, with no other calls to divert her, harboring no distractions of thought. To the task, to the person at hand, she gave herself without limitation. The ability to do that is the gift of a big nature.

Patterns was the poem I was reading most often and liked best. If I am not mistaken Miss Lowell, at that time at all events, also liked *Patterns* especially, and the discovery pleased me. I knew that she was an excellent reader of her own poems, and had been a successful amateur actress: she took leading parts in the original Little Theatre of Boston, and coached the players. I told her I'd like to read *Patterns* to her and get suggestions.

There followed an extremely interesting experience. As a coach Miss Lowell was inimitable. How those players at the Boston Little Theatre must have looked forward to their drillings! She was infinitely stimulating, delightfully courteous, — with that warm, sweet courtesy which goes with spontaneity. A quick, pungent criticism would be followed by: "You don't mind my telling you exactly what I think? I may be mistaken, of course, — but that's the way I feel about it."

She knew, and she loved to share what she knew. "I don't read those lines that way!" It came like a flash. Then: "Your way may be better than my way, of course!"

"Let me hear your way."

She did; and it was better than mine; much better. I could have worked until dawn with such a coach. The room where we worked was the famous library: a great, long room, with tables abloom with glorious flowers and walls lined with books. Miss Lowell loved flowers, I think, even more than she loved books. Color and fragrance and subtly fashioned lines made to her an urgent appeal. She was always aware, — eagerly aware, — of the distilled essence of life, in whatever form. Flowers are the essence of life distilled in beauty and fragrance.

The next visit stands out even more clearly; few visits, indeed,

can compare with it for enduring, refreshing flavor. Hours when I skimmed the cream of life, watched the divine fire flicker and flare in a human soul! Surely few have ever talked as Miss Lowell talked that evening.

Safe in her car I needed no guarding through the grounds; I could enjoy, undistracted by rush and clamor, the seductive vistas opening through blossom and foliage. Whoever laid out the grounds of Sevenels was an artist, and enjoyed his creative task. They seem a lovely park, with enough of Nature left to lend a tang.

I discovered that the dogs were in the house; they were in fact, quarreling on the fine staircase, snarling and growling over some bone of dissension. On my way upstairs, escorted by a maid, I behaved as unobtrusively as possible toward these awe-inspiring hosts. And they were so good as to pay no attention to me.

When Miss Lowell came down stairs to join me there was a mad outbreak of yelps and barks. She came in laughing, the dogs leaping over her, — yet somehow not disordering her evening gown. And the dogs gravely followed us into the dining room, disposing themselves on the floor. If Miss Lowell spoke to any one of them by name, that one came to her side and stood at attention, — that one and another. "Mary" always came also, whoever was called. She was never reproved for her forwardness, on the contrary her idiosyncrasy was evidently a loved one. She was the "baby", and this was one of her endearing little ways.

Everything in connection with that evening was delightful; it was Miss Lowell's talk, however, which made it an experience to treasure in memory. Being accustomed to express my opinions on poetry quite frankly, whether on the platform or in private, I rushed upon the subject while the soup was still before us . . . and was promptly, decisively, contradicted by Miss Lowell. In fact I was, to put it figuratively, floored by the nimbleness and suddenness of her attack.

Getting to my feet (mentally), surprised and a little flushed, I confronted, — not an atagonist, but a most gracious and apologetic lady. "Do forgive me!" came quickly. "I didn't mean to be rude, really. I have a dreadful habit of speaking without taking thought. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Who wouldn't: especially when there was nothing to forgive. This was merely the piquant opening to a rare hour. Perhaps my

rashness stimulated Miss Lowell, perhaps she just chanced to be in the mood, — surely no human being ever talked habitually as she talked that evening at dinner!

Not wholly put out of action by that first encounter I continued to express my opinions. After a period of forbearance Miss Lowell exclaimed: "It seems to me that you contradict me every time that I open my mouth."

"Never mind if I do," I begged her eagerly. "Please do go on talking!"

She looked surprised, amused — laughed. Then she said something very agreeable and went on talking. But light had penetrated. I realized that the talk I was hearing was too unusual to be needlessly interrupted, that it would be folly to run the risk of sealing up those springs of inspiration. My reward was such a discourse on poetry as I never heard before and never hope to hear again. I have never known Miss Lowell to talk so brilliantly, so gleamingly, on the platform as she talked at dinner that evening.

Beginning with the early English poets she flashed straight through her summary, coming out on present-day poetry. It was, in very fact, a flashing progress. She seemed to throw out sparks of light, her thought ran straight, yet illumined a wide trail. In it stood the poets, each oddly distinct, each in a clear light of his own. It was an extraordinary spectacle to see them that way.

Luckily I had the sense to remain silent: or rather, I was enthralled. When Miss Lowell stopped talking I sat still, looking back over that lighted trail where the poets stood, — those of them she had left standing! Some were prostrate (for the time being, at all events), others just faintly luminous at the side. Keats, — ah, it does not need telling, the light in which Keats stood. All the world is reading Miss Lowell's life and appreciation of the poet whom the gods loved, and who died so young.

Amy Lowell was big, — big of heart, of temperament, of poetic and critical gift. She was spontaneous, generous, enthusiastic. Instead of giving herself to the enjoyment of wealth and a cultured leisure, she worked hard and became a power in the field of letters; a vital influence and factor in the history of poetry in the United States. And yet, whatever the ultimate judgment of the public as to her published work. . . . I have seen with my own eyes Amy Lowell, — a woman, touched with the divine fire.

THREE SONNETS

by

LILLIAN WHITE SPENCER

Woodcuts by Wharton Esherick

BIRTH OF THE SAN JUAN

BABE of the virgin snow, he dreams beside
His twin, the Rio Grandé, on far heights
Babbles beneath white blankets of long flights
And wakes with gurgling laughter to bestride
The mountain's shoulder for a westward slide
Down gray abysses where black anchorites

Of forest dwell and, hot with June, alights, —
Grown to a giant on that savage ride.

A thousand pale tempestuous cascades
Plunge in his arms like passionate veiled maids;
Then, to the rough caresses wildly yield
Of this great roaring ruthless lover . . . Yet,
He drowses now by an old barren field.
O slothful one! Do you recall, regret?

SAN LUIS VALLEY

YOUNG Rio Grandé's spouse, on whose rich breast
The world might feed, reclines in her great bed
Surrounded by tall guards, white helmeted
Armored in bronze and row on row at rest
Against blue walled horizons of the west.
Over brown opulence from heel to head
A coverlet of green and gold is spread;
The river's gift to her whom he loves best.

Our black prow scuds along an endless wave
On these smooth harvest seas whose solitude
Seems to flow on forever and to lave
High shores of utmost silence. Here, the rude
Outcry of pirate magpies we must brave
But hailing larks are a sweet interlude.

WILD HORSES—ARIZONA

SEEKING high shrines of quietude, I found;
Warm with the south and like first chaos, still;
The cloister of a gaunt old hermit hill
Nearer to God than any brother mound.
Stark, for the lash of wind, and autumn browned
It suffered red assaults of beauty till,
Submerged in blood that crimson sunsets spill,
My heart knelt . . . then — wild hoofs crashed into sound.

Up, up, they galloped in a frenzied surge
Of liberty. I felt its ardent breath,
Laughed and ran forward (O the glad mad urge!)
To their encounter. By a twentieth
Of my brief length I missed them; on the verge
Brushing the mane of swift exultant death.

"RESCUE, ROBBERY, AND ESCAPES"

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

HOW many of those of us who have attained to "years of discretion" have ever ventured back through the pages of those tales of "fighting, escapes, robbery, and rescue" over which we thrilled in our bygone youth? The author of the present essay, in whose stimulating company FORUM *readers have journeyed through the woods, seeing its furred and feathered denizens with his keener eyes, now takes us with him for a peep backward into the exciting pages of Harry Castlemon, Oliver Optic, and Mayne Reid.*

"I WRITE novels for other people," confessed one William Makepeace Thackeray, "but the books I like to read myself are books without love or talking or any of that sort of nonsense but full of fighting, escapes, robbery, and rescue."

I agreed with him, — forty years ago. Since then, however, I have had to face the fact that even rapid-fire literature banging on every page with single-combats, marvelous escapes, and gallant rescues leaves me cold. This saddening knowledge was borne in on me this summer during a hasty motor trip to Maine. Hasty is the word. With but six days' vacation to my lot, a member of a younger and swifter generation agreed to get me up to Maine and back in four days, which would leave me two in which to hunt for the nests of the Wilson and bay-breasted warblers, — both of which, by the way, I found, but that is another story. In a high-powered car I was whirled northwards and back at the rate of three hundred miles a day.

I have but a vague recollection of the scrambled landscapes we passed. I recall spoiling an hour's mileage by insisting upon stopping to watch a pair of Northern Shrike, almost an unknown bird to a Philadelphian, to the intense indignation of my young driver. Then there were two memorable luncheons hardly won from the day's run. During the first, as we sat under a towering white-pine at the edge of a sphagnum bog, I heard the cackling call and caught one glimpse of that giant woodpecker, the pileated, a black and white bird nearly as large as a crow with a scarlet crest. A moment later I spied the equally rare yellow-bellied fly-catcher flitting about the wet gold-green moss in which her nest was concealed.

On another day we left the car by the roadside, crossed the

fields, and lunched beside a pool all emerald and fringed with hemlocks and ringed with rushes. As we ate, a black duck suddenly came around a little bend and swam back and forth before our delighted eyes so close that we could see the fuscous tint of his feathers and the rich purple of his wing-bars. As if that were not enough a moment later one of the wariest of all the wild-folk, a buffy-brown American bittern moved cautiously out from the reeds, looking like a little old hunchbacked man as he picked his way along the edge of the pool. Then he stepped back into cover, thrust a yellow bill and long black-striped neck straight skyward, and stood motionless in his favorite imitation of a stake just showing among the reeds.

Once, too, I remember we passed a wonderful old house of soft rich-red bricks. Beside it was a green lawn covered with a spoil of highboys, ladder-backed chairs, apple-wood corner cupboards, pie-crust tables, mirrors, andirons, clocks, and similar loot calculated to lure the unwary passer-by into bankruptcy. Fortunately for my finances I was not allowed to stop. Now, amid the jumble of cities and towns which made up that journey, I cannot even remember the name of the village in which that treasure-house stood. Some there be who revel in castles in Spain, but for my part give me colonial houses in America. I have at least a round dozen picked up during wanderings through New England which I own, — in my dreams, — to say nothing of a hip-roofed Dutch beauty near Poughkeepsie and a 1690 gem from Hainesport, New Jersey. Of them all, at least for the present, that unknown house of cinnebar-red brick, possessed by a dealer in old furniture, leads the list.

Despite the distractions of birds, houses, nests, and antiques, the high-light for me of that trip was unquestionably three dusty books. There had been a ten minute stop at a farm-house which sold gas, oil, water, or whatever it is that makes a car rush hell-bent upon its way. While the monster was being fed I strolled through an old wide-open barn. It was in such a place upon another trip that I bought for fifty-five cents a copper-lustre jug banded with that deep burning blue of which only the old potters knew the secret. It stood on a beam and held harness-grease until I rescued it. A different kind of treasure-trove awaited me to-day, for lying on a work-bench were three battered books loaded to the

muzzle with the fighting, rescues, robberies, and escapes so dear to Thackeray's heart. One was *The Scalp Hunters* by Captain Mayne Reid, another was *Now or Never* by Oliver Optic, while the third, ah me, was none other than that book of books in the Golden Age, — *Frank on Don Carlos's Ranch* by Harry Castlemon.

As I turned over the tattered pages the years rolled back like a scroll. Once again it was the hot long summer during which President Garfield was making a brave fight for life after having been shot down by Guiteau. I lay sick and sorry in the spare-room of a country parsonage, the result of a fall from a balm-of-gilead tree combined with a landing on a picket-fence. Then it was that one of my father's parishioners, dear Mrs. Davenport, appeared in the offing, richly freighted with a basket of Harry Castlemon's books. Ordinarily the names of Harry Castlemon, Horatio Alger, and Mayne Reid were on the Index of the parsonage. That day, however, in view of my parlous state the bars were let down, and at the rate of two *per diem* I read that basket empty and full again in a long succession of delightful thrills. To-day as I opened the dusty volumes the first thing I saw was, "By bars and buffalo," and I knew that Dick, the old trapper, was speaking. A little farther on Beppo and Don Carlos hissed out the dreadful oath "Santa Maria" treasured by myself and other boys of the eighties at Stamford, Connecticut, for emergencies not covered by "darn" or even the more sinful "gosh darn". It must be said, however, for Mr. Castlemon that he never approved of even the mildest profanity on the part of his heroes. Listen to his words when for once the fiery Archie, Frank's companion at arms, forgot himself:

> " 'Well, by gracious,' said Archie as he touched the concealed spring and the great picture swung back. It was very seldom indeed that Archie used any slang, but sometimes when he was greatly excited or astonished he did like other boys, — forgot all the good resolutions he had made regarding this bad habit."

It seems incredible now that any parent could have prohibited a book containing such a noble sentiment.

To-day as I sat on a hen-coop and skimmed through the remembered pages there was something lacking. Once more Frank, single-handed, rescued two of his comrades and killed the

grizzly which had so long terrorized the rancheros of California. Again Archie disappeared down the secret winding stairs and, after performing prodigies of valor, was rescued as per usual by Frank in the very nick of time. Yes, everything was there, — but youth. Without that, the book was a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, dull as ditch-water, artificial as a hoop skirt. Supply that missing ingredient, however, and the elixir is still potent, and Harry Castlemon a name of power to all boys under fourteen. I speak of knowledge. Only last month I inquired of the affable and learned librarian of the oldest of libraries, The Library Company of Philadelphia, whether Harry Castlemon was still read by the boys of to-day. He sadly pointed to a pile of newly returned books which were waiting to be put back on the shelves. In their number were no less than four Frank books, dumpy little volumes published by Porter and Coates in the sixties, — *Frank the Young Naturalist*, *Frank on a Gun-Boat*, *Frank in the Woods*, and *Frank on the Plains*. Published fifty-seven years ago, out of print, with copyright and renewals long since expired, yet the boys of to-day are still reading about Frank when Rollo is neglected and Sanford and Merton long forgotten. Only recently I asked a ten-year-old reader of the saintly "St Nicholas", who had been kind enough to write me an encouraging letter about one of my own stories and whom I was afterwards privileged to meet socially, whether he ever read Harry Castlemon.

"I'll say so," he remarked in a vernacular which would have grieved good Mr. Castlemon if it had appeared in one of his books. "He's the best ever. I like your books too," continued my young friend kindly, "but Harry Castlemon sure is the whole cheese."

One more modern instance and I'm done. In a thirst for first-hand information I questioned one of my own offspring whose early reading I had fondly assumed had been properly supervised. From him I learned that a doting female relative, — I dare not be more explicit, she might read this article, — had once read aloud to him an old copy of *Frank in the Woods*, which she had unearthed from among my boyhood books. After that Hans Brinker, Robinson Crusoe, Robin Hood, and Uncle Remus seemed drab and tame beside the flaming Frank. Like Oliver Twist, my son clamored for more, and the further adventures of

Frank Among the Rancheros were begun. This volume, however, proved too unrestrained even for the liberal views of the reader and was promptly discontinued. Whereupon the boy highly resolved to learn to read, the which he did in record time, first prudently concealing the forbidden volume in a safe place. Thereafter both of his parents claimed the benefit of their ancestry in behalf of the boy, all unknowing that it was really Harry and Frank between them who were responsible for his unnatural precociousness.

Nothing in Mr. Castlemon's life accounts for his half-century of success with boy-readers. His real name was Charles Austin Fosdick. Born in 1842, he fought through the Civil War as a landsman on a gunboat, wrote forty-one books for boys, won his way into *Who's Who*, and departed this life as late as 1915. His secret is buried with him until some of his boy-readers can put it into words. Certainly no adult can.

That night at Portland, Maine, while my sons slept the sleep which comes only to those who have persuaded a car to whizz three hundred miles between dawn and dark, their father sat down to an evening with *Now or Never or the Adventures of Bobby Bright*. It took but a few pages to convince him that so far as he was concerned it was Never. The Now of Oliver Optic had departed along with that of Harry Castlemon. Yet the book brought back memories faint and sweet as the scent of lavender in some century-old chest of drawers. Memories of long, dreamy Saturday afternoons spent in the Ferguson Library at Stamford back in the mid-eighties, — I hope that venerable institution still functions. On those golden days the reader would invest his whole week's allowance of five cents at Ficken's Candy Store in hard red cinnamon-drops, the which he had learned to slip unobtrusively into his mouth while reading without attracting the attention of old Mr. Paradise, the librarian, whose temper was uncertain. Sucked economically the little package would last until closing time. Along with the sugar and cinnamon said reader absorbed into his system literature of a similar nature, to wit, *The Lake Shore Series*, *The Yacht Club Series*, *The Boat Builders*, *Young America Abroad*, and divers other books, sugary with virtue and spiced with adventure such as no living boy ever had on sea or land.

Oliver Optic has not survived the test of time and along with Horatio Alger, who wrote *Luck and Pluck* and half a hundred similar books, is practically unread by the boys of to-day whose fathers "hung in troops over the vivid pages of this Prince of Story Tellers",— to quote from a review of the eighties. Another reviewer of boy literature in those years summed up the situation as follows:

> "There is a period in the life of every youth, just about the time when he is collecting postage stamps and before his legs are long enough for a bicycle, when he has the Oliver Optic fever, — relief only comes when the last page of the last book is read, and there are relapses whenever a new volume appears."

To-day, however, the Optic fever has abated and the hundred books and thousand stories which William Taylor Adams wrote for boys under the pen-name of Oliver Optic gather dust on the back-shelves of many a library. He was born in Medway, Massachusetts, in 1822 and published his first book in 1853, *Hatchie the Guardian Slave or the Heir of Bellevue*. Mr. Adams was for twenty years a teacher in the public schools of Boston. Presumably teaching by the author of *A Millionaire at Sixteen* had a considerable popular appeal with his classes.

The last of that trilogy of boyhood authors is better equipped for romance writing than either of the other two. As far back as 1818 Mayne Reid arrived in the family of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, an exotic who all his life was to be the consternation and bewilderment of his godly parents. They trained him for the ministry, but when he was twenty-one he sailed for New Orleans. Thence he drifted out to the Red River country where he trapped, hunted, and traded with the Indians. When the Mexican War broke out he enlisted and lead the charge at Chapultepec where he was badly wounded and reported dead, returning, however, to the States in time to read his obituary notices. These included a poem recited by a beautiful young poetess of Columbus, Ohio, at a banquet given in his memory, two stanzas of which have been preserved:

"Long — long — long!
As time to the earth shall belong!
The sad wind o'er the surge
Shall chant its low dirge
To this peerless child of song.

"Gone — gone — gone!
Gone to his dreamless sleep!
And spirits of the brave,
Watching o'er his lone grave,
Weep — weep — weep!"

The prospect of such elegies must have given an added bitterness to death for our long-suffering ancestors.

The young captain wrote a Mexican War poem, "Monterey", once widely quoted, and afterwards his first book, *The Rifle Rangers*, which Dumas (*Père*) was unable to close until he had read the very last word. Lamartine and John Bright were also loud in its praise, and Theodore Roosevelt, Senior, William Cullen Bryant, Fighting Joe Hooker, and David Dudley Field were among Mayne Reid's many friends. Gladstone, on the other hand, could not bear his books and prevented him from obtaining a pension for literary achievement.

A daguerreotype of Mayne Reid taken in 1850 shows him dressed in a velvet coat and a marvelous, flowered waistcoat, with his raven-black hair worn long. A silky up-curled moustache, a little imperial, dark unflinching eyes, and a straight nose helped to make him the handsomest and most dashing officer of his day, and he certainly lived up to the part. Whether hunting buffalo with Audubon, trying to enlist with his friend Kossuth, drinking with Poe, squandering a fortune on a Mexican ranch twenty miles from London, or lecturing on Byron dressed in a frock coat, wide-checked trousers, and canary colored kid gloves, Mayne Reid was always in the limelight. He started the first penny newspapers in Great Britain and one of the first boys' magazines in America. Both ventures were failures and swallowed up the fortune he had made from his pen. He married a girl of fourteen and promptly wrote a novel about her, called *The Child Wife*, which he thriftily sold to Frank Leslie for eight thousand dollars.

In middle life, after he had become a naturalized citizen of the United States, his wound again opened, and he was reported dead. For a second time obituary notices were published about him on both sides of the Atlantic. He suddenly rallied, however, and pointing to his trained nurses exclaimed, "Turn out those she-Beelzebubs. Bring me a beefsteak. I'm not going to die." Needless to say he didn't. Afterwards he settled in Hertfordshire, England,

where he wrote the first treatise on croquet ever published and afterwards recovered substantial damages from a noble lord who tried to pirate it. There, too, he introduced into England a new variety of potato from Mexico and discovered the first black sheep ever known (of the four-legged variety) which became the ancestor of the present black breed of Hertfordshire. It was then that he met one Archibald Henry Blount, Esquire, whom he so impressed with the merits of the country of his adoption that in 1907 Mr. Blount left Yale University $320,085.87 although he had never visited America, much less Yale, — perhaps the reason for his benefaction, as an envious Harvard man to whom I once told the story observed.

In 1874 Mayne Reid was again stricken down with what was supposed to be a mortal illness. Blood-poisoning set in from his wounded leg, and for the third time he was reported dead. Arrangements were made for his funeral, and a grave was dug. Then to the indignant amazement of his doctors who had pronounced him dead he rallied for the third time and lived nine years longer.

Amid all the clamor and clangor of his strenuous life he found time to write fifty-two romances, novelettes, juveniles, and books on natural history. Of his novels *The Rifle Rangers*, *The Scalp Hunters*, and *The Headless Horseman* were the most popular, while of his juveniles *The Desert Home* and *Afloat in the Forest* are perhaps the best.

Reid was a melodramatist. Some of his novels, such as *The Death Shot* and *The Finger of Fate*, were only adapted for "The Fireside Companion", "The Penny Magazine", and similar unrestrained periodicals of that time, while some of his juveniles, like *Red Gorilla* and *The Fatal Cord*, have never been considered as being the best pabulum on which to feed reading boys. Yet it should be set down that the year before his death the critical "Youth's Companion" published his *Vee-Boers* as a serial, and that the last story for boys which he ever wrote, *The Land of Fire*, appeared in the fastidious pages of "St Nicholas". "His style reminds one of young lions at play," wrote one reviewer.

"His works will continue to be as popular fifty years hence as they are to-day," prophesied the New York "Sun". Alas for the books of yesteryear. *The Rifle Rangers*, which sold by the hundred

thousand, is forgotten. *The Headless Horseman*, whose picture once placarded New York and London, rides no more. The style of young lions at play no longer appeals to our boys, and even the "Sun" which vouched for Reid's immortality has departed this life.

Nevertheless, on that night in Portland I had high hopes of *The Scalp Hunters*. In its day it had sold over a million copies in Great Britain alone and had been translated into more languages than *Pilgrim's Progress*. Moreover I still kept a vivid memory of my first reading of the book. It came into my young life one Thanksgiving Day, the place being at 124 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, the home of my grandfather, the pastor of old Plymouth Church in the days before the Bridge. The volume itself was the property of a cousin old enough to attend the Yale-Princeton Game which then shared the anniversary with the Dinner. I did not grudge him the honor. As soon as he left the house I commandeered *The Scalp Hunters* and disappeared from public view. High above the Heights in an upper room in that old house, flat on my stomach under a bed, I read the sun out of the sky; then with a brief interval for dinner, I continued by lamplight until harried off to bed still clinging to the book. Thereafter I crept out of bed and crouched over an open register, my small nightie billowing with the heat, and read on and on by the light of a flickering gas jet until the last of those four hundred and sixty-one pages was finished.

With that background I opened *The Scalp Hunters* in the quiet of that Portland hotel with great expectations. Harry Castlemon and Oliver Optic had forsaken me. It could not be but that the book which had in its day stirred millions of readers would yet contain a thrill for me. Alas for the cruel years, — I fell asleep over the third chapter.

WILL TURNER'S WIFE

by URSULA TRAINOR WILLIAMS

DRAWINGS BY NORMAN BORCHARDT

SCORCHING, withering heat. A thick blanket of noonday languor lay, deadeningly, over the land. No sound, — no twitter of bird or song of grasshopper. The baked, parched earth simmered under the merciless sun. And on every side rolled away hill after hill of golden, waving grain, — tall grain with full bursting heads. An even golden color, — no sickly yellow showing burn. For such is the Palouse.

In the shade of a clump of poplars, up in the corner of the yard by the blacksmith shop, lay the harvest hands, smoking, resting, greedily hoarding each precious second of their noon hour. A motley collection of men, the seasonal shifters, they lay.

The last sweet moment of the noon hour gone, they slowly dragged themselves up and shambled through the gate into the barnyard, where the shockers took their twine from the trough where it lay soaking, and the binder men went on up to the barn and led out their horses, and all passed down the lane to the spring and through the gate into the yellow fields. Laughing, joking, they were, for these men were workers, and workers who loved the toil.

In the farmhouse Mary Turner had the dishes piled on the table in the hot little kitchen. She drew the shades in the big dining room, and, with a sigh, left the darkened, slightly cooler room and plunged her hands into the steaming dish water. As she worked, and she was a fast worker, her eyes were abstractedly gazing through the window in front of her. They saw the bleached grass of the yard, the cool loveliness under the big willow down by

the fence of the hog lot. They shifted and could see, above and beyond the willows, the hill of yellow grain circled by the wide swathe cut by the binder. Already a few shocks were set up. Mary Turner's thoughts raced as fast as her hands worked, raced back over the past few years. She saw herself, cool, capable, well groomed, teaching piano in the little conservatory at the college. Poise was hers. And adulation. For Mary Turner played with what critics call soul, and her name on a program filled the little auditorium. She saw herself, flushed and shaken, at her farewell recital. The big concerto finished, she stood, banked with flowers, bowing while the applause never ceased its deafening clamor. She came back, dully, to the simmering heat of midday, her hands in the hot dish water. Her soul ached, clamored to be free from this.

A long wail from the front porch. Hastily drying her hands Mary Turner hurried through the dining room and bent over the little bundle in the clothes basket. As she gently rocked in the darkened big room, her soft little baby in her arms, his tiny fingers patting her white breast, her eyes were dewy.

In the Palouse the hot day reaches its sultry climax late in the afternoon. Mary Turner straightened up from her bent posture in the garden. The dish pan ahead of her on the ground was filled with peas. Her face, beneath the wide straw hat, was darkly red, her brown hair plastered, wet, against her forehead. Down in the garden there was none of that evanescent little breeze from the Pacific three hundred miles away, which distant as it is, nevertheless brings a tiny moist coolness to the hills. Mary walked stiffly to the house. Her back ached. Every muscle cried out for rest, for her day had begun at half past four that morning. She laid the pan of peas on a bench at the back door to be shelled after supper, and went into the house.

Bitterness welled up in Mary Turner's heart; a bitterness that stayed with her as she hurried from kitchen to cellar, and from cellar to kitchen. It was with her as she served the hungry men who lined the long table. She didn't look at her husband, Will Turner, where he sat, hot and tired and worried, at his place. Just at quitting time a binder had broken down; a trip must be made to town for an "extra"; it must be fixed by lantern light, for, while Nature in the Palouse is kind, she is also inexorable.

One day too long standing in the hot sun, and the full yellow heads of grain will shatter.

So Will Turner pushed back his chair from the table and hurried through the kitchen, catching up the milk pails as he went. Too hot to eat, Mary stacked the dishes. All the heat of the day seemed to have gathered in the small rooms of the house. She looked with envy at the men stretched on the grass. Her eyes were dull, her mind feverishly planning the order of her work for the evening. The screen door slammed. Will set the brimming buckets down on the floor behind her.

"You'll have to do the separating," he said between his teeth which held the pipe he was lighting, his eyes squinting down into the flare of the match. His hat was pushed back on his head, drops of sweat stood thickly on his forehead. "I'll have to get in for that rod before Kilmer closes." He tossed the match on the stove. "Couldn't of broken any other damn time."

The door banged. With a buzz the flies scattered and then settled, blackly, on the screen again. A moment later the roustabout car rattled down the drive, and Mary, watching, saw it disappear around the bend of the hill in a cloud of dust.

Mary's throat tightened until it hurt. Every turn of the separator crank twitched her back, lame from bending all the afternoon in the garden. Sweat dripped from her. After she had carried the cream to the cellar she took the buckets to the faucet in the yard to rinse them. A heavenly coolness wrapped itself about her. The night breeze that blesses the West blew her skirts. She stood, milk pails in hand, and looked at the moon, big and red and round, just coming up over the brow of the hill. The dead peach tree at the end of the orchard, against the moon, was like a Japanese etching, sprawling, lovely. Mary remembered a study that a shy little student at the Art's League had done, — black and fanciful. Much like this. The red moon rose higher above the dead peach tree while she stood there, a wisp of straight hair blowing across her eyes.

Slowly she turned and walked to the house. Carefully she laid the milk pails in their accustomed place and quietly went to her piano. With aching throat she stood and looked at the keys, gleaming and white in the moonlight. She raised one work coarsened hand and looked at it. Flexed it. The fingers, stiff and aching,

opened and shut slowly, spasmodically, as though actuated by something apart from her will. In the hot little bedroom she slipped out of her apron and underclothes without making a light. She pulled the clothes basket up close to the bed and then stretched herself out, without a cover over her, to lie and stare with wide eyes into the darkness.

The golden moon rose higher. The willows cast an alluring lacy shadow on the dry grass. The wheat fields were startlingly yellow. Occasionally from over on the bunch grass hill an owl hooted. And in a hot bedroom a woman sobbed hopelessly, far into the night.

When the mail man chugged noisily by in his little car the next day just before noon, Mary was too busy to go to the box for the mail. Dinner for harvesters must be more than filling, it must be ready on time. And Mary Turner was rather well known for the good meals she set up for their men. She set the steaming platter of stew flanked with fluffy dumplings in front of her husband, and a big bowl of mealy potatoes, and string beans, and at either end of the long table was a juicy cherry pie. When the last man had his second cup of coffee Mary stepped out on the north porch. Waves of heat swept in from the hill, heat that seemed to wither her skin.

Noisily the men trooped out of the dining room. Unable to face the stack of dishes and the stifling kitchen where the heat of the big range scorched her, Mary stood. The screen door of the porch opened, and Joe Croaty tossed in the mail. Poor Joe. His blue shirt was streaked black with sweat where his suspenders crossed his shoulders. His grizzled old face shone with heat. Joe's kindness stung Mary's eyes as she thanked him.

In the evening, the supper dishes done, Mary sat on the porch rocking her baby. In the kitchen were a dozen jars of peas boiling. All the afternoon she had hurried to get them over boiling and done, but they still had an hour to boil. In the cool darkness of the porch Mary could almost forget the hot range and the peas. Will stumbled in through the unlighted kitchen and out onto the porch.

"Lord, what a fire," he growled, pipe in his teeth. "Couldn't you get that cooking done in the daytime with your other work? Wood and coal cost money." He stooped to pick up the daily

paper. It lay, in the streak of light from the lamp inside, where Joe had thrown it at noon. "Here's a letter for you. Didn't you see it?" He tossed it to Mary.

She opened it with one hand and leaning toward the light from the door read it through. It was short. She read it again.

The letter opened to Mary Turner a new vista. She gazed down it eagerly, her breath coming quickly through parted, parched lips. It was from the head of the little conservatory telling of a recent vacancy and offering her old position with the opening of the fall term.

"A way out to save my soul — my spirit," was her conscious thought in the chaos of her brain. Mary Turner did not flinch at exacting physical work and she loved the country, — loved the quiet hills with their benediction of space. Could she have had time, — even a very little time she did not ask for much, — to herself for her music and for her books, then life on the farm were a paradise. But her soul was being trampled, her spirit broken. And, what Mary Turner did not acknowledge even to herself, her sensitive, highly strung musician's temperament wanted, needed, affection. It was not enough to know that her husband, Will Turner, loved her when he wooed her. She was one of those who, to be happy, crave a constant manifestation of that love.

So she sat in the darkness with her soft little bundle against her breast, rocking and thinking, and hoping and planning.

"Will," she began. Will had long ago laid aside the paper and sat, now, his pipe cupped in his hand, relaxed in his chair, speculative eyes down the road. "Will, that letter was from Bernstein." A long silence. Undaunted, Mary went on. "Ruth Telford has resigned. He offers me her place. It is a compliment to my ability, Will. I have — "

"Did Kilmer send those extras out by mail to-day?" Will Turner asked suddenly, his eyes coming back from the road to peer keenly at Mary.

"Nothing came but the paper."

"What were you saying, Mary?" Will asked as he relit his pipe.

But Mary, stumbling, blinded with hot tears, had left the porch. After stretching a few moments, Will went out to the tent to bed. In the kitchen Mary methodically and painstakingly lifted the steaming jars from the boiler, sealed them, and set them

in on the pantry shelf to cool. The heat in the little room was intense, but so great was the turmoil of Mary's soul she noticed it not at all.

In the unbroken heat of the next few days Mary made her decision. Made it as she bent in the garden until her back was numb; made it as she pared the great kettle of potatoes; made it as she washed the endless stack of dishes. She would accept the position. Lots of women, married and in homes of their own, and even with children, held their positions the same as before. Will could come, occasionally, to see her and the baby. She could be at home Christmas, and of course in the summers. Mary's breath caught. She couldn't bear to miss a summer, — not to see the wheat changing from an even, lovely green to a lovelier golden yellow. Not to see the wind making a wonderful rolling sea of a field of grain. It hurt Mary to think of it. She would miss the ranch, even in winter, but her spirit would revive like a wilted flower when the rain came. And, perhaps, she and Will might find the old happiness.

One evening Mary and Will sat out in the darkness of the porch. The clothes basket with its little bundle lay on the floor between them. Will sat back, tired, drawn lines about his eyes and mouth, the light from the dining room lamp striking full upon his face. Mary purposely had chosen a chair in a dark corner. She had written the letter to Bernstein that afternoon. And the knowledge of it, square and white with a red stamp in the corner, lying on the little desk gave Mary courage, a sense of security.

"Will, I want to talk to you a few minutes. I want you to listen." Mary's tone was impersonal. "I had a letter from Bernstein the other day offering me my old position at the conservatory. I have decided to take it."

"You have decided to — what?" Will's tired eyes, searching, tried to pierce the darkness to read Mary's face.

"I have decided to take it." Mary waited.

Will sat forward and looked toward Mary. His big hands lay, loosely, on his knees. "I guess I don't understand, Mary. You mean you're going back to your old job?"

"Yes."

"What will you do about the baby?"

"I can take him with me." It sounded different now, more difficult. The baby was Will's as much as hers. He loved his little

curly, pink toes, his little round body, like a plump partridge, as she, his mother, did. "You could come often to see us," she hurried on and stopped again. Mary felt the silence acutely.

"Are you tired of — of it here? Have you stopped — stopped — lovin' me, Mary?" Will's shoulders sagged like an old man's.

"No, Will." Mary's throat was tight.

"But you want to go back?"

"Yes, Will, and for my own salvation I must go."

Mary and Will Turner were of few words. When at last Mary rose and stooped and picked up the basket, Will asked, "When will you go?"

"In September," Mary answered as she passed through the door.

The little white envelope lay on the desk where she saw it as she passed. She heard the screen door slam as she undressed. She put out the lights and lay on the bed. Wide awake, she thought it all out again. Somehow she felt sorry for Will. She hadn't expected that either. But he looked old and beaten as he sat there to-night after she had told him. She wished he had argued, stormed — anything.

After a while she remembered she hadn't latched the porch screen. Lightly she crawled out of bed and crept across the floor. The baby did not waken. Just before she stepped her bare foot on the porch floor she stood suddenly still. What was that muffled sound? Sobbing? But who was sobbing? Her eyes squinted into the darkness. Out on the grass lay the tranquil moonlight, but nearer, on the porch step in the dimmer moonlight, was a man's crouched figure. The man's head was cradled in his arms across his knees. It was Will Turner sobbing. They were dry, shuddering, racking sobs. You felt that there were no tears, only a convulsive, tearing sob. The big Airedale stood close, whined softly, and licked his hands.

Mary Turner crept back to her bedroom and stood, rigidly, the back of her hand pressed tightly against her mouth. She shivered and caught a dressing-gown about her shoulders, though the night was warm.

Toward morning, just as the first streamers of yellow and red shot from the horizon, Mary, cramped and stiff, started to go to the kitchen for a drink of water. On the porch step still sat her

husband looking with level eyes into the dawn, his hands clasped about his knees. His shoulders, with the sweat stains under the suspenders, slumped dejectedly. Mary backed away, feeling that she had seen something that was not for her to see.

A while later, out in the tent, she heard his alarm clock jingle. Then Will arose from his vigil and walked heavily through to the kitchen. She heard him lay and light the fire and then pick up the milk pails and leave for the barn. Back through the house floated the smell of his pipe.

When Mary, dressed, hurried through the rooms to get breakfast she avoided looking at the stamped envelope on the desk. As she laid the platter of bacon and eggs on the table she looked at Will. Her eyes met his. As she passed around the table pouring the coffee she felt his gaze still following her, dumbly questioning.

After breakfast Will stopped by the kitchen stove to light his pipe. His eyes were on Mary at the table kneading the big pan of bread. She did not look up. He threw the match in the coal scuttle as he passed out the door, and outside Mary heard his dragging step on the walk.

Mary went slowly in to the little desk and looked at the white envelope. Turned it curiously in her hands, the little square that held so much sealed within it. Her face was gray and twisted.

"It's my right," she choked fiercely at last, "to choose what course I think is best. It isn't selfish. Oh, it isn't. It is my only hope." And quickly before she might change her mind she raced out on the porch and across the yard, the door banging behind her. Out of the gate and up the parched hill to the mail box she hurried. The door slamming waked her baby, and his sturdy wailing came to her ears as she stuck the letter in the box and pulled up the tiny flag.

From his binder on the "forty" Will Turner saw his wife's

figure flying down from the road. He sagged more hopelessly in the seat as he whistled to his horses.

It was churning day. There were more things to be done than even Mary Turner's capable hands could do. Desperately she worked only to find herself standing looking down at her fat, sleeping baby, but seeing instead a man with his head bowed on his arms, sobbing in the moonlight. Suddenly she knew that she could never go. Again in the blinding heat she ran to the box and took out the letter. Then came slowly down the hill to the house.

The day was hotter than the preceding one. Not one breath of air came in through the kitchen window. Mary was haggard with heat as she served the noon meal, but her soul knew peace. A peace that lightened her lagging step and brightened her eyes as they glanced at Will and then at the baby kicking in his basket out on the porch. But Will's eyes followed her commiseratingly. Too hot to eat the dinner that Mary set before them, the men filed out to the shade of the poplars in the corner of the yard. Mary stacked the dishes. The screen door slammed. Will's hot hand was laid on her hot shoulder. It was insufferable — the heat — but his touch, — Mary was glad for it.

"Mary girl, I am sorry you're hot and tired," Will said. "I didn't answer you last night. But I guess you're right about goin'. The ranch ain't the place for a woman." It was a long speech for Will Turner. And his big hand patted her shoulder encouragingly but his tired eyes begged her, beseeched her to stay.

A sudden thankfulness surged up in Mary that her decision was made, and her soul calm with the knowledge of the wisdom of that decision, so that she could smile, perhaps rather wanly, but reassuringly into those tired, blue eyes as she answered, "I've thought it over again, Will. And I'm not going to consider going."

It was compensation that night when Will came whistling out on the porch and settled opposite her. He didn't very often whistle. So Mary Turner sang softly as she rocked her baby to sleep, with peaceful eyes on the golden hills already blackening in the quick Palouse twilight.

MR. BRYAN SPEAKS TO DARWIN

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

IN our last issue the President of the American Museum of Natural History chided Mr. Bryan for failing to redeem a "solemn pledge". Using a little prehistoric tooth as text, Professor Osborn, speaking for Science, presented the earth's reply to Mr. Bryan's challenge. The present article sums up the Great Commoner's case against all those who champion the theory of Evolution. It is in a sense a sequel to Mr. Bryan's fundamentalist manifesto, which was first published in THE FORUM *exactly two years ago.*

IN the June FORUM, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn assumed to speak for the earth, and, as its interpreter, administered a rebuke to me in its name. Those, who are unacquainted with the sublime self-confidence of the evolutionists, may be surprised at this presumptuousness; but compared with other illustrations of conceit, the Professor is humility itself. The more inflated of his class do not hesitate to claim an infallibility which they deny to the Bible, and think themselves better informed on ethics than Christ. One of these, speaking at Helena, Montana, not long ago, boasted that science (acting, of course, through scientists) had "discovered incentives to righteousness that Jesus did not know." A man who can teach the Savior morals must be quite a man.

Professor Osborn's excuse for conferring on me the distinction he does by linking my name with his, is set forth in the following words: "'The real question is, did God use evolution as His plan? If it could be shown that man, instead of being made in the image of God, is a descendant of the beasts, we would have to accept it, regardless of its effect, for truth is truth and must prevail. But when there is no proof, we have a right to consider the effect of the acceptance of an unsupported hypothesis.' Solemn pledge of William Jennings Bryan, 'New York Times', Sunday, February 26, 1922."

If the Professor's object had been to enlighten me and thus lead me out of error into a knowledge of the truth, his act would have been gracious and his purpose laudable, even though he gave the letter to the public without mailing it to me. He denies himself credit for any altruistic purpose, however, when he confesses that he has no hope whatever of benefiting me. He says, "To these serious and earnest seekers after the Truth, from 500

B.C. to the present time, we have the contrasting attitude of the Great Commoner; if all the evidence for the Truth were piled as high as Ossa upon Pelion; if proof were heaped upon proof, the Truth would not prevail with him, because all the natural avenues of the Truth are tightly closed."

I quote his language not for the purpose of showing the tolerant spirit of this eminent scientist, but rather to explain why I do not attempt to defend myself. I could not assume an open-minded attitude without seeming to question his veracity. My only recourse, therefore, is to defend that great multitude of believers in the Bible, for whose intelligence he has the same contempt that he expresses for mine, but whom he has not yet specifically mentioned by name and put beyond the pale of reason.

Do those who reject evolution as an unproved hypothesis, deserve the anathemas which he heaps upon them? Are they *unreasonable* in refusing to accept, as conclusive, the evidence offered by evolutionists in support of a proposition that links every living thing in blood relationship to every other living thing, — the rose to the onion, the lily-of-the-valley to the hog-weed, the eagle to the mosquito, the mocking bird to the rattlesnake, the wolf to the lamb, the royal palm to the scrub oak, and man to all? Surely, so astounding a proposition as that embodied in the evolutionary hypothesis should be supported by facts before it becomes binding upon the judgment of a rational being.

It is not unusual for evolutionists to declare that their hypothesis is as clearly established as the law of gravitation or the roundness of the earth. How can they defend such a statement or even make it in good faith? Anyone can prove to the satisfaction of everyone that matter attracts matter; that anything heavier than air, when thrown up into the air, will fall to the ground. There can be no rejection of a truth that each one can demonstrate for himself. And so with the roundness of the earth; it is no longer an hypothesis, — anyone can demonstrate the truth of this by traveling around the earth as millions have.

But how about the doctrine that all of the species (Darwin estimated the number at from two to three million, — the lowest estimate is one million, about a half million of which have been tabulated) by the operation of interior, resident forces came by slow and gradual development from one or a few germs of life,

which appeared on this planet millions of years ago, — how many millions is a matter of speculation, the estimates varying according to the vigor of the guesser's imagination and the number of ciphers he has left in his basket? Can that proposition be demonstrated by every one like the law of gravitation or the roundness of the earth? On the contrary, no one has ever been able to trace one single species to another. Darwin admitted, — even expressed surprise and disappointment, — that no species had ever been traced to another, but he thought his hypothesis should be accepted even though the "missing links" had not been found. He did not say link, as some seem to think, but *links*. If there is such a thing as evolution, it is not just one link, — the link between man and the lower forms of life, — that is missing, but all the millions of links between millions of species. Our case is even stronger; it has been pointed out that evolution, if there is such a force, would act so slowly that there would be an infinite number of links between each two species; or a million times a million links in all, every one of which is missing.

Thomas Huxley also asserted that no species had ever been traced to another; and, while a friend of Darwin, declared that until some species could be traced to another, Darwin's hypothesis did not rise to the dignity of a theory.

Professor William Bateson, a London biologist, prominent enough to be invited to cross the Atlantic and speak to the members of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, assembled at Toronto two years ago last December, in discussing evolution, took up every effort that had ever been made to discover the origin of species, and declared that every one had failed — every one! He still asserted faith in evolution in spite of the failure, but in doing so, he only showed how much easier it is for some scientists to have faith along their own line of work than along religious lines.

Why should we believe that *all* species come one from another when no evidence has yet been found to prove that *any* species came from another? And yet evolution requires of its votaries the acceptance of just such an illogical conclusion and just such chloroforming of the reason.

If evolution were true, every square foot of the earth's surface would teem with conclusive proof of change. The entire absence of

proof is the strongest possible proof that evolution is a myth and that the worship of it is as inexcusable, — as such, a matter of superstition, — as the worship of any heathen god.

But those who reject evolution have other proof. Chemistry, one of the greatest of the sciences and the one that gives us our most intimate acquaintance with nature, refutes all the claims of the evolutionists, and proves that there is no pushing power to be found anywhere in nature, — no progressive force at work in the earth, — no eternal urge lifting matter or life from any plane to a higher one. Chemistry separates the atoms; it walks around them, so to speak, and describes their characteristics and their combining power. Chemistry has failed to find any trace of any such influence as evolution is supposed to be, namely, a force active enough to raise life, step by step up, along the lines of the family tree imagined by Darwin, from "A group of marine animals, resembling the larvae of existing ascidians" to "Man, the wonder and glory of the universe."

On the contrary, the only active force discovered on this planet, as pointed out by Edwin Slosson, is deterioration, decay, death. All the formulae of chemistry are exact and permanent. They leave no room for the guesses upon which evolutionists build other guesses, *ad infinitum*. Take water, for instance; it must have been on the earth before any living thing appeared, because it is the daily need of every living thing. And it has been H_2O from the beginning, whether found in the sea, the clouds, or the veins of the earth. Every one of the millions of changes of species imagined by the evolutionists have taken place, — if they have taken place at all, — since water came upon the earth. But water has not changed: neither has anything else ever changed, so far as nature has revealed her processes to man.

Professor Osborn is so biased in favor of a brute ancestry, and so anxious to substantiate his claims to jungle blood, that he exultantly accepts as proof the most absurd stories. When a few bones and a piece of skull are fashioned into a supposed likeness of a prehistoric animal, described as an ape-man, he falls down before it and worships it, although it contains a smaller percentage of fact than the one-half per cent of alcohol permitted in a legal beverage. Each new exhibit, — no matter how largely the product of an inflamed imagination, — lifts him to a new altitude of exul-

tation, and each one in itself furnishes him sufficient foundations for unchangeable convictions; and yet, in spite of his doubled and redoubled certainty, he grasps at each new bit of evidence, no matter how frail and flimsy it is, as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

His latest "newly discovered evidence" is a long lost witness captured in Nebraska. He would probably have declared it "irrefutable" even if it had been found in some other State,—all the evidence on his side seems "irrefutable" to him, — but the fact that it was found in Nebraska, my home State for a third of a century, greatly multiplied its value. Some one searching for fossils in a sand hill came upon a lonely tooth, no other tooth was nigh "to reflect back its blushes or give sigh for sigh". The body of the animal had disappeared, and all the other pieces of "imperishable ivory" had perished; not even a jaw bone survived to supply this Sampson of the scientific world with a weapon to use against the Philistines of to-day. But a tooth in his hand is, in his opinion, an irresistible weapon.

The finder of this priceless tooth, conscious that it could impose upon but a few, even among those who prefer speculation to reason, wisely chose Professor Osborn. He hastily summoned a few congenial spirits, nearly as credulous as himself, and they held a postmortem examination on the extinct animal, which had at one time been the proud possessor of this "infinitesimal" and "insignificant" tooth. After due deliberation, they solemnly concluded and announced that the tooth was the long looked-for and eagerly longed-for missing link which the world awaited.

The Professor's logic leaks at every link, but is no worse than that of his boon companions who, having rejected the authority of the word of God, are like frightened men in the dark, feeling around for something that they can lean upon. True science is classified knowledge and is of incalculable use to man. Give science a fact and it is invincible. But no one can guess more wildly than a scientist, when he has no compass but his imagination, and no purpose but to get away from God. Darwin uses the phrase "we may well suppose" eight hundred times and wins for himself a high place among the unconscious humorists by his efforts to explain things that are not true. For instance, he assumed that man has a brain superior to woman's brain, and

tried to explain it on the theory that our ancestors were brutes, and that the males, fighting for the females, increased their brain power. He also assumed that our ancestors were hairy animals, and tried to explain the disappearance of the hair on the theory that the females selected their companions, and, because of a deep-seated and universal preference, selected the least hairy and thus, in the course of ages, bred the hair off. The two explanations would be funny enough, even if each did not make the other impossible,—the two sexes could not do the selecting at the same time.

Evolutionists also explain to us that the light, beating on the skin, brought out the eye, although the explanation does not tell us why the light waves did not continue to beat until they brought out eyes all over the body. They also tell us that the leg is a development from a wart that accidentally appeared on the belly of a legless animal; and that we dream of falling because our ancestors fell out of trees fifty thousand years ago.

Darwin thought it was more likely that man came from the chimpanzee than from the gorilla, because the gorilla was so strong that it would not have been likely to cultivate the social virtues. He also guessed that the first man came down out of the trees in Africa, while Professor Osborn has him coming up out of the sand of the desert in Asia. One explanation is as reasonable as the other, and both are absurd. Professor Osborn, however, with a caution that cannot always be suppressed, warns us that "this mongolian idea" of his "must be treated only as an opinion", — so we may not have to change our dreams after all.

A university professor has recently uttered a prediction to the effect that seventy-five thousand years hence everybody will be bald headed and toothless, — a prediction that cannot be verified until more than seventy-four thousand and nine hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, — and he recommends no hair tonic or tooth powder to avert the awful calamity.

If it were possible to regard the evolutionary hypothesis as merely a comedy, intended to furnish light reading to relieve minds over-taxed by the demands of this hurrying age, I would not care to disturb the sapient scholars, who, seeking out the shady places and cushioned seats, spend their time endeavoring to clothe the bodies of their remote ancestors with hair, and trying to remove the hair from the heads of their remote descendants.

But evolution is a tragedy as well as a comedy. It is a calamity to the nation that highly educated men, many of them educated at the expense of the toiling masses, should while away their precious time in idle speculation instead of devoting themselves to the serious problems that demand solution. It is a serious thing to turn the attention of students from preparation for large service to a guessing match as to which of the brute creation is nearest kin to them by blood.

The evolutionists build a philosophy of life on a brute hypothesis, wholly unproved, and then proceed to eliminate every vital part of the Bible because inconsistent with the hypothesis which they have adopted. Evolution has no place in it for the miracle or the supernatural; hence, evolutionists eliminate the record of man's creation by separate act in God's image, as a part of a Divine plan and for a purpose. They next eliminate the supernatural birth and resurrection of the Savior. They rob Him of the glory of a Virgin birth, of the majesty of His deity and mission, and of the triumph of His resurrection. Evolution explains man as the climax of a process in which he has risen through the killing off of the weak, — an hypothesis which, if carried to its conclusion, would condemn pity and sympathy as mischievous interferences with a cruel law by which not the fittest but the fiercest and the most merciless survive.

I do not distinguish between Theistic and Atheistic evolutionists; the former are the atheists in the making and are doing more harm than atheists because they mislead more.

Evolutionists are iconoclasts; they are bent on ridding the world of religion which they regard as a superstition. One professor in a prominent women's college in New England recently sent me a series of questions proposed for discussion. One of them read, "Is religion an obsolescent function, which should be allowed to atrophy quietly, without arousing the passionate prejudice of outworn superstition?"

And then they dare to belittle the intelligence and deny the rights of those who believe that the Lord Jesus Christ, our crucified and risen Savior, "the greatest fact in history" and "the growing figure of all time," is the world's only hope of righteousness and peace, in the individual, in the nation, and throughout the world.

THE SEX SIMPLEX

VIOLA PARADISE

PARLOR Bolshevists have made way for parlor analysts, and these advanced persons have a way of attributing every aberration in thought and conduct to a "sex complex". As hunger is alleged to share with sex the honor of making the world go round, why doesn't a new Freud come forward with the discovery of a "hunger complex" if only to relieve the monotony? To explain everything in terms of sex is too glib; it's like defining God by saying that God is Love. After all, isn't it really only a "sex simplex"?

INTERIOR decoration of the mind, like that of the home, shifts off one fickle fashion for another. A mysterious dictate sends chairs and chintzes from Victorian to Early American. Mental furniture obeys an equally mysterious, though perhaps more sluggish, "last word". Styles change in thought and talk. The Nouveau Art gave way to the New Voluptuous. Colonial is out. Viennese is in.

A few years ago, when the shadow of Freud came West to America and the Parlor Analyst eclipsed the Parlor Socialist, it might have been expected to pass on presently or be blotted out by a newer darker disc, — a Repressionist Patter, perhaps; or, — why not? — a Compressionist School. But no. Even to-day, let some *ingénue* venture, "I had the queerest dream — " and all at once we see a crowd, a host of parlor analysts. The obliging interpreters listen, — though this is hardly necessary, — look wise, and at the end exclaim in an "I-know-something-about-you" tone, "*Aha!* That means *sex!* You have a sex-complex!"

Now there may be something in it. But the answer is so simple, so easy, so monotonous, that it stirs suspicion. Our amateur seers seem to have fallen on a time of famine. The old-fashioned fortune-tellers and dream-readers gave more lavishly of color and variety, — a journey, a letter, a tall blond lady, a dark lean man, or at least a lean or fat year. Any passing gypsy girl would do better by you than that meagre rubber-stamp, "sex-complex".

Of course sex has its place, so much no one will gainsay. After all, it does keep the human race crawling through the centuries. Nor are its by-products negligible. But to explain every dream, every mystery of life, every quirk of character, every creative impulse in art, by the single word *sex*, — no, it's not good enough. Too easy. Just a fancy three-letter way of saying, "I don't

know." For when you have classified everything in a single category, it ceases to be a classification. All you have said is, "Life equals Sex." No light has been shed. You have merely made, unwittingly, a confession of ignorance.

Now there is nothing to be ashamed of in a good whacking cosmic ignorance. But when it masquerades as sophistication, it irks the spirit.

Once, when some writers were gathered together, and conversations had been running sex-wards, as rivers to the sea, this theory was ventured. But immediately every tongue rose up against the venturer.

"Don't you know," came scandalized query, "that everything in life goes back to sex and hunger?"

"Well, what of it? Even if true, which it may not be, when Sam, there, boasted of his bootlegger, did anyone shout in triumph, 'Aha! That means HUNGER'? When Virginia unfolded her dream of a pink pig hanging from a purple chandelier, did anyone point the sly innuendo, 'You are suffering from a repressed desire for food!' Do censors snoop about our theatres looking for Dining Room Farces? Does anyone write to the papers about the immorality of slinging custard pies? No, phenomena rooted in the hunger instinct are taken for granted. Whereas sex — "

"My poor friend!" interrupted a youth not long since graduated from the boy-scouts. "You are suffering from a resistance, from *re*pressed desires, — "

"Don't you see," cried another, "that the thick shell of civilization has cut you off from that primitive part of you which is the kernel of every human being?"

"Don't you see," exclaimed some one else, "that civilization would not be where it is to-day if it were not for the driving power of sex?"

When talk fastens upon civilization it is in a bad way. All that the word "civilization" means is the current complexity, the present stubborn state of the world. Yet people cannot mention civilization without a connotation of worthiness or blame, according as they like it or not. Presently these writers and artists were talking of primitive man, living straightforwardly according to his impulses, free from the "thou-shalt-nots" of civilization.

Although, as far back as we know, primitive people were subject to sex-taboos (enforced ruthlessly or otherwise according to the administration), — which, though not decked out in 1925 gauze and armor and frippery, did nevertheless imply repression, — a statement of this fact was swept lightly aside. "Oh, we mean prehistoric man," said the ex-boy scout. "You know, 'it was late afternoon in the stone age,'" quoted another with gay charm.

A virtue of prehistoric ages is that they do not fetter the imagination with fact. Thus, while the Parlor Analyst diagnoses civilization's crying need to be a return to prehistoric unrepressionism, some one else can be merrily visualizing another picture!

A cave in the jungle. Office hour of the prehistoric jungle-analyst. The Neanderthal Man stamps restlessly about, a prehistoric frown obliterating his low brow, his giant-muscled hand clutching at the necklace of tigers' teeth tangled in the thick matted hair of his lusty aboriginal chest. "Peace has left me," he tells the analyst. "True, I succeed in the hunt, food is not wanting, my lady friends are nice, — yet something, something is wrong. I suffer strange dreams. Last night I dreamed of a cave, with floor and walls of shiny white and blue pieces; and there was a great shiny white rock, scooped out thinner than the bark of a tree, and so long a man could lie in it. And at one end was a contrivance of witchcraft, — somewhat as if two starfish were fixed to a bended reed. One starfish moved at my touch, and suddenly there gushed forth a waterfall, — yet this is the season of little raining! I moved it back, and the waterfall dried up, by magic. A fear shook my heart, but witchcraft pushed my hand against the other starfish, and now came another, a hot waterfall — "

"Enough," interrupted the jungle analyst. "It is a common misery you suffer. You, my aboriginal friend, have a repressed desire for that which will some day be called plumbing."

"But I want my hot and cold waterfalls!"

"Peace, peace. All in good time. Meanwhile, adjust to reality. Be patient these next few thousand years, — only a few score thousands, — a negligible fraction of eternity. . . . It is only the restlessness of the age which afflicts you, — the whole Stone Age is writhing and struggling to burst away from itself, through ages of metals, even into the farthest age as yet previsioned by cave-analysts, — the age some day to be called Age of Jazz. Deep with-

in you it is calling, — 'civilization' some name it. Already it begins. Have you not heard gossip of the 'Away-from-nature' movement?"

"But my dreams, — surely there are no other such dreams as mine?"

"As there are stars in the sky! And stranger than yours. Only yesterday, your lady-friend-before-the-last dreamed that her body was hidden from the eye by a magic stuff like cobwebs, glistening with hardened dew-drops; and that the bodies of men were made strange in black stuff, except for stiff white over the chest. . . . One man brings me dreams of sharp moonlight-colored flint, with which to scrape the hair from the face! Another dreams of queer markings on unimagined substance, of signs, to stand for sound. Men dream of snaring lightning and using it to cheat night of darkness, to mock the sun's heat, even to send words about on. . . . Wild, wild dreams. . . ."

Well, why not? Would this hash of contrivances and ideals we call civilization be here unless its constituent parts had been desired, desired hard, consciously and unconsciously? Whether civilization is good or bad for us, we have it because we want it. If prehistoric man was free from conventions, from repressions, what goaded him on, — away from content with the satisfying of sex and hunger? Why did he invent his chains? And having invented them, what stayed him from their destruction, what drove him to invent more, and yet more? What mordant hanker? What masochistic wish?

The answer is simple: Food was not enough, sex was not enough. Survival itself was not enough. Something in prehistoric man, some force as gnawing as hunger, drove him to put this bit of the universe next to that, to experiment, invent, imagine. He had violent, unfulfilled desires for Brahms Concertos and cocktails and free verse and Hollywood and constitutional amendments.

No, the theory of the "sex-complex" is not the master key which unlocks every riddle of life. A few of the minor riddles, perhaps, and even a major riddle or two. And it must not be forgotten that a key turns two ways. In any case, "sex-complex" is too ambitious a title for the service it performs. "*Sex-simplex*" better suits the unalloyed, one-dimensional, homogeneous, and constant interpretation.

MR. GONEGAGA GOES TO WORK

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

THE formal opening of Mr. Gonegaga's much-discussed "Laboratory of Politics" was still unannounced when a polite note came to my office beseeching a call as soon as possible on the ground that he was in "serious difficulties" with regard to his "new idea".

That a man who had come from the Himalayas less than a year ago should open up a "Laboratory of Politics" in the heart of New York had seemed quixotic enough. But his alarming note about "serious difficulties" brought forth visions of other than Oriental experiments, and I wondered whether the Federal authorities had descended upon him for using too many raisins in the brand that he was manufacturing for the "regular" politicians.

That afternoon on my way uptown I went to his studio overlooking the Park. On the door was his sign:

M. GONEGAGA
American Political Chemist
PRIVATE
CONSULTATIONS

"What an interesting place!" I exclaimed, after we had exchanged greetings, and I had had an opportunity to survey quickly his curious collection of chemical and radio-electric experimental apparatus. "If you intended to use all this deadly machinery in your political analyses, I am not surprised that the police are after you."

"The police!" repeated Mr. Gonegaga, with more than his customary emotion, "I know nothing about the police."

"Don't tell me," I said, "that the Federal Prohibition authorities are responsible for your 'serious difficulties' and that you are about to be 'padlocked' even before you open!"

"No, it is not quite that," he said with a grave smile, "but it is equally important. Among the inventions at which I am working is, as you know, one to develop by radio-chemical activity inde-

pendent thinking, through tests that will show the truth of John Morley's statement that what politicians think about has generally no relation to what they say."

"On the principle," I suggested, "that man uses language, not to reveal thought, but to conceal it. You recall what Jules Lemaitre said: that when God gave to man the power of speech to differentiate him from the animals, it was with no intention of reflecting on the animals."

"I am not cynical," he said. "I am simply trying to find out the truth about American politics. I read the newspapers and I learn nothing. I interview the statesmen, the financiers, the reporters, and they tell me that the people are not 'thinking' about politics. I do not believe, — and you have agreed with me, — that all thought has been extinguished. It is an anomaly that the people of a free republic should have ceased thinking when by their thought they have produced so astoundingly complicated a government as that of these United States."

"But wherein lies your 'serious difficulty'?" I persisted, having heard these theories of Gonegaga before.

"I am informed," he said, and his voice was hushed with awe, "that one of the great governmental departments is not in favor of the people's doing any thinking!"

"As Charles A. Dana said of the boy that bit the dog,—'this is news.' Which department is it that is so well organized that it can assume such a responsibility?"

"I am informed that it is the Department of Commerce."

"The Department of Commerce!" I exclaimed. "What has the Department of Commerce to do with thinking?"

"Nothing; at least that would be the opinion of most people in any other country than a free republic."

"On what earthly ground can the Department of Commerce— "

"Ah! there is where you do not appreciate the growth of your own government. The Department of Commerce no longer confines itself to earthly grounds, — it has gone into the air and the control of it, and through the air it can control thought and thereby establish the traffic laws for thought transference."

"But what reason can it give for assuming to control thought?"

"*It may interfere with business.*" Gonegaga uttered these words with all solemn appreciation of their awful import.

I gasped. "Then your difficulties certainly are serious, my friend," I said. "I never realized that it would come to this."

"But the Law! Is Business above the Law?" And it really looked for a moment as though the usually calm and philosophic Gonegaga was about to become excited. "The Law! How about the Law?" he repeated.

"What law?"

"All law — the Eternal Law!" and he spread out his arms like one who is preparing to mount heavenward, as the angels do on the stage.

"My friend," I replied, "if the Eternal Law is interfering with business I fear that it will have to be amended."

"I shall appeal to the President," declared Gonegaga, almost with vehemence. "Surely he believes in thinking?"

"Yes, but he doesn't believe in talking, and if the Department of Commerce will not allow you to set up your laboratory Machinery for Finding Out What Politicians Think, how are you going to get any satisfaction there?"

"Then I shall appeal to Vice-President Dawes."

"You might, — no one seems to be able to padlock him."

"But — does he believe in thinking?"

"I don't know, — that will undoubtedly be the subject of debate in the next session of the Senate," I replied, having in mind some cogent observations of my friend Senator Moses. "It seems to me, however, that your best defense would be that your experiments are not for the purpose of developing thinking, but to discover what, if any, political thought there may be in the country."

Gonegaga was silent, reflecting apparently not so much on this suggestion as on his original line of thought.

"What would you think of my appealing to the newspapers?" he said finally.

"What would you expect to accomplish by that?" I asked, beginning to feel that my philosophic friend was falling very quickly into the American attitude of mind when in distress.

"Is it not one of the functions of journalism, as you have said in your lectures, to seek out thought, to develop and stimulate it, so that the people may be the better guardians of their own liberties? Would not the important papers, — 'The New York Times',

for instance, — be grateful for independent experiments tending to increase and develop those powers that have made journalism the great power that it is in this country?"

"Do you really think that the editors, — of 'The Times', for instance, — would be any more comfortable as a result of knowing just what their readers really thought?" I asked.

Gonegaga pondered. "Then you regard the situation as hopeless?" he remarked despondently.

"In a democracy, no situation is ever hopeless," I replied, in the measured tones that befitted so weighty a pronouncement.

Gonegaga paced the floor. "I have it!" he exclaimed at last. "I shall appeal to Business!"

"Great Heavens! That certainly is an idea! You don't expect Judge Gary to take you to his bosom with any glee, do you?"

"No," he replied with a smile, "but I read the other day of a speech by F. W. Gehle, vice-president of the Mechanics' and Metals Bank, in which he said that the duty of business was to encourage independent thinking among politicians."

"Is Mr. Gehle still alive?" I asked dubiously.

"Yes, — does not that indicate that there is some hope?" Gonegaga was apparently plucking up courage. "Is it not possible to show that the life-blood of our institutions, — those institutions that have made the country great and business prosperous, — is thinking? That the welfare of any commercial country is dependent on keeping the people interested in their government, jealous of their liberties — "

"Is this your speech or Mr. Gehle's?" I asked suspiciously.

"It is mine," replied Gonegaga, hesitatingly.

"Then, my good friend," I said, "all your fears are groundless. Move your laboratory down to Wall Street, and instead of your being threatened with governmental interference, you will be elected to the Chamber of Commerce."

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

SHIBBOLETH

SOME years ago the pangs of hunger led my vagabond feet to a small restaurant in Richmond, Vermont, — an eating-house not greatly celebrated for its food perhaps, but forever memorable to me on account of a notice writ large on the wall. Looking up between forkfuls of pie, I found myself solicited by a sign to this effect:

SMOKE UP. NUFF SAID

What a hospitable place, I thought, to invite the weary traveler to smoke in tranquillity, perhaps even to indulge in meditation, while he masters the beans and pie peculiar to this sturdy neighborhood. With twenty miles of open road and windy weald behind me, and with my old dudeen strangely sweet and drawing like the funnel of a tramp in the Trades, I was just sinking gently into the contentment which transcends mere cogitation when the rude voice of the proprietor called out, "Hey, you can't smoke here." I made a luxurious gesture towards the sign. "Oh," he said with a scornful laugh; "it don't mean *that way*."

Since that rude awakening, it has been frequently borne in upon me that people have a singularly persistent way of misinterpreting signs and wonders. It was not long afterwards, in fact, that an elevator boy in Brattleboro made a hasty survey of my person and remarked, "Gee, you'll need a shave when you get where you're goin' to." Probably few people have a better opportunity than elevator boys of seeing all sorts of men, with beards and without; and yet here was one who could not recognize a beard when he saw it.

Not less singular, perhaps, is the disposition of people to cling to their misinterpretation. Usually, to be sure, they cling with a molluscular inertia, because it is the easiest thing to do, but some of them cling desperately, as a drowning man with no alternative, while not a few get themselves into a sort of militancy through their very act of clinging. This characteristic is particularly prev-

alent when they take hold of a big word with little meaning, like "Democracy", or of a little word with big meaning, like "Truth", or when they subscribe to saws and proverbs that everybody has believed time out of mind. It must have been a dyspeptic old crone who invented the cheerful lie that you can't have your cake and eat it too. Any small boy knows better, and he is blithely indifferent to the old crone's foot-note that she didn't mean it "that way". There's only one way to *have* cake worth having.

Similarly, we are told, with solemnity akin to piety, that "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," — as if silence, in comparison to speech that is really silver (not just German Silver or sounding brass), has any virtue at all except in so far as it punctuates speech. "Still waters run deep" is another notion to which vain repetition has committed mankind. Many a silent blockhead, entrenched behind this miserable formula, has laid the flattering unction of depth to his soul. And even in this day of domestic infelicity, people have the effrontery to tell you that too many cooks spoil the broth. Tandem, perhaps they do. I have known a succession of cooks to spoil the broth, but in this century I find it hard to visualize a team of cooks. I should like to give them a chance.

Some literal heckler in the audience is due, about now, to remind me that people don't mean these sayings "that way". Of course they don't. These random instances will have served my purpose if they raise the suspicion that they mean about as much one way as the other (except the one about cake, — I grant the small boy an unqualified victory there).

Many centuries ago, we are told, the men of Gilead found that the Ephraimites could not say the word "Shibboleth"; so it was selected as a test word. If, after the rout at the passages of Jordan, a captured straggler failed to pass the test, he was indisputably an Ephraimite and was put to the sword. But if he could pronounce the magic word, he was at once accepted into the bosom of the family. It didn't matter whether he meant "ear of corn" or "Jordan" when he said it; the great thing was to be able to say it with accuracy and dispatch. Is it base cynicism to suppose that our army of word-warriors has fixed on a similar test? If the poor straggler can say the right words, he runs a fair chance of getting past the sentries. But now and then a sentry with more honesty

than discretion has the temerity to ask, "Just what does 'Shibboleth' mean?"

The other day I met such a sentry, — a lady of eighty with a confirmed inclination to prefer Emerson to Freud. I had just read her an ingenious article in which the terms "Psychology" and "Civilization" were freely used. For myself, I was ready to spend half an hour discussing the value of the article, determining, so to speak, whether the author could not only *say* "Shibboleth", but could also *interpret* it. But the old lady gave him less than half a minute. "Oh," she cried, "all this talk about psychology and civilization, — and *no enlightenment!*"

Turning to the newspaper, my eye caught sight of the following morsel (choice, I carelessly supposed), and I read it to her: "Unfortunately the amplifier cannot enlarge the thought." But true to form, she replied quickly: "*Fortunately* the amplifier cannot enlarge the thought!"

It is no cynicism at all, I fear, but the simple fact, that most of us indulge in a romantic worship of "Shibboleth", of any saying which means little to us but which serves as a password with the sentries. "The law is the law" is one of the phrases behind which we love to conceal "scant tracks of thought". Of course Law, as an abstract principle or as the concrete statement of a universally accepted principle, is just as different from a collection of statutes as Truth is from a collection of facts. A moment's reflection tells us that *the* law, the statute, may be a practical expression of custom or the fanatical expression of an organized minority; a necessity, a convenience, a nuisance; — just as various, in fact, as furniture or church doctrine, or any other man-made thing. It would be quite as sensible to entrench ourselves, in defense of the study of Latin or of the consumption of jam, behind such phrases as "Latin is Latin" or "Jam is jam." So it is, — no question!

But the magical power of the word "Law" is no new thing. When it is worked into such a phrase as "Public Liberty under Law", it can tease us out of thought as doth Eternity. In some sort of way we have believed in the mysterious virtue of the *word* (not merely in the value of law, a very different and highly desirable thing) since the dawn of our history. Did not William of Normandy know the Shibboleth? We imagine perhaps that he made his conquest at Senlac, Chester, and Ely; but *he* knew

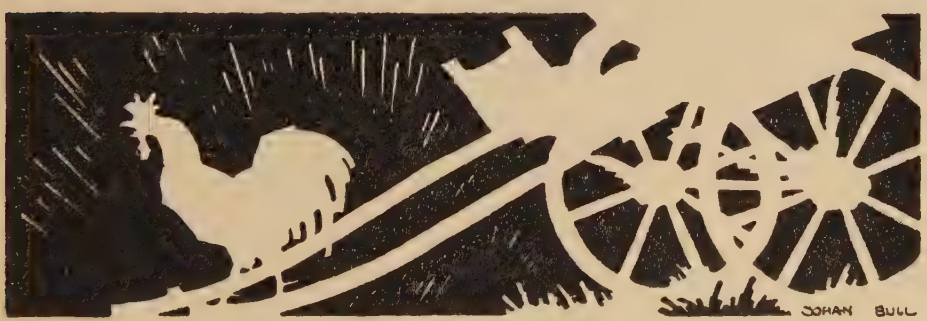
perfectly well that his chief victory lay in his promise to respect "Edward's Law". He broke his promise when he found it convenient to do so; for the phrase, not the meaning of it, was what counted.

Now our equivalent for "Edward's Law" is "Public Liberty under Law", and anyone who contemplates conquering America had better practise the phrase. On a recent visit to Boston, having spare time at my disposal, I took occasion to revisit some of the historic monuments. Stopping before the Old South Church, I read an inscription which announced that

HERE THE MEN OF BOSTON PROVED THEMSELVES BRAVE INDEPENDENT FREEMEN WORTHY TO WIN AND TRANSMIT PUBLIC LIBERTY UNDER LAW

I read it again; then I said (I supposed, to myself), "Just what *is* 'public liberty'?" But I must have thought out loud, for a man near me remarked, "That's just what I was going to ask *you*."

For the present, though, it seems to be enough to know what the inscription says; to be able, as it were, to pronounce "Shibboleth". It is an impertinent assumption of private liberty to wonder what it means. But I should like to know what my old lady would say if she did Boston the honor to walk down Washington Street and read the inscription.



Some years ago conversational blank verse, especially when it expressed "tones of voice", became popular for narrative poetry, and recently the ballad has been revived in various forms. We print below an example of each of these types.

THE GUIDE

"YES, ma'am, I've took this trail fer thirty year
And climbed old Cobble more times nor you could count.
It always brings you out to the same place,
And yet, somehow, it's different every time.
You think you know jest how it's going to look,
And then it fools you, and you're glad you've come.

No, I'd not want another thirty year.

Yes, ma'am, that's Whiteface Mountain, standin' off.

No, I fergit how high they say it is.
I never had no head fer figgers, ma'am.
It's jest as high, I reckon, as you feel.
I could 've jumped it, when I was a kid,
If I could 've got a start. There's days come now,
When I'm a-packin' all the gentlemen's coats,
It's growed a right smart distance to the top.

Them's called the Sentinels. I don't know why, ma'am;
I've never give the why of it much thought.

No, it wunt rain; the clouds is liftin', see?
The sun's bruk through that cut. No, where I'm p'intin'.

How'd I notice? Noticin's my job.
Natur' don't paint her signs in red fer us.
Many's the night I'd 've slep' cold in these woods
If I'd not minded a stump I'd passed before,
Or some old blaze at a turn I'd ought to take.

How'd I know the way? How do roots know
The way to water? They don't ask muskrats;
They feel an itch in their bones and hump along.

Yes, I've ben lost.
I jest sat on a log
Till all the rumpus was smoothed out in my head,
And not a leaf a-stirrin' in my heart,
As you might say, and then I seemed to know.

No, ma'am, I wasn't afraid. Why should a man?
Lots of 'em ask me that. There's jest the trees
And streams to show you the shortest way downhill,
And mebbe an owl out huntin' like yourself.
The chipmunks I hev met ain't very cruel.
This talk of panthers pouncin' on a man
When he's asleep, is rubbish, every word.

Yes, it gets dark.
You mean afeerd of bears?
O well, ma'am, we persuade 'em not to bite.

No, ma'am, I don't mind questions. It's what a guide
Is good fer, I reckon, as much as to find the trail,
What's plain enough, if they would only look.

Do I get lonesome? Well, ma'am, that depends.
How can you be lonesome, when you've got yourself,
And wood to split and fall a-closin' in?
Evenin's, you set a-thinkin' of the buck
You're goin' to get, come when the first snow flies.
I seen a big fat one jest yestiddy.
There's no time to get lonesome in the woods.

And God, you say? I don't think about it.
'twould be like botherin' how you get your breath.

Yes, guidin' suits me better 'n most ways
An old man has to buy his flour and tea.
I'd like it a sight more, if city folks
Got what they paid me fer.

It's hard to say
Jest what that is, unless you're after it.
Fer me, it's the reason the woods is — well, the woods.
There was a chap once. . .
Yes, I guided fer him;
We spent the hull forenoon there on the top,
Not jest ten minutes, like the most of 'em.
I didn't care, I had my pipe; and he
Lay on his back and looked still higher up,
As ca'm as that lake down there that's found the sky.
Nothin' like settin' ca'm to fetch you things.

And when he was done, he jest nodded, and we left.
He knew the woods as well as I know my hand;
I couldn't make out why it was he hired me.
So when we got back I out with it and says:
'I hadn't much call to go up there with you;
I don't like takin' money when I'm no use.'

'No use?' says he, and laughs in his quiet way,
'What is the use, Jed, if someone isn't near?
I don't like standing on the brink of heaven
Unless I have a friendly hand to hold to.'

And he shook mine, and pressed a gold piece in it.
And all I thought fer a week was, what he meant.
I ain't sure yet. I've never spent that money.

Yes, ma'am, you're right; they be the Sentinels."

— *T. Morris Longstreth*

THE BURNING

THEY piled the faggots at their feet,
They heaped them shoulder-high,
And angry-red the moon came up
Into a smoky sky —
And that is how, in Salem Town,
They burned the living lie.

There have been those who, daring less,
  Have stood against the stake;
There have been martyrs who have heard
  The heart of Pity break;
There were Ten Men who preached the Word
  For Jesus Christ His sake.

Go gather wood and lay it straight,
  And peal the village bell:
The fear of God is good to know
  And burning flesh to smell.
Get back of me, and claim your own,
  Ye ministers of Hell!

The righteous prayed beside their beds
  To God Who wore the Crown,
Saying, For this that we have done
  Benignantly look down.
There are no witches left to-night
  In quiet Salem Town.

Oh, it was fine and it was fair
  To see the sight they saw
Under the pale, astonished stars
  When Salem read the Law.
(There was no dog in Salem Town
  Could find a bone to gnaw.)

And if we raise the gentle dead
  And meet them eye to eye,
Shall they be brought to Salem Town
  And made to testify
How Jesus moved a heavy stone,
  Who was nailed up to die?

— *Leslie Nelson Jennings*

Hare and Tortoise

A Novel in Six Instalments — III

Pierre Coalfleet

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Louise, the wife of Keble Eveley, is the daughter of the French-Canadian doctor in the remote Alberta valley in which her English husband's estates are situated. The visit of Mrs. Windrom and her son Walter, old school friend of Keble, about six months after Louise's marriage brings her a realization of her inadequacy as Keble's wife. She is not of their world; and some day her husband expects her to take her place in that world. Louise, who has some money of her own, writes to Walter Windrom asking him to send her some young woman of his world who can act as her companion and teach her the subtleties she needs to know. Thus it is that Miriam Cread becomes a member of the Eveley household. Keble is told that Miriam is a school teacher and an old friend of Louise's come to visit her. Apparently he accepts the explanation.

The breach which was opened by imperceptible degrees between husband and wife is not healed by the presence of Miriam. Louise realizing that she has still much to learn, makes a sudden decision, and goes with Miriam to Montreal, New York, Washington, and eventually to Palm Beach. Gradually her metamorphosis is complete, and it is a very different Louise whom Keble comes to fetch back to Canada in the spring.

Chapter IV

I

As the days were told off one by one in anticipation of the arrival of Trenholme Dare, the young architect and landscape gardener of Montreal, with his army of workmen, Louise became more conspicuously reticent, more conspicuously addicted to her books on socialism and metaphysics, her chats with the wives of luckless ranchers, her Quixotic jaunts north, south, east, and west in search of lonely school-teachers to be befriended, sick cattle to be disinfected, odd lots of provisions to be acquired from hard-up settlers. On the very day that a site was to be chosen for the foundation of her private greenhouse, she fled from Hillside and rode sixteen miles over the muddy roads of early spring for a mere ice-cream soda; yet when she had heard of the recurrence of little Annie Brown's chronic earache, she had foregone a dance at the Valley to sit up all night and heat linseed oil, smooth pillows, and sing old French ditties.

She realized the extent of her hostility to Keble's plans one day when a particular adverb escaped from her subconsciousness apropos of her husband's look of boyish pleasure and surprise, a sort of diffident radiance in his face, as he glanced through a budget of documents which changed his status from that of a dependent young rancher on probation into an independent estate-holder. He seemed odiously contented, she thought, then checked herself. "Odiously" was the adverb, and in fear and wonder she rode down towards the range to reflect, to read herself a long, abundantly illustrated sermon on heartlessness, and, if possible, reduce herself to a state of remorse and penitence.

In this attempt she failed signally, and indeed went so far over into the opposite scale as to say with a passionate flick of the reins which made Sundown leap, "Then if we must, we must, that's all, and I'll be Nero. The sooner Rome burns the better. *Vas-y donc, bonjour!*"

The spring rains had set in, and water coursed down the usual channels with a

volume and roar that attracted one's attention to brooklets which in other seasons flowed by unnoticed. Water lurked in every depression, as though the earth were some vast sponge, red and brown and green. Near the river, the road was washed away. Rude bridges that had served the previous summer were now rendered ridiculous through a capricious change in the course of the stream. The bi-weekly mail waggon had left deep ruts now filled with water the color of cocoa. The mountains were still topped with thick white snow and reminded her of frosted cakes. There was a heavy, rich fragrance and vigor in the air. When a hare darted across the trail into the miniature forest of sage bushes, she, in spirit, darted with him, in a glee. As she cut herself a switch from a bush of willows she welcomed the drops of water that showered over her face and ran up her sleeve, as though, like some intelligent plant, she knew the drops would make her grow. Even the mud that spattered her boots and stirrup straps she cheerfully accepted as seasonable. And she rode on at haphazard, as carelessly, yet with as much vigorous assurance, as had been manifested by the hare. Like the hare she had no idea whither she was bound. Like the hare she was swiftly, gracefully making for the unknown destination. Temperamentally she was hare-like; that would make Keble a tortoise; and according to the fable he would win the race; that thought would bear investigation, — but not for the moment. For the moment she chose to intoxicate herself with the conviction that nothing in the world mattered. The ills that most people complained of, — ills like little Annie's earaches and her own increasing estrangement from her husband, — merely lent life an additional savor, and she could conceive of acquiring a taste for chagrin, as one acquired a taste for bitters; if not a taste, then at least an insensibility. Her whole philosophy amounted to a conviction of the necessity of behaving as though the odds weren't there.

There was only one thing that could have brought her atonement with the spring world nearer to perfection, and that would have been to have Keble riding at her side. Not the correct Keble who studied blue prints and catalogues, who read prose that sounded like poetry and poems that sounded like prose, but some idealized Keble who, with the same eyes, hair, hands, strength, honesty, and "nice back-of-his-neck," could do what the actual Keble could not do: keep ahead of her, command her, surprise, shock, and seduce her, snatch her off her feet and whirl her through space with a momentum that prevented thought, — the Keble, in short, who failed to exist but whom she loved against hope. Love was a mystery to which she had gladly abandoned herself, but which, while appearing to receive her with open arms, had remained as inscrutable at close range as it had been from a distance. When the arms folded about her she felt imprisoned and blinded; when she drew back for perspective the arms fell, or, what was still more disheartening, methodically turned to some unallied, if useful employment, leaving her restlessly expectant and vaguely resentful. The consequence of which was that her great supply of affection, like the cascades pouring down from the hills, spread over undefined areas, capriciously turned into new channels, leaving, here and there, little bridges of a former season spanning empty river beds.

That very morning at breakfast Keble had said to her, "Good morning, dear, did you sleep well?" That phrase was a useless old bridge over a flat stretch of pebbles. To Miriam he had said, "I've had a reply from the cement people; would you like to type some more tiresome letters to-day?" And that was a new bridge over God knew what.

2

Keble's corner of creation had become a chaos of felled trees, excavations, foundations, ditches, scaffoldings, cement-mixers, tripods, lead pipe, packing-cases, tents, and Irish masons. Four years before, on returning to London from a journey around the world, he had heard his father say that a young man who had "anything in him" couldn't help desiring to exert himself even to the point of great sacrifice in the attainment of whatever most interested him. That remark had discouraged Keble, for he could imagine nothing for which he could have an overwhelming desire to sacrifice himself: least of all British politics, which was the breath in his father's nostrils.

The remark had sent him roaming again, not to see more of the world but to think. And, thanks to a hunting accident which confined him several weeks to a log cabin in the wilds of Alberta, he had not only thought, but found the thing for which he desired to exert himself to the point of sacrifice. At the moment when the lure of a new country was driving from his memory the vapid gaieties of West End night clubs, he met a girl who seemed to be the human counterpart of all the mystery and spaciousness in nature which had cast a spell upon him. The acres which his father had acquired many years before for the mere fun of owning something in Canada were a jumble of forest primeval, clear waters, prairies, untamed animals. Louise was a jumble equally enticing. And the passion to reclaim the one became inextricably allied with a passion to reclaim the other.

His forests and fields, being without a purpose of their own, yielded docilely to his axes and ploughshares and grouped themselves into the picture he had conceived of them. But his wife, after the first months of submission, had begun to sprout and spread with a bewildering luxuriance.

For some time he felt the change, but not until the arrival of Trenholme Dare did his feeling become statable. Not that there was any technical lack of affection or good will or loyalty; there was simply a great lack of common effort. At times he suspected that he ought, in some fashion, to assert himself. But, fundamentally humble, as well as proud, he could do nothing more than watch Louise's progress in a sort of despairing approbation, and go on cultivating his own garden.

What changes had taken place in himself, with increasing seriousness of purpose, he could not have said. The changes in Louise were multitudinous, in the sense that a tree in spring is more multitudinous than the same tree in winter. She had acquired foliage and blossoms. He trembled to see what the fruit would be. Once he had wondered whether he could be contented with a wife brought up in such primitive simplicity; his priggishness received a final snub in Palm Beach, where instead of the impetuous creature whose cultivation he had once promised himself to take in hand, he was met by a woman who had herself so completely in hand that she set the tone for everybody within range. He now found in her a cautiousness, politeness, and undemonstrativeness that, to his dismay, he recognized as an echo of his own; and, their positions reversed, he had some conception of the hurt he must have inflicted on her. Whereupon he longed for her old headlong assaults and gamineries, — longed for them for their warmth and for their value as examples to learn by.

The only encouraging factor in the situation was Louise's honesty. In that respect at least there was no change. He was convinced that she had told him only one lie in her life, and that was a pathetic fib for which he was more than ready to answer to Saint Peter, since it was a by-product of the process of self-improvement Louise had undertaken, as he suspected, to do him honor. Being the first lie, it was overdone: for Miriam Cread was, of all the women he knew, perhaps the least like a Harristown schoolmistress. He had never challenged the story, and it had never been officially contradicted. Neither Louise nor Miriam knew that one day, in looking through a bundle of old illustrated weeklies, his eye had been arrested by the photograph of a group of people in the paddock at Ascot, prominent among whom was "Rear Admiral Cread of Washington, D. C., and his daughter," chatting with a dowdy old princess of the blood royal at the very moment, — as Keble took the trouble to calculate, — when Weedgie Bruneau was alleged to have been improving her acquaintance with Miriam in a remote normal school in the Canadian northwest.

How Miriam had got to Hillside, what she had come for, and why she stopped on, were questions whose answers were of no importance. Important was the fact that Miriam's presence had had the effect of an electrolized rod plunged into the chemical solution of his marriage. As a result of which Louise and he had separated into copper and NO_3. In short he had relapsed into a rather flat solution, and she had come out a very bright metal.

Miriam was not a source of anxiety to him. Whatever machine she had dropped from, she had played fair. At times she was a positive boon: sweet, serene, solid. "I wish you could see her, my son," he had once written to Walter Windrom.

"Even your flawless Myra Pelter's nose, if not put out of joint, would have to be furtively looked at in the mirror, just once, to see that it was still straight."

But the *man* from the machine.

He was entirely self-made, and, as Keble was the first to admit, a tremendously good job. Miriam's comment was that, though his thumbs were too thin-waisted for a Hercules and his shoulders too broad for an Apollo, he was undoubtedly of divine descent. Louise, on first seeing him, had shrugged her shoulders and said, under her breath, the one word: "Cocksure."

Keble's impression of Dare was recorded in his latest letter to Windrom, with whom, as a relief from his recent solitary self-catechism, he had resumed a more intensive correspondence. "He takes possession of you," wrote Keble, "chiefly, I think, with his voice, which is more palpable than most men's handshakes: one of those voices that contain chords as well as single tones, that sink and spread, then draw together into the sound of hammer on steel, and scatter into a laugh which is like a shower of sparks. If I were a sculptor I would model him in bronze fifteen feet high and label him the twentieth century, if not the twenty-first. If I owned a monopoly of the world's industry I would make him general manager. If I were the sovereign people I would cheerfully and in a sort of helpless awe make him dictator, all the while deploring and failing to understand his views. He would simply thunder forth policies in a voice full of chromatic thirds, and with frantic, nervous huzzahs I would bear him shoulder-high to the throne."

Dare struck Keble as a philosopher who through excess of physical energy had turned to mechanical science. Or perhaps a born engineer whose talent for organizing matter had a sort of spiritual echo. At one moment he would make his facts support his philosophical speculations; at the next his philosophy, like a gigantic aeroplane, would mount into the sky with tons of fact stowed away in neat compartments. The result was that Keble didn't know whether to marvel at the load Dare could mount with, or be alarmed at the whirling away into space of so much solid matter.

"Now imagine, Walter, for only you can, the effect of all this on my wife. It's turning into 'a case unprecedented', and before long I may, like Bunthorne, have to be 'contented with a tulip or li-lie'. Louise long ago talked me into a cocked hat. Miriam, through the mysterious licence she had been endowed with, kept up a semblance of intellectual alto to Louise's dizzy soprano. But now, oh dear me *now*, Miriam and I aren't even in tempo with her, much less in key. My household, — I still claim it as mine through force of habit, which is always imperative with me, — has become a china shop for the taurean and matadorean antics of two of the most ruthlessly agile products of the age.

"Louise is for the moment (and you can only define her momentarily) an interpreting link between Dare (twenty-first century) and me (nineteenth). I have it from her lips that she has kept her love (whatever we mean by that enormously capacious word) for me brightly burning, as I, in all the welter, have done. Her religious nature, for want of a cult, has always centered round an exquisite instinct which I suspect to be a sort of sublimated eroticism: something that I suppose no man ever understands, — or would some other man? That's the devilish puzzle of it. Yet almost without being aware of it she seems to have kindled new fires before an altar so much more important and all-embodying than her feeling for me or mere anybody else that the light of her little lamp of constancy is like the light of a star in the blaze of noon.

"What one does in a case like that is more than I know. All I am sure of at this moment is you, my son, a lighthouse that flashes at dependable intervals through my fogs. Do you, for one, stay a little in the rear of the procession if every one else gets out of sight."

3

Miriam, who had watched Louise as one watches an acrobat, — with excitement and dread, — felt herself in a sense frustrated by Louise's continued apathy. If it had been punctuated by new verbal heresies, new feats of talk with Trenholme Dare, now the dominating figure at Hillside, Miriam, like Keble, would at least have been able to account for it even had she failed to sympathize. But Louise's indifference seemed to have spread even to the realm of ideas, and there had been

very few acrobatic displays of late. Possibly Louise was in love; but if so, it would have been much more like her to say so, flatly.

The effect of this on Miriam was to make her more sharply conscious of the anomaly of her rôle. More than once she had argued that her mission was at an end, but in each instance Louise had induced her to remain. Having yielded at first with a faint sense of guilt, Miriam had come through custom to accept her position with all its ambiguities. As Keble's activities increased, she had stepped into the breach and relieved him of many daily transactions, delighted at being able to offer a definite service for the cheque which was left on her dressing table every month. Keble ended by turning over to her his ledgers and most of his correspondence.

But her feeling of guilt recurred at moments when the house seemed to be an armed camp, with Keble and herself deep in their estimates; and Louise inciting Dare to phantastic metaphysical speculation. At such moments her mind persisted in criticizing Louise. It was not exactly that she lacked confidence in her, for Louise was in her own fashion sure-footed and loyal. But Miriam was a little appalled at the extensity of the ground Louise could be sure-footed on, the sweeping nature of her conception of loyalty. Louise, scorner of the ground, was all for steering in a direct line to her goal and ignoring the conventional railway routes whose zigzags were conditioned by topographical exigencies not pertinent to fliers. Louise's loyalty might be expressed in idioms which were not to be found in Keble's moral vocabulary. Just as there were some eternal truths which could be expressed more adequately in French than in English, so, conceivably, there might be vital experiences which Louise could obtain more adequately through the agency of some man other than Keble; certainly she would not acknowledge any law that attempted to prevent her doing so, had she a mind to it.

There were times when Miriam felt herself to be an interpreter; more than once in tête-à-têtes with Keble she had found herself decoding some succinct remark of Louise's to explain away a worried line in his forehead, and it was on those occasions that she had felt especially guilty, — not because she ran the risk of giving an unfair interpretation, but because it was conceivable that, had she not been there to decipher, Louise would have taken more pains to employ a language Keble could understand.

This qualm she could dispel by reminding herself that at the time of her advent Louise and Keble had been drifting apart through very lack of an interpreter. Then it was Keble's language which had been too precious for his wife, and Louise herself had taken energetic steps to increase her vocabulary to meet the demand. Would Keble take steps to learn her new words? At least there was evidence that he suffered at not being able to speak them. But after all Keble was a man, and no man should be expected to grope in the irrational mazes of a woman's psychology. It was a woman's duty to make herself intelligible to the man who loved her; Miriam was tenaciously sure of this. Yet Louise nowadays made no effort to share her ideas with Keble; she merely challenged him to soar with her, and when he, thinking of Icarus, held back, she went flying off with Dare, who certainly made no effort to bear any one aloft, but whose powerful rushing ascensions either filled you with a desire to fly or bowled you over.

Dare, for all his impetuosity, was, like Louise, prodigiously conscientious; but like her he was more concerned with the sense of a word than with its orthography. He was too certain of the organic and creative nature of experience to live according to any formula. You felt unwontedly safe with him, just as you did with Louise, but safe from dangers that only he had made you see, dangers on a remote horizon. As you ambled along, with nothing more ominous than a cloud of dust or a shower of rain to disturb your pedestrian serenity, Louise and Dare would swoop down, armed to the teeth, gleefully to assure you that nothing fatal would happen, that accidents to limb held no terrors for moral crusaders worthy the name; then, leaving you to stand there in bewilderment, they would swoop off again to catch up with unknown squadrons beyond the rim of vision, whence, for the first time, a muffled sound of bombing came to your ears. And your knees would begin to tremble, not on their account, — oh dear,

no, *they* could take care of themselves, — but on your own. Suddenly your pedestrian course seemed drab to you, — long, weary, prosaic; but you lacked wings, weapons, zeal and endurance.

Louise was a Spartan both morally and physically. She could ignore transgressions of the social code as easily as she could ignore bodily discomforts. Recently Miriam had seen an example of each. When Pearl Beatty, the schoolteacher, had been made the topic of scandalous gossip which echoed through the Valley, Louise in defiance of her husband and the public had fetched Pearl to the ranch for a week-end, and said to her in effect, "Pearl dear, I'll see that you don't lose your job, provided you don't lose your head. If it's a *man* you want, wait till you find the right one, then bring him here and I'll protect you both. But if it's a lot of men you want you can't go on teaching school in our Valley; it's too complicated. The only way to play that game with pleasure and profit, — and I doubt whether you're really vicious enough, — is to save your money, go to a big city, buy some good clothes, and sit in the lobby of the leading commercial hotel until fate's finger points." As a result of this manoeuvre some of Pearl's thoughtless exuberance rushed into a channel of devotion to Louise, who seized the occasion to build up in the girl a sense of her own value and then bullied the Valley into respecting it.

As for physical courage, only a few days previously Louise, uttering an occasional "Oh, damn!" to relieve her agony, had stoically probed with a needle deep under her thumb-nail to release a gathering that had formed as a result of rust poisoning, while Miriam stood by in horror.

Far deeper than her dread of anything Louise might do was a dread engendered by lack of confidence in herself. Within herself there was some gathering of emotion for which, unlike Louise, she hadn't the courage to probe. The most she dared admit to herself was that she was growing too fond of the life around her. In the old days a horse had been a sleek toy upon which one cantered until a motor came and fetched one home to lunch. A dog had been a sort of living muff. Camping expeditions had been an elaborate means of relaxing overwrought nerves. Nowadays a horse was a friend who uncomplainingly bore one great distances, who discovered the right path when one was lost. A dog was a companion who escorted one through fearsome trails, who retrieved the grouse one hit, and kept watch by night at the cabin door. Camping expeditions were a serious means to some explorative end; one slept on the hard ground under a raincoat simply because there was nothing else to sleep on, and one eagerly looked forward to doing it again.

Yet for the first time in a dozen years she was not sure of herself. So far she had been loyal in thought as well as deed, but the present inventory of herself revealed claims for which she had also little rebellious gusts of loyalty. Louise herself counted for something in this development, since, however much one might deprecate Louise's bold convictions, one couldn't deny that they were often ingratiating. "It's more honorable to hoist your own sail and sail straight on a reef than it is to be towed forever!" When Louise tossed off remarks of that sort one was tempted to lengths of experiment that one would once have drastically disapproved. Louise's philosophy might end by producing inedible fruits, but meanwhile there was no denying the charm of the blossoms she flaunted under one's windows and virtually defied one not to smell.

As long as Louise was playing at verbal thunder and lightning, Miriam's confidence in herself underwent no qualms. For at such times she, in comparison with Louise, personified all that was discreet. But when Louise's effervescences died down, when the last waterspout of her exultant proclamations had collapsed on a lake of apathy too deep and dark to be penetrated, Miriam felt the wavelets radiating to the shore at her feet, gently communicating a more daring rhythm to her own desires.

The first definite effect of these reflections was Miriam's decision to leave. Otherwise she would be forced to come to an understanding with herself and run the risk of discovering that she was ready to — steal.

It was late in September. Dare's army of workmen were fighting against time to complete the exteriors of the new house and outbuildings before winter. Miriam drew rein as her horse reached the top of the hill from which she had obtained her

first glimpse of the lake more than a year ago. The sun was not yet up, but the world was expecting it. The lake which only yesterday had been an emerald was now a long, flat pearl encircled in a narrow, faintly amethystine mist which like a scarf of gauze broke the perpendicular lines of the farthermost shore. In it were mirrored the colossal rocks forming the jagged V of the canyon, and threadbare clouds of pale rose and jade, lemon and amber. The oily brown log cottages silhouetted near the outlet had the pictorial value of black against the living pearl of the water, and Louise's flower beds were banked with something mauve dulled by dew. Frost-bitten, orange-red geraniums in wooden urns raised high on crooked tree-stumps made hectic blurs on each side of the main cottage. Farther off, and higher than the tops of the pine trees which rose above the pervasive lavendar mist, were clusters of yellow and crimson foliage and slender tree trunks that stood out like strokes of Chinese white. Higher yet were stretches of rusty gorse which finally straggled off to bare patches of buff-hued turf ending in the rock walls of Hardscrapple, whose irregular peaks, four thousand feet above, were faintly edged with silver light.

At the end of the pine ridge to the right of the lake, surmounting a broad meadow, standing out from the wooded slope of the mountain, and bringing the whole landscape to a focus, was the Castle with its severe lines, its broad balconies and high windows. One terrace dominated the lake, while another looked over the top of the pine ridge towards the distant valley where the river twisted its way for thirty miles through a gray-green sage plain broken by occasional dark islands of pine and bounded on the farther side by patchy brown and green risings culminating in a lumpy horizon.

Everything visible for fifty miles had been stained bright with the hues of the changing season, only to be softened by the clinging mist, which seemed to hush as well as to veil.

From three kitchens, — Louise's, Mrs. Brown's, and the workmen's encampment, — white ribbons of smoke rose straight up as though to reinforce the pale, exhausted clouds. Grendel, Miriam's retriever, was standing in the wet grass, one paw held up and tail motionless as though awaiting confirmation of a hint of jack-rabbits. An acrid odor gave body to the air: an odor whose ingredients included the damp earth, the bark of the firs, the bunches of rust-colored berries, the leather of the saddle, and the warm vitality of the horse. Once there was a sound of whinnying from the slopes beneath, and once a distant sound of splashing, — Keble or Dare at their morning plunge in the lake.

How splendid to be a man, with a man's vigorous instincts! Even the pipes they smoked at night were condonable, when you thought of the strong teeth that clenched their stems, the strong fingers that twisted the stems out during the cleaning process, and the earnestness that went into the filling and lighting, the contented bodily collapse, as of giants refreshed, that followed the first puff.

Splendid to be a man, certainly. But how much more wonderful to be at the disposal of some clean, earnest, boyish creature who would be comfortingly gigantic when one felt helpless, enticingly indolent when one felt strong. As for being a victim to a capacity for tenderness which one had no right to indulge, — that was simply unfair.

The sound of loose planks disturbed by running feet came up to her on the motionless air. It was Keble, in sandals and dressing gown, returning from the boat slip to the cottage. She leaned forward and patted her horse.

Near the foot of the winding road she drew rein again. Grendel had dashed ahead to play practical jokes on a colony of hens. Joe was chopping wood. Mona was moving tins in the dairy. Annie Brown was at the pump, getting water on her "pinny". Some one was whistling. Grendel barked at the top of his lungs and came bounding back through the grass. The sun was beginning to turn the mountain peaks into brass and bronze. The flat pallid clouds were trailing away. A flush of blue crept over the sky.

Miriam's throat ached with the kind of happiness that is transformed at birth into pain. She remembered the remark she had made to Louise on first descending this road: "You very lucky woman!"

Half an hour later, at the breakfast table, she was struck by the pallor of Louise's cheeks, which normally glowed

Louise was chatting with a show of good spirits that failed to hoodwink her. She broke open an egg with a slight feeling of vexation. She was more than willing to be sorry for Louise, but one couldn't quite be sorry until one knew why.

A moment later their eyes met. Louise gave her a characteristically friendly smile, and suddenly Miriam guessed. She was assailed by a nameless envy, a nameless resentment, sincere compassion, then by a strange relief.

When breakfast was finished and the men were out of the room she went to Louise, grasped her by the shoulders, looked into her eyes with kindly inquiry, then, having been assured, said, "My dear, why didn't you tell me? Or rather, how could I have failed to see!"

To Miriam's amazement Louise bit her lips and trembled, — Louise, the Spartan! Miriam kissed her cold cheek and gave her arm an affectionate pat. She felt awkward. "What's there to be afraid of?" she scoffed. "You of all people!"

"It's not fear," Louise quietly contradicted. "It's disgust."

"How does Keble take it?"

"He is as blind as you were. And I haven't been able to bring myself to telling him. He will be so odiously glad."

Miriam was shocked.

"Yes, odiously," Louise petulantly repeated. "I know it's abominable of me to talk like this. But he will be so suffocatingly good and kind. . . . Oh, Miriam!"

She burst into tears and let Miriam's arms receive her. "I loathe hysterical women," she sobbed, then turned to Miriam with appealing eyes. "You will stay, won't you?"

Miriam hesitated. The decision she had come to on her solitary ride broke down as other similar decisions had done.

"Why, yes, dear, — yes, of course I'll see you through it," she replied, and allowed Louise's grateful caress to silence a little exulting voice within her.

4

A singular, poignant peace brooded over Hillside through the long months of Miriam's second winter at the ranch. While the outer world stood transfixed with cold, its lakes and streams frozen and its heart stifled under the snow, the people indoors went about their tasks and diversions with an orderliness that recalled old times to Louise and Keble and tended to persuade Miriam that her doubts about herself had been exaggerated.

To break the monotony of correspondence, books, cards, and ski-ing trips there had been countless boxes to unpack in the unfinished house on the hill: boxes of furnishings and ornaments, music to try over, and books to catalogue. To give unity to the winter, there was the dramatic suspense of waiting for the human miracle. The attitude of Louise combined tolerance of Keble's solicitude with amusement at Miriam's half-embarrassed excitement. For the rest, she accepted with common sense a situation which she privately regarded as an insult on the part of fate.

The apathy which Miriam had noted so uneasily in the early autumn had not disappeared, although it had lost its trance-like fixity, in the place of which had come a more regular attention to daily tasks, a quiet competence. Miriam's admiration for Louise had steadily grown, despite her distrust of Louise's intellectual "climbing" and her half-acknowledged envy of Louise's power to enslave Keble, to give Dare Rolands for his Olivers, and to bind maids and cooks, farm-hands and horse-wranglers, neighbors and creditors together in a fanatical vassalage. On none of her slaves did Louise make arbitrary demands. If she exhorted or scolded them it was always apropos of their success or failure in being true to themselves. If Miriam's admiration ever wavered, it was on occasions when Louise, carried away by her own *élan*, cut capers merely to show what capers she could cut, — like an obstreperous child shouting, "Watch me jump down three steps at a time."

But recently Louise had not been cutting capers, and as she sat before a fire that gave the lie to the incredible temperature that reigned beyond the storm doors, calmly stitching garments for an infant whose advent was distasteful to her, Miriam regarded her with the protective affection she might have felt for a sister ten years her junior.

"I can't make you out," she said. "In your place I would be obnoxiously proud of myself."

"When I was first married I wanted him. Then as time went on I hoped there

wouldn't be any him at all. Saw to it, in fact. I've been negligent."

"Why him?" Miriam inquired.

"Because it's my duty to produce a member of the ancient and honorable House of Lords. His forebears expect it. As for me, I'd rather have a monkey."

Grimness had replaced the old zest and elasticity, and Miriam noted with surprise that this single fact completely altered the personality of the household. If the present mood proved permanent, she reflected, the Castle, for all their pains, would have the character of a house to let.

Dare had left in the late autumn and would return in the spring, perhaps remaining for the house-warming which was to be the occasion of a visit by members of Keble's family. At the time of Dare's departure Miriam had watched Louise with intense curiosity. She had longed to know the nature of the rôle played by Louise's heart in her relation with Dare, — a relation which both so freely acknowledged to be exhilarating. During one of their final evenings Louise had said to Dare, "When you leave Hillside I shall climb to the top of Hardscrapple, chant a hymn to the sun, and dive head first into the canyon, for there won't be anything to live for, except Keble and Miriam, and they're only the land I'm a fish on, whereas you're the water I'll be a fish out of!"

To which Dare had instantly retorted, "Indeed I'm not the water you're a fish in. I'm the whale you're a swordfish attacking, and I'll be glad to get back east where there's nothing I can't either swallow or out-swim."

Miriam had been exasperated at not being able to read between the bantering lines. For there must be a situation, she reasoned; two such abounding persons, no matter how adroit, could never have got so far into each other's mind without having got some distance into each other's blood.

But the situation, whatever it was, was not divulged, and Miriam was denied whatever solace her own unruly heart might have derived from the knowledge that Keble's wife's heart was also unruly.

Whether Louise's sense of duty had a share in it or not, a "him" was duly produced and ecstatically made at home. Even his mother ended by admitting that he was "not a bad little beast". She had vetoed Keble's plan to import a nurse from England, and had trained Katie Salter for the post. As motherhood had once been Katie's passionate avocation, Louise could think of no better way to translate into deeds the spirit of her outlandish funeral sermon on neighborliness than to promote Katie from the wash-house to the nursery.

Keble and Miriam came in from an hour's skating one afternoon late in December to find Louise at the tea table submitting to Katie's proud account of the prodigy's gain in weight. She was mildly amused to learn that the tender hair on the back of babies' heads was worn off by their immoderate addiction to pillows.

Keble leaned over the perambulator, not daring to put his finger into the trap of his son's microscopic hand lest its coldness have some dire effect. He had an infatuated apprehension of damage to his child, having so recently learned the terrific physical cost of life. His tenderness for the infant had a strange effect on Louise. It made her wish that she were the baby. Tears gathered in her eyes as she watched him, still aglow from his exercise and fairly hanging on Katie's statistics.

She began to pour tea as Miriam threw aside her furs and drew up a chair. Miriam had hoped, in common with Keble and Katie Salter, that Louise's indifference would disappear as if by magic when the baby came within range of the census. She was forced to admit, however, that Louise was not appreciably more partial to her son than to Elvira Brown or Dicky Swigger.

"Could you desert him long enough to drink a cup of tea?" Louise inquired after a decent interval. She liked the solemn manner in which Keble talked to the future member of the House of Lords. Like Gladstone addressing the Queen, Keble addressed the baby as though it were a public meeting.

"You must make due allowance for the incurable knick-knackery of womankind," he was saying, as he smoothed out a lace border in which two tiny fingers had become entangled and against which, — or something equally unjust, — a lusty voice was beginning to protest.

"He's not as polite as you are, if he does take after you," Louise commented when Keble had praised the toasted cheese cakes.

Keble judged this a fair criticism, and Miriam was of the opinion that a polite

baby would be an unendurable monstrosity. "I like him best of all," she said, "when he kicks and twists and screams 'fit to bust his pram', as Katie says. Although I'm also quite keen about him when he's dining. Yes, thanks, and another cheese cake. . . . And his way of always getting ready to sneeze and then *not*, that's endearing. And his dreams about food."

"You wouldn't find them half as endearing if you had to wake up in the middle of the night and replenish him."

"Oh I say, Weedgie! Must you always speak of him as though he were a gas-tank, or a bank account!"

"Pass me your cup. After skating you also want a lot of replenishing, like your greedy heir. Now let's for goodness' sake talk about something else, — the New Year's dance, for instance."

Keble was always ready nowadays to talk on any subject in which Louise showed signs of interest. The recognized household term for it was "trying to be the water Louise is a fish in."

Chapter V

I

In England there were several thousand acres which Keble would one day automatically take over. In Canada, creating his own estate, he could enjoy a satisfaction known only to the remotest of his ancestors. And as his wilderness became productive he acquired, atavistically, the attitude of a squire towards the people whose livelihood depended on him. He housed them comfortably; he listened to their claims and quarrels; he hired, discharged, and promoted with conscientious deliberation; and every so often he wrote letters to the provincial parliament about the state of the roads.

"Now it's time to amuse them," Louise had suggested. "People don't remember that you have installed expensive lighting plants for their benefit, but they never forget a lively party."

Thus was sown the seed of the New Year's dance which was to be held in the hall and reception rooms of the empty new house. Invitations were issued to every soul at Hillside, and a poster tacked to the bulletin board of the Valley postoffice announced that anybody who cared to make the journey would be welcome.

Preparations for this evening revived Louise's spirits as nothing had done in months. No detail was left to chance. Keble, held responsible for the music, endeavored for days to whip up the sluggish dance rhythms of the Valley bandmaster. "I've done everything but stand on my head and beat time with my feet," he reported in desperation, "and they still play the fox-trots as though they were dirges. Fortunately the Valley knows no better."

Miriam superintended the decorating of the rooms, aided by the "hands", who, like Birnam Wood, advanced across the white meadow obliterated under a mass of evergreens.

Only one contretemps occurred. A few days after Christmas Mrs. Boots, the minister's wife, accompanied by Mrs. Sweet, wife of the mail carrier, made her way to the Castle and warned Louise that her dance would conflict with the "watch-night service" at the Valley Church.

New Year's fell on a Saturday, and to postpone the ball one night would involve dancing into the early hours of the Day of Rest. Keble had made arrangements to leave on Saturday for the east, on a short business trip to London. To hold the entertainment over until Monday would therefore be out of the question.

Louise had a characteristic inspiration. "Why not turn the library into a chapel!" she exclaimed, kindling at the prospect of an extra dramatic item on her program, "and pause at midnight for spiritual refreshments! I'll make everybody file in and kneel, Mr. Boots can say a prayer, and we'll all sing a little hymn — perfect!"

"And then go on dancing!" cried Mrs. Boots, in horror.

Mrs. Sweet reflected the horror on her friend's face. Then her disapproving glances traveled to a corner of the hall where some noisy girls were making paper chains and lanterns under the direction of Pearl Beatty.

Louise saw that she had given pain to the minister's wife. "Forgive me," she said impulsively. "I'm such a heathen! But if I were a Christian I'm sure it wouldn't disturb my conscience to dance and pray alternately; indeed each would gain by the contrast. What's the point of a religion that has to be kept in a cage?"

Mrs. Boots could have found answers if

she had been given time to catch her breath, but before she had a word ready Louise was shaking her cordially by the hand and consigning her to a maid who was to take the ladies to the cottage and comfort them with tea and a sight of the baby before the mail sleigh returned to the Valley.

Whatever the concourse of the faithful at the watch-night service, there was never an instant's doubt as to the triumph of the forces of evil. From the moment when Keble and the wife of the Mayor of Witney, followed by Louise and the Mayor, stepped out at the head of a "grand march" until daybreak on the first of January when a winded band played a doleful version of "God Save the King", the festivities went forward with irresistible momentum. Keble made a speech, and then with true British fortitude danced with every female guest. Miriam, acting on orders, solicited dances from bashful cowboys, and once, in the grip of an honest lad who seemed to have mistaken her for a pump, she caught the eyes of Keble, in the grip of the new laundress, who was bolting towards a wall with him. And they hadn't dared to burst out laughing.

Louise darted in and out, setting everything on fire, making the dour laugh and the obstreperous subside, launching witty sallies and personal broadsides, robbing Pearl of her plethora of partners and leading them captive to the feet of girls who, after living for days on the exciting prospect, were now sitting against the wall with their poor red hands in their laps, enjoying it, vicariously.

For Louise the evening would have been perfect but for one disturbing remark which she overheard in the supper room. Minnie Swigger, whose brand new "Kelly green" satin had lost something of its splendor when contrasted with the simple black velvet in which Louise was sheathed, had watched Miriam pass by in company with Pearl Beatty and Jack Wallace, the proprietor of the Valley livery stable, and had vouchsafed her criticism in an ungrateful voice which carried to Louise's ears: "She's supposed to be his secretary. Either Weedge is blind, or she holds Miss Cread over his head as an excuse for her own little game. Nobody but her could get away with it."

Louise wheeled about and walked up to Minnie. "Get away with what?" she inquired evenly.

Minnie was too startled to reply for a moment, then with the defiance born of a bad conscience she said, "I don't care if you did hear me. It certainly looks funny, and that's not my fault. And Pearl Beatty there, as big as life! When you make a fuss over her decent fellows like Jack Wallace get the idea she's all right."

"Isn't she?"

"If you call *that* all right!"

"Being all right is minding your own business. You're a nice little thing, Minnie, but you *don't*. Not always. Don't try to mind mine; it's far too much for you."

What the natives thought was in itself a matter of indifference, but if "things", as Minnie alleged, did "look funny", it was just conceivable that the natives, for all their ignorance, saw the situation at Hillside in a clearer perspective than any of the actors. Keble's departure was, therefore, in a sense opportune.

2

Although it meant twenty-four hours without sleep, Louise and Miriam next morning insisted on accompanying Keble as far as the valley. They took breakfast, along with Dr. Bruneau, at the Canada House as Miriam's guests. They were weary, a little feverish, and inclined to be silent. Keble alone chatted with a volubility that betrayed his nervousness, his regret at the separation, and his excitement at the prospect of revisiting the home he had so long ago abandoned. Louise was pale, and kept hiding in the depths of her fur coat. Miriam and the doctor sustained Keble's talk, but could not relax the tension. The stage was due in fifteen minutes.

Suddenly Louise jumped up from the table, which was being cleared by an ill-kempt waitress with whom Keble had danced a few hours previously. "I nearly forgot . . . the snapshots of Baby for his grandmother. They're still at the drug-store. I'll run over and get them."

"Let me go, dear," Keble had risen.

"We'll go together," Louise proposed, and Miriam noted an eager light in his eyes.

On the snowy road he tucked his glove under Louise's arm, and they picked their way across in silence to the drug-store.

When she had obtained the photographs and thrust them into an inner pocket of his coat, they returned more slowly towards the hotel.

"It will seem very strange," he said, "without you and the monkey. I can't tell you how disappointed I am at your refusing to come home with me."

"A change from us will do you good. . . . You're to give my love and the monkey's to everybody, and tell them I'm looking forward very much to their visit."

Keble stopped in the middle of the deserted street, to face her with appealing eyes, and rested a hand on her arm. "Weedgie, that's all so pathetically trite, for you! Tell me, *sans façons*, why wouldn't you come, and why wouldn't you let me take the snapshots of you as well as the monkey?"

She was a little timid. This was the Louise with whom he had originally fallen in love, and whom he remembered even through her noisiest performances. "Because I'm perverse. I want your people, if they are going to make my acquaintance at all, to get their first impression of me in my own setting." She couldn't confess that she would have been gratified if his people had been a few degrees more pressing in their invitations to her. "If they like me in spite of it, or even if they don't, I shall feel at least square with myself. But if they were to find me passable in *their* setting, then come out here and pooh-pooh the Valley, I should be — oh, hurt and angry."

Keble shook her gently. "Rubbish!"

"Mrs. Windrom thought me crude," she said, entirely without rancor. In her heart she thought Mrs. Windrom crude.

"Walter didn't," Keble retorted. "And Walter's little finger is worth more than his mother's eternal soul."

"Walter is a man, dear. Mrs. Boots doesn't like me, and her soul is worth thousands of little fingers, — or toes, rather." She was stroking his coonskin coat.

"Toes rather? . . . Oh, I see — Boots, toes."

Without warning he caught her in his arms and kissed her. "You preposterous person!" he laughed, a little abashed by his flare of passion.

They returned silently to the hotel porch, where they were joined by Miriam and the doctor. The stage had arrived, and they were discussing the state of the mountain road. Keble climbed into the sleigh.

When every one had said good-bye, and the horses had been set into motion, Keble turned to Miriam with a parting admonition regarding business letters, then added, "Keep an eye on Louise, now that she's come to life again. And do give the monkey an occasional piece of sugar."

The last injunction was a facetious allusion to a remark made some weeks previously by Mr. Brown, who had declared that Keble was spoiling the baby as much as his wife spoiled her circus horse.

When the stage had disappeared, Louise turned to Miriam with an air of being lost. "Isn't it strange," she said, "to think of going back alone! I never realized before how completely it's Keble that makes the ranch go round. I feel like *la délaissée*, — you know the girl in the ditty: *qui pleure nuit et jour*."

"Good gracious, Louise, don't tell me you're turning sentimental on top of everything."

"It would only be *re*-turning. I've always been sentimental under the surface. At least I used to be with my dolls. And for some reason I've felt like a little girl this morning."

A cloud passed over Miriam's sky. Lack of sleep and the dissipation of the last week would sufficiently account for it. Faint lines indicated the inner boundaries of her cheeks, and her eyes had lost their agate-like clarity.

"You look like a tired little girl," she said sadly. "I feel all of eighty."

Part Two — Chapter I

I

It was the second anniversary of the death of Billy Salter. A summer breeze played over the hillock which was surmounted by two small tombstones. The branches of the trees which had sheltered the grave-diggers from hail on the day of the funeral were now tossing in a frantic effort to extend their shade to the rows of asters with which Katie and Louise had bounded the two graves.

"Seems less lonesome for Billy, don't it, Mrs. Eveley, when Rosie has a flower bed too," Katie had commented. Rosie Dixon had died before Billy was born, but her span of life had been as limited as his own,

which had the effect of making them seem contemporaries.

As Katie had expressed it, "If both were living to-day Rosie would be twenty-nine and Billy fourteen, just going into long pants; but really they're only the same age, — both twelve, poor babies!"

Louise recalled the remark this August afternoon as she and Trenholme Dare tied their horses to neighboring trees and ascended towards the deserted graves. "I couldn't help feeling that Katie had stumbled on an interesting idea," she said.

"She had," Dare agreed. "If Katie were a savant she might have developed it into an epoch-making theory of time."

"How far ahead would that have got her?"

"Not an inch. Metaphysicians are higher in the air, and their altitude gives them a more panoramic view, but they are traveling towards eternity at exactly the same speed as Katie and not a whit faster."

Louise was sitting on the grass, gazing down towards gray plains which merged into the distant brown hills, which in turn merged into a sky whose blue gave an impression of actual depth. It was not a canopy to-day but an ocean of air, or rather, — since it was bodiless and unglazed, — an ocean's ghost, with small clouds, like the ghosts of icebergs, drifting across its waveless surface.

The breeze which tossed the branches and stirred Sundown's mane came to sport with her own hair. Her hat lay at her feet, and with an arm limply outstretched she wielded a switch, flicking the dusty toes of her riding boots.

"Yet you philosophize as never was," she said, "and you seem to be getting ahead like a comet."

"Philosophy isn't the propellor, it's the log that records the progress and adventures of the mind at sea. If by philosophizing you mean the mental gymnastics which toughen thought for subsequent *applied* mentality, I dare say philosophy can be said to get one ahead; but it doesn't make one wiser in any real sense. No doubt the man who can enunciate a theory of relativity is more commendable to God than the woman who can only prevent your son from eating angle-worms, for God's evolution depends on intelligence, and *Herr Doktor* Einstein is more intelligent than Katie Salter, *unbedingt.* But God is strangely ungrateful; he treats us all alike, giving us impartially the status of drops in the salty ocean of eternity. What we call our life is merely the instant when we are phosphorescent; the savant may be more luminously phosphorescent than you and me, but before he can say Jack Robinson he has relapsed into the ocean, and new drops of salty water have formed, comprising left-over particles of dead hims and yous and mes, forming a new identity which is tossed up into birth to be luminous for a moment and say Jack Robinson and then disintegrate in favor of still further combinations of remnants. . . . The folly of regarding Socrates as sublime and me as ridiculous is that we are one and the same entity."

Louise recalled the discussion she had had with her father on the day of Billy's funeral, when they had agreed to grant cats equal rights with Billy in the matter of immortality. "Would you go so far as to say that Socrates and Sundown were parts of the same entity?" she inquired.

"Even further. I should include the fly that his tail can't quite reach, the worms under his feet, and the leaves over his head. It's all in the ocean. . . . Stones and mud aren't as self-assertive as radium, but who is to say that they have no potentialities? If you eat a speck of mud on your celery, doesn't it, or something chemical in it, become a part of you and take a more distinguished place in the realm of things vital?"

"Then how do you account for the fact that we can talk, Sundown can only neigh, and stones can't even sigh, — even if they *are* full of sermons."

"By the fact that stones are figuratively phosphorescent in an extremely negligible degree, that Sundown is phosphorescent in an infinitely greater degree, and that you and I are so surcharged with phosphorescence that we simply burst into hissing flames of intelligence. Or, if you prefer, we're not so tightly packed as stones; our atoms are more free to roam and collide and become interesting. Human intelligence, with all its concomitants of reasoning and speech, is a sort of transformation which is analogous to the remarkable things that happen in a laboratory when certain combinations are subjected to intense pressures and temperatures. Degrees

of vitality are like the gradations of electrical force: sluggish magnetic fields, live wires, dynamos, power stations. Everything has some vital status, just as everything has some electrical status."

"But you make everything seem so impersonal and arbitrary. Don't you believe that human beings can voluntarily increase or decrease their voltage and usefulness? If I determine to live up to my best instincts, can't I do so on my own initiative, without having been anticipated by Fate?"

"I think of it the other way round. Your strongest instincts, good or bad, will live up to you. They will determine your acts. The decision to live up to them begs the question, for it is they that prompted the decision, making up your so-called mind for you. You only said the words of your excellent decision after the excellent decision had surged and pulsated and battled and muscled its way through your system to the tip of your tongue. Taking a decision is like taking a train: in reality the train takes you."

"According to that theory there's nothing to stop the whole world from going to pot, morally speaking. What if bad instincts obtain a majority in the house?"

"Ah, but thanks be to God they won't! Nature hasn't gone to pot physically, for all the efforts of plague and dyspepsia. She won't go to pot morally, either, though we may always need prisons, or their future equivalents. Nature is, in the long run, economical; she balances her books; and morality, like health, is merely a question of thrift."

"And religion? What is it?"

"Oh, — for a slouchy metaphor, call it the sparks struck off by moral friction."

"That's deep water."

"Moral: accept the concrete and don't try to formulate the abstract. Katie would never have expected an apple to fall into the sky just because she had never heard of Isaac Newton. And when she feels that Rosie Dixon and Billy, despite arguments to the contrary, are the same age, she has got just as far as the hypothetical metaphysician who would turn her experience into a revolutionary theory of objective and subjective time, — except that Katie won't get a Nobel prize. If she lives to be three score and ten, snug in her three dimensions, she will fulfil a sublime destiny; she will with unerring instinct and awe-inspiring virtuosity obey complex laws which are none the less urgent for being unformulated in her narrow skull. And when she dies, her soul, like John Brown's, will, though in fearfully divisible, microscopic, and unrecognizable particles, go 'marching on'."

"Thank goodness Katie is miles down the road by this time where she can't hear what a hash she is going to be!"

"Yes, that after all marks the difference between people like Katie who are close to the earth, and those who do get up in a metaphysical balloon. Katie comforts herself with promises of a red plush heaven full of harps, where she will repair in a white robe to rejoin her Billy, still twelve; whereas the savants who see the world as an ant-heap are not appalled at the thought of personal obliteration. I for one think it's rather a lark to be a sort of caricature on a school blackboard, then turn into a thin cloud of chalk dust when higher forces rub you off; it's fun to speculate on the future of the particles of chalk in the cloud."

Louise confessed that she could not gloat over the prospect, but let it be understood that, for the sake of feeling herself floating in the air amongst a distinguished metaphysical crew, including Dare, she cheerfully accepted the principle. Then something made her lean forward and gaze towards a distant bend in the road.

"Look! That's them!"

"What's who?" Dare asked, and added, "grammar be blowed!"

Three touring cars, an unprecedented sight, were winding their way up from the direction of the Valley.

"Keble's telegram said this evening," Louise explained, with a blank look at her companion, followed by a glance at her wrist watch. "And it's not three o'clock yet. Thank heaven Miriam is at home to give them tea."

"Them" referred to the English travelers, whose visit had been postponed in order that it might be embraced in a western tour which Lord Eveley and his assistants in the Colonial Office were scheduled to make on Imperial business. Keble had left the ranch a few days before to meet them in Calgary and guide them hither. All through the spring and summer he had

been bringing his building work to completion, and Dare had been on hand for several weeks now, partly in the rôle of contractor, partly in the rôle of friend. He had remained for the celebrations before proceeding to Japan, where he was to make notes and sketches for a commission in California.

"What a pity you won't be on hand to receive them," Dare sympathized.

Louise flicked her switch rebelliously. "If they say evening, they can't expect me to know they mean afternoon. There's no reconciling that discrepancy whether you call time qualitative multiplicity or plain duration. And they'll just have to wait." She smiled maliciously. "I hope they'll look blankly at each other and say, 'Just as I thought.'"

"Why? So you can fool them all by being excessively correct?"

She was delighted. "How did you guess?"

"The clue to you is always the same. You're a born actress."

To herself she was thinking, "Even the most enlightened men fail to understand that some women are capable of being the quintessence of themselves when they're most outrageously play-acting." And she was not at all sorry that Dare should fall into one of the traps laid for his sex, — there were so many he didn't fall into!

"I adore acting. And love being caught at it. And always go on till I *am*." This suggested a new thought to her. "That's why Keble and I are so often a hundred miles apart. I'm acting, and he doesn't know whether I'm acting myself or some other character, and that irritates me, and I act all the harder, and it turns into farce or tragedy, and he still fails to catch me, and I'm too far gone in my rôle to stop, but yearn to be caught — "

"And spanked?"

"You and Miriam spank me sometimes. Then Keble *sees*, and laughs. But so distressingly late."

"Hadn't we better be starting?"

The procession had passed the Dixon ranch and was vanishing towards Hillside.

"In a minute," she replied, without stirring. "We don't have to have seen them, you know." Then with an abrupt change of mood she surprised him by saying, "I dread it, Dare. It's worse than going up for examinations."

"You'll probably find them delightful."

"You're not their wild and woolly daughter-in-law."

He shifted his position on the grass and sat facing her, with curious, intent eyes. There was something subduing in his regard, as in his strength and grace. "I wonder what I am, really. I wish I knew, — my degree of being accepted as your friend, I mean."

She was pleasantly conscious of the urgent need to evade the intentness of his eyes, but temporized by mocking. "Don't try to formulate the abstract. Those are your words, and if you don't follow your own advice you'll be in the predicament Katie would be in if she tried to go up in a balloon."

The forthcoming meeting had unnerved her more than she cared to admit. An attack of stage-fright had made her say "in a minute" when he had suggested returning. To that was added a twinge of vertigo, as though she felt herself standing on a precipice from which force of circumstances would make her presently retreat, but which for that very reason had an indefinable lure. The eyes and hands and arms and thighs of her companion were challenging her. Meanwhile, in her subconsciousness, the talk of "in-laws" had set in motion a tune from *The Mikado*, and as she flicked her boots she sang a paraphrase:

> "They married their son, —
> They had only got one, —
> To their daughter-in-law elect."

The ruse by no means succeeded in suppressing the rebellious desire to look over the precipice. "I wonder if they did right," she said.

Dare looked away, and she breathed more freely, hoping yet fearing that he would immediately resume his disturbing, overpowering intentness. "Sometimes," he said, "I resent it; at other times I'm thankful."

As he was still looking away she ventured an emotional step nearer. "Do you mind explaining that cryptic remark?"

"It's very simple. If their son hadn't married you, I undoubtedly would have. And it would have been a gigantic blunder."

"How do you know you would have?"

"I'm damned if we could have avoided

it. For a while it would have been heaven on earth. Then hell."

"Why?"

He still avoided her eyes. "Because strong things must clash. Because you and I don't permanently need each other; we're too self-reliant."

His unwillingness to look at her roused a demon. "I wonder if you believe that."

"Must one always say all one believes?"

She ignored the question, and he continued. "Marriage, to be successful, must be entered into by one leading person and one following person. We were each born to lead. We could never play on the same team, but as captains of opposing teams we can be profoundly chummy. . . . If the other element had been allowed in, the chumminess in the crucible would have flared up into a white flame, but the contents of the crucible would have been reduced to ashes."

She was now stubbornly determined to regain possession of that dangerous glance. "Isn't it grotesque," she went on, "that contemptible, weak-souled people repeatedly disregard scruples that give pause to the strong?"

Dare held his breath, and his profile showed that he was pressing his teeth against his lip. They had never steered so near the reefs in all their skilfully navigated acquaintanceship. Louise pulled weakly at the grass.

Frankness had been their support up to the present, and each was privately acknowledging that they could no longer depend on it.

Silence. Louise felt that she ought to do something to divert his emotions into more familiar channels. "I wish I were a man," she said, and the effort of uttering words made her conscious of the dryness of her throat. She also had a freakishness of breath to contend with.

Dare collected himself, sat up, with his back partly turned to her, so that his eyes looked over the plain. The breeze had gone down, and the afternoon light seemed to be an intrinsic property of the objects it gilded.

"What would you do if you were?" he asked.

"The incomparably splendid things you do," she promptly replied.

"I've come pretty near doing some incomparably asinine things."

"But you've stopped short. I would have, too, of course. Besides," she hesitated, then decided on one final plunge of frankness, "in a world full of people who don't do splendid things, you could almost have pleaded justification in not stopping short, — if not actual provocation."

She saw his fingers open, then close. For once in her life, just once, she longed to see those strangely intent eyes fixed on her, wanted them to come closer and closer until her own eyes must close, yet she sat weak, watching the back of his head, then his fingers. For the second time in her life, — the first was during Walter Windrom's visit, — she saw deep into the psychology of infidelity: this time more specifically. Indeed with a crudeness that made her blush.

Suddenly he wheeled about. The look was there. She gave a strange little cry, raised her hands slightly from the ground, and in a flash found herself imprisoned by his arms, and mouth.

A few moments later he was on his feet, facing the valley again, his arms folded.

He walked to the trees and saddled the ponies. But as Louise made no move he returned and stood looking down at her. "There's still time to escape," he warned.

She was again pulling at the grass. "There's only one way to escape from oneself. . . . And that is not to acknowledge the danger."

"Even when mad things happen?"

"Mad things are no more disgraceful than the mad desires that precipitate them. If you admit the desires — "

"Yes, but — good God!" It ended in an explosive sigh at the futility of any reasoning faculty one might bring to bear on a problem that had its source somewhere so far beneath reason's reach.

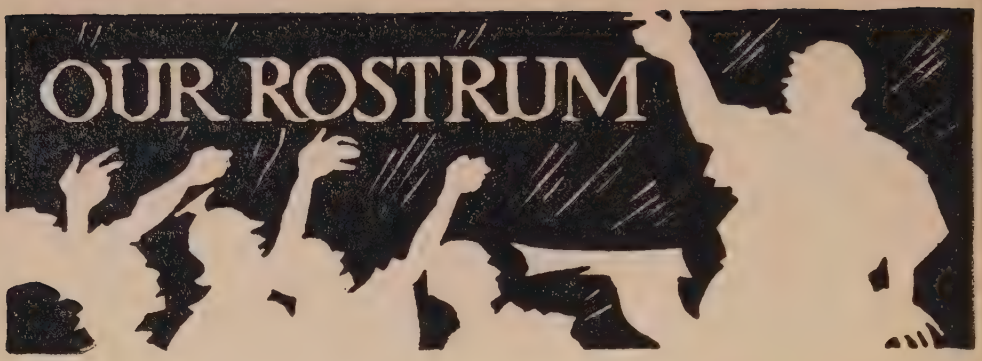
He sat down again, at her feet, and their eyes met in a long, steady regard.

"Do you suppose it has been — just *that*, really, all this time?" he finally asked.

"Not *only* that. . . . Partly."

He held out his hand and she placed hers in it, without hesitation. It was irrevocable. During the remainder of the afternoon time and scruples were burnt up in the white flame.

TO BE CONTINUED



The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

A Friendly Tilt

An "unchanging tyrant" and a "nobler male" ride to friendly battle. Rosinante cantering on Broadway shies at modern playboards.

Editor of THE FORUM:

One of your editors has a variety of benevolent substitutes for argument in his article, "Common-Censorship", in which he analyzes the New York play situation. It takes some feminine courage to disagree with the author for he has fortified himself by bulwarks that seem to prove his every opponent either a Puritan, or a Complex, while he retains that enviable entity, a Private Mind. Call a man an inferiority complex or a sex repression, and he cringes; but a woman never knows, and please Heaven never will know, when she's beaten or even cornered.

So, my courage ever outstripping my prudence, I am not afraid to say that I do not like plays with a "dash of pornography," to quote Mr. Pezet. I never go to them of my own accord. But not so long ago I was taken to one, by mistake, by friends in New York, Mr. Pezet's "wicked metropolis." Now while I am the very type of "Mrs. Respectability from Out-of-town," who, according to the author of "Common-Censorship" is predominant, with "Mr. Respectability" in audiences of such plays, I saw very few of my type there. I did see a great many young couples, who, to my unsophisticated suburban eye, looked like the usual man-about-town and the young girl who is being shown life-as-it-is, or two Greenwich Villagers, male and female, in hot pursuit of art-as-it-should be. Certainly in that particular audience there could not have been more than half a dozen Mr. and Mrs. Respectabilities, come to town, as the writer pictures them, "in search of vicarious sex thrills." Perhaps that is why I was stricken with such an intense nostalgia to be somewhere else.

In return for this confession, I shall be catalogued, I imagine, as an "inhibited sex-complex with an abnormality." I, its possessor, may be entirely unconscious of it, though it be quite visible to even the most amateur of psychoanalyists. It is this unawareness of the presence of such various kinds of complexes that determines me to open the subject for further enlightenment. For modern man is developing a masculine intuitive perception; — a perception so acute that a woman can merely glance at him these days and she is suspected of definite "sex-attraction," — or, if oblivious, of some inhibiting repression which reflects mysterious discredit on her, but not on him. Indeed, spinsters are in far worse plight. If they go about alone, — particularly if they have shown themselves indifferent to suitors,—they are so complex that they are sexless; if they go two by two, they are unnatural, and if they go in flocks they are Suppressors of Normal Instincts and are lost together!

So it would seem that the only thing to be done is for women to face the situation, be analyzed accurately for good and all, just as one submits to vaccination or inoculation. For the good of the cause I'm

willing to be the first victim. How would the FORUM Censor classify and pigeonhole me? — a woman who has confessed that she is too inhibited to go, with pleasure, to risqué plays, and who still likes, even at her age, to laugh at men. Am I an "Abnormal sex-repression"? — or, as I rather suspect, just a simple, unrepressed, old-fashioned country bumpkin?

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Elizabeth Stanley Trotter does herself a great injustice. I am ever a champion of the fair sex and I rise instantly to Mrs. Trotter's defense, even against herself. I protest, she is not and cannot be "perfectly respectable" in the sense in which I employed the terms. She has too much imagination; too much insight into human nature, too much talent for self-expression; she writes, and people who write, paint, or otherwise express themselves are never respectable. The perfectly respectable people I referred to are those unimaginative, humdrum souls, so limited in their capacity for personal experience and expression that they are forced to find compensation in the theatre and in books for the restrictions their inhibited way of living imposes on them. Mrs. Trotter is not of these; with her creative imagination she finds a healthful outlet with her pen. Therefore, quite naturally, she does not enjoy pornographic plays. Neither do I. Like Mrs. Trotter I never go to see them unless I have to. But should we, who are so luckily endowed by a benevolent nature, deny their only means of vicarious enjoyment to those not so fortunately placed? As to the make-up of the audiences which attend these plays: Mrs. Trotter says she didn't see many respectable people in the particular audience of which she was a part. Visual testimony is notoriously inaccurate. The next time Mrs. Trotter is so unfortunate as to be taken to such a play, I suggest that she canvass the audience and ask them whether they are respectable or not. I guarantee that the results of such an investigation will sustain my hypothesis. But that isn't quite fair. If Mrs. Trotter will take one-half the house, I'll take the other half, and we can compare notes together at our leisure while under detention at the observation ward of Bellevue Hospital.

W. P.

Honor and Praise

Editor of THE FORUM:

The undertaking in which your periodical is engaged of reviewing some of the modern attempts to solve the riddle of the universe in the series of articles called "The New Religions of America", by Jules Bois, seems to me a most difficult and delicate, almost a dangerous task. Men and women accept criticism, nay even tolerant comment on their religious convictions about as gracefully as they bear it when it touches their mental or physical offspring, supposing them to have blessed or cursed the world with either kind. For religion in its deeper aspect involves the utmost passion. It looks no less to an extension of the human ego *ad infinitum* than does sex-love and philoprogenitiveness. What else is the desire for immortality than a reluctance to part with individual existence?

You are fortunate, therefore, to have found in M. Jules Bois not only a thinker and a man of wide and varied experience, but also one who has an understanding heart and the courage to live dangerously. Devotees, especially recent converts to a new cult, are satisfied with nothing less than absolute accord with their faith. They do not reflect that one who sets out to study and to describe "The New Religions of America" must above all else be impartial. He would stultify his own work, if he did not dwell upon the shadows, as well as upon the light in the religions he discusses. M. Jules Bois will, for this reason, while publishing his series be living dangerously.

In the article in your May number, entitled "The Worship of Human Gods", what the author chiefly and admirably reveals is his understanding heart. Couched in lucid and remarkably idiomatic English, the article shows a detached but by no means unsympathetic attitude toward his subject: Theosophy and the Theosophists. Honor and praise are liberally bestowed wherever they are due. Jules Bois indeed stresses the beauty, as well as the practical value inherent in

the beliefs and teaching of the Theosophists. He especially gives credit to their insistence upon the study and comparison of the varieties of religious thought, which have drawn bored and unhappy men and women, all over the world, from puerile pursuits to worthier living.

Toward the founder of Theosophy, Madame Blavatsky, as well as toward the greatest living exponent and priestess of the cult, Annie Besant, Jules Bois is eminently fair. To both women he concedes genius, charm, and even powers which seem superhuman. Only with the gentlest humor and the faintest *soupçon* of irony does he touch upon the alloy and dross, by which these "goddesses" are, after all, kin to us of lesser calibre.

It will be interesting to note whether in his subsequent articles the author can continue to navigate as skilfully as hitherto, on the troubled sea of many beliefs, between the Scylla of easily offended sensibilities and the Charybdis of scientific search for truth.

THEKLA BERNAYS.

New York, N. Y.

Harvard Speaks to Osborn

Editor of THE FORUM:

In his article in your April number, Professor Osborn has mentioned me as one of the leaders in America of those who seek to interpret all human conduct in mechanistic terms. He does me too much honor. I am neither a leader nor a follower in that school. My first scientific article, published in the last century,was an argument against the validity of that attempt; and I have maintained the same position in many later articles and books. My *Body and Mind* (Macmillian, 1911) is an elaborate examination of the whole question at issue, from the points of view of biology, psychology, and philosphy; and the conclusion arrived at in that book is that a dualistic view of man's nature presents less serious difficulties than does any monistic theory. Professor Osborn cites a passage from my recent *Outline of Psychology* in justification of the rôle he ascribes to me. But he should have taken that passage in its full context. In the preface I wrote that the mechanical psychology is decidedly preponderant at the present time; and that my book is largely a polemic against all psychology of that type and on behalf of purposive psychology. In fact the main theme and purpose of the book is to show that psychology, if it is to be scientifically fruitful, must abandon the attempt to represent all human volition as merely a disguised form of mechanical process and human character as a problem to be solved by the methods of physics and chemistry alone. In my published works I have maintained these positions on strictly scientific grounds only; but I am free to say here that, though in my opinion the issue must be fought out by the methods of positive or empirical science, I am not blind to the moral consequences involved. It is to my mind a somewhat disturbing fact that each year in the universities and colleges of this country, many thousands of young men and women are being put through courses in psychology (I am told that the introductory class in psychology in several of the universities numbers more than a thousand students) in which they are dogmatically taught to believe that science has shown man to be merely a complicated sort of penny-in-the-slot machine; that all his aspirations and struggles to make the good prevail and leave the world a little better than he found it are illusory and futile, because he is a mere node in a system of strictly determined events, each of which can in principle be exactly predicted for all time to come. Still more disturbing is the fact that so many of these young people are not only taught to believe this fairy tale, but do actually accept and believe it. This cannot fail to result in either moral or intellectual damage to them. Either they must suffer some degree of moral paralysis or there must be set up in their minds two water-tight compartments, on the one hand that of their supposedly scientific beliefs, and on the other hand that of the beliefs which influence their actions in all practical affairs.

WILLIAM MCDOUGALL.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Benedictines

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the May number of THE FORUM, Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers writes appreciatively of the spirit of Saint Benedict, Abbot. It may be of interest to

your readers to know just how many Benedictines follow the kindly code of Saint Benedict. According to latest available statistics (1925) there are in the *whole world* 27,418 Benedictines. Of these 11,956 are men and 15,462 are women. In the United States there are all told 5255 Benedictines. Of these 1535 are men and 3720 are women.

Fr. Jerome, O. S. B.
Saint Leo Abbey,
Saint Leo, Florida.

Love My Dog!

In the months which have followed the publication of "The Idolatrous Dog", by Agnes Repplier, The Forum *has received many essays in defense of canine pets. The following, by Annie Marion MacLean, makes us want to go out and buy a dog!*

Perhaps, as the brilliant Miss Repplier would have us believe, dog lovers are a vain lot seeking from their canine pets admiration and worship, but they are so wedded to their idols they may as well be let alone. It is out of that experience that I speak, for if there is any one subsidiary interest that looms larger than another in my own life, it is pups; they are my pleasure specialty, and as against the Fireside Sphinx I am ready to let them defend themselves. My own dogs have contributed so much in the way of companionship and interest that I am constrained to marshall them in a procession through the years that their charms may captivate others.

My first dog came to me when I was five, a fuzzy little mongrel pup named Prince, who was my loyal playmate for a time. In memory I see a child running against the wind with streaming curls, a naughty Prince at her heels, jumping up and tearing flying frills and shaking rags in glee. Then he would bury a shoe, or breakfast on a hat and look as wise as anything. Those were happy days when clothes were gaily sacrificed to make a puppy's holiday.

The next dog was a partnership affair, and I seem to see three children fondling him at once; and he led them a merry chase, always with a dishcloth or some other domestic necessity in his teeth. He was a fox terrier, with a bar sinister. Like another beloved member of the dog family immortalized by Richard Harding Davis, his mother was a black and tan. But what is a pedigreed pup to children? We made him a Prince in memory of the other one, for that was in the days before royalty was in a bad way, and it was held no dishonor to have titles in the family. The Boy among us claimed him, a bit of masculine assertiveness which the girls condoned. Oh! those days of flying feet, with Princie prancing along! We were rushing headlong to the future with never a thought but for the present; and there was no past for us.

The third dog was the Boy's and only mine by proxy, but how I loved him! Jack was a retriever, big, strong, and full of pranks. Often when the children's bed time came he would steal a march on the elders by galloping up the back stairs and secreting himself under a bed, hoping with all his dog's heart that he would pass unnoticed, as he sometimes did. And then the frolics that followed as he raced from one room to another! We fondly imagined that we put that over on the elders because they did not always call to us in stern tones! A big capering creature and three children over ten, tiptoeing around trying, rather unsuccessfully I now imagine, to suppress their snickers must have called forth quiet mirth below in the room with all the books where the elders sat.

Jack was the kindest creature imaginable; his temper was always under control which was more than could be said of ours; and he was obedient. Since comparisons are odious, I shall not compare our obedience with his. I see Jack now standing wistfully at the gate when the Boy went off to school, eager — so eager to go, but staying there because he was not invited to accompany his master. When it was time for the Boy to return, Jack would station himself on top of a big square gate post where he could view the street for half a mile, and he could not be diverted from his watching. When he glimpsed his beloved, his excitement and joy were intense; he would almost wag himself off the post, but he would never offer to get down till he heard a childish whistle in the distance. Then he became a study in one dimension as he hurtled himself through the intervening space.

Once our hearts were very sad for Jack was lured away by a thieving vagabond. A week later he found his way back with a broken rope around his neck, tired and de-

jected looking, yet even then showing his spirit by wanly wagging his tail. He had evidently met hardships on the way. His head was bristling with procupine quills, mute testimony to sad encounter with one of those little beasties of the woods that shoot their natural arrows at a foe. The Boy and the girls received him into their arms and hearts, and proceeded to extract those quills that hurt him.

The pet of my maturer years was christened Jack in memory of our beloved playmate of earlier days. My Jack was an Irish Setter with never a taint of Sinn Fein about him. Once a man of colossal ignorance caressed him as an English bull, and Jack bravely wagged his tail. He was six months old when he came to me; and a beautiful, wild, leggy thing he was. My wishes were as unheeded as the blowing wind. My come-hither tone was quite likely to send him chasing the whirlwind. On leash, he dragged me around bravely without particular dignity for me.

Fanciers told me that the whip alone could tame a dog, and offered me various styles, but I was always a coward in discipline, and could no more administer corporal punishment to a living creature than I could put a worm on a hook. I was not endowed with heroism for either task. Therefore, I loftily told my critics to wait, and they would see what they would see. Up in the foothills of the Berkshires in summer I put my theories into practise, and proudly returned to Gotham in the fall with a setter at my heels. I had brought this to pass by a system of rewards for good deeds instead of punishments for lapses, and mine was the hand that fed him. Moreover, I never made him a promise I did not fulfil, and I never neglected him. Thus did I train a dear companion who went with me everywhere, and was a great favorite. My training did not make him a slave; there was no servility in him; his obedience was not abject. Once in a hundred times or thereabouts he would assert his personality, and instead of coming at my call, would look speculatively at me, and take a wild free run before returning. This was his privilege. No one creature owes absolute obedience to another.

In childhood, our dogs are only playmates; in maturity, they are friends and teachers. Nature made my setter to run over the stubble and through the marshes after the birds, fate placed him in a lady's boudoir, and he made his adaptation with surprising poise, and surpassing grace. I learned from him that it is possible to be happy in leash, an achievement rare in human beings. But my joy in Jack was not all in philosophizing about his virtues. He made my journeyings to and fro a series of circus performances. On a shopping tour once he jumped nimbly as a chamois to a veil counter and by waving his plumed tail, decorated himself with filmy laces, to the merriment of everyone except the usher who doubtless regarded me as a shop-lifter. Once on a commuters' train while Jack was sitting proudly beside me, I bade him give his seat to a standing lady. He promptly did so, then leaped lightly to her lap!

Jack was a sportive creature, particularly when he saw his hereditary feline foe. Like a catapult he would shoot through space after pussy. And I have seen elderly, dignified gentlemen revert to type and furtively open an area gate to speed him on his way. This was his one dissipation. One day an irate mother cat, black and with fiery eyes, leaped upon his back and rode him for a block. When she alighted, he sought me in deep contrition, and I had hopes for his reformation. For a week, he took the other side of the street when he saw a *black* cat. Experience seems to be a much overrated teacher!

I well remember the day my setter accompanied me to an important committee meeting where personages sat. He lay at my feet sleeping away the boresome hour till his dogship could stand it no longer. Then, while a pompous gentleman was airing his stupid views on a stupid public question, he arose to his full height, opened his jaws to their widest extent, and emitted a long, loud yawn. He was so pleased by the attention he received that he offered a forgiving paw to the vanquished orator.

This flight of memory calls up many a touching illustration of my dog's devotion. Stricken with illness one day, I was carried away while he was out walking with an admirer. He refused to be comforted, and night after night pulled the clothes from my bed in vain search for his beloved. Finally, he was taken to visit me at the hospital, and, having found me, never again unmade the bed. He slept on it.

Looking back I am convinced that a good dog is worth infinitely more than the care bestowed on him and considerate care is essential to the making of a good dog. My Jack was with me five years when he was done to death by a brute in the form of a man who held it no crime to poison a pet. And oh! how the death of a dog can tear a human heart!

Another dog I lately shared with the Boy's boys, Sir Douglas Haig, was an Airedale of high degree, and although never elevated to the peerage, always accompanied me home in lordly fashion. At other times he was a frisky pup, racing with little children and jumping at clothes on a line. I know that shirts and shoes are among the serious matters of life and not to be treated jocosely by pups. Yet to see these things chewed to ribbons and trailed in the dust by a frisky young dog fills my unregenerate soul with glee, a sheer delight that any creature can be so frivolous and happy in a world on the brink of ruin.

These are the dogs who accompanied me through bygone years; they are now where all good dogs go, and my heart gives a thump of sadness as I say it. But there are two others to comfort me. There is Yorrick, Great Dane, king of his kind, huge, beautifully formed, benevolent, an outdoor dog who loves the fireside. And there is the wee, Pekinese pup, Calvin, whose name is redolent of theology and politics, but he cares for neither, satisfied to know that whither I go he will go, content to chase a ball while monarchies and reputations fall.

ANNIE MARION MACLEAN.

Pasadena, Cal.

Pure Art? Or "Pure Nonsense"?

Nine Selected Letters From Our Readers

Editor of The Forum:—

You ask me whether Cubism is pure Art.

Yes. Why not?

But tell me please what is Art?

When I made the portrait of a Senator in Washington he told me Art must be photographic.

But tell me please what is Art?

After all why bother the tired heads of brave citizens with high brow questions? I suppose they would be much happier to know how much a man is worth who manufactures Chewing Gum.

Alexander Archipenko.

New York City.

Editor of The Forum:—

No, Cubism is not pure art. It is rather pure nonsense, but nonsense of a somewhat interesting and distinguished kind. I don't know what is meant by "pure art" as applied to painting. Good painting and bad I know very well, but pure painting is a term without meaning to me; so is pure art, unless it be music.

The trouble is that Pach and his associates are caught by the big word purity and are unnecessarily out of sorts with natural appearances. They realize that it is fatally easy to make a stupid representation of nature, but apparently do not realize that it is even easier to make a stupid abstraction. They have no psychology. They fail to see that a picture is merely a visual symbol on a plane surface of the mass of fine feeling and thinking it embodies; and an absolute value, — that of the mass of fine feeling and thinking it conveys to a fit observer.

On the executive side, fine design may be achieved almost unconsciously as a result of the painter's sense of the order latent in natural appearances; or fine design may be achieved consciously, in abstraction, with slight or no reference to nature. The artist may begin with representation and work towards design, or he may begin with design into which inevitably something of his experience creeps as he works. In neither case is there pure design, pure art, pure painting; — there is an overlap greater or smaller with the artist's general experience as a human being. And the larger that overlap is, the better and richer the picture, provided the design is various and powerful enough to carry a large freight of experience. In short, the more *un*artistic elements can be assimilated in a picture, the more artistic the picture is. This paradox, perfectly simple as it has been to generations of great artists and amateurs, baffles the Cubist and his crew.

The modest artist, the great artist, ordinarily begins with representation insensibly changing appearances in the interest of design, eliminating, selecting, emphasizing as he goes. His picture will be pretty far from actual appearance, but will be accepted as natural, for the manifold departures from appearance are each slight, and the mood is one of reverent acceptance. Poussin is one of the greatest painters in this class. Or the artist may push his quest of design to the point of evident distortion, — as in Greco or Blake. In such painting the design, which normally is occult, becomes overt, and challenges dissent. It wins assent when it becomes apparent that the distortions are the inevitable vehicle of the poetic emotion to be conveyed. Historically, good pictorial design has rested on a delicate and equitable compromise between representation and design.

The Modernists have merely minimized or eschewed representation while insisting on the preëminence of design. And they make very amusing and ingenious designs, but designs which carry very little valuable freight of experience, representing introversion, overanalysis, irritable curiosity, — the smaller vagaries and oscillations of the painter's professional self. Thus there is no overlap with those general values of life which give form and richness to any real design.

I see abundant ability and tenacity among the Cubists, and regret that it moves in a field of experience as recondite

and illegible as it is to me unvaluable. In the sense of being very well and coherently made, their constructions are art, but not pure art, — rather emotionally impoverished art, art starved of nature's nurture, overcerebrated art, deeply tainted with immodesty and fanaticism.

It was Eugène Delacroix, I believe, who defined genius as a superior kind of reasonableness. I am entirely willing to admit that the overrationalized art of the Cubists demonstrates also the possibility of a superior kind of unreasonableness.

The good artist makes his transition from observation and representation to design without insistent beating of the drum. The modernist artist begins with design and often ends with it, worrying the while lest he be drawn too far towards representation, and finally shouting that he has arrived at pure design. His work betrays the dryness of abstraction, the rigidity of concealed worry, the wearisome pose of vanity. The result may have a certain intellectual distinction, but it is boresome. Your super-bore is always a superior person, and the Cubist is merely the super-bore of the Modernist movement.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

A great work of art is a great invention. It must necessarily be unique, with a distinct life of its own; capable of throwing off an ever refreshing mysterious ecstasy to those capable of receiving it. This ecstasy is brought about largely by the abstract quality in the work, whether it be a highly completed bronze by an ancient Egyptian artist, a Ravenna mosaic, a portrait by Tintoretto, or a landscape by Combet. Some modern artists design their canvases with line, texture, form, and color, to generate this æsthetic quality, avoiding any forms that resemble those in nature. These artists have been labeled Cubists.

Other artists produce a new construction out of existing forms, forms that are familiar to us in nature. Picasso has to his credit a number of choice creations done in the manner of the Cubists, which take their places as important works of art. He has also painted canvases, the forms of which have a resemblance to those in nature, which are also works of art: but the underlying factor which makes them both important as works of art is the abstract quality.

There are other interests which are capable of producing sensations in a work of art, such as romance, psychology, drama, etc.; but they are minor interests.

EUGÈNE SPEICHER.

New York City.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

Your articles on Picasso remind me of personal events which may throw light from behind the scenes on the subject of Cubism. In the year 1911, when the first exhibition of the Cubist group had created one of the greatest revolutions in the history of art, I was studying sculpture in Paris and saw Picasso from time to time. One day I found him in his studio kneeling on the floor and apparently playing like a child with pieces of brown wrapping paper and cardboard, bits of stove-pipe, and parts of a guitar which he had carefully dissected. With a pair of shears he cut simple geometrical forms, — triangles and squares, — from the paper and cardboard and nailed them, together with pieces of guitar and stove-pipe, to the bare wall of his studio.

"How do you like my new model?" he asked me, and began to paint the puzzle. "Is it not wonderful, the gray and black and brown? Oh, it's great fun to find a real constructive composition with these simple objects."

Picasso's whole being reflects, — or in those days reflected, — extreme simplicity, almost naïveté, and it was delightful to listen to him when he talked of his home country, of the bull-fights and the blazing sunshine. Once I asked him if he did not feel very grand at being called "the father of Cubism" at his age (he was then a little over thirty).

"Cubism?" he replied with his charming smile, "what is that?"

On another occasion he said, "Just because I'm tired of painting always in the same way, I don't see why other people are suddenly doing it, too."

One day Gertrude Stein had invited Picasso with Marsden Hartley and myself to meet the director of one of the great

galleries in London. This gentleman who felt himself rather superior to the new movement, — having barely recovered from the modernity of Whistler! — said to Picasso, "Up to a few months ago you were painting quite normally. Why do you suddenly start working in this incomprehensible way?"

Picasso gave us a smile and said quite simply, "*Eh bien, Monsieur, parce que ça me fait plaisir!*"

He seemed to have no theories; he merely painted. Being a creator he experimented with form and color for his own satisfaction. The *theory* of Cubism he left to his followers and to the art-philosophers.

ARNOLD RÖNNEBECK.

New York City.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

Your projected symposium, "Is Cubism Pure Art?", interests me exceedingly and for a special reason. Before Picasso ever thought of Cubism, I revealed in my work a new principle of Plastic Art, previously unrevealed. This principle discovered by me was that of *Abstract Form*, but I did not depart from nature, I merely interpreted Nature through Abstract Form, which introduced into my sculpture and drawings *Plastic Beauty* which before this discovery was entirely lacking in the plastic arts of our time.

Picasso is not the originator of Abstract Form, he merely exaggerated the abstract forms discovered by me, and not knowing their workings, piled up pell-mell abstract forms, abandoning nature more or less, and sometimes entirely, with a result which is meaningless and unsignificant from the point of view of plastic art and is merely a sensational novelty.

Of this assertion I am in a position to give convincing proof. It is manifest, however, that I cannot do this in the form of a brief letter, nor even in the compass of a formal article. I must prove my point by divers illustrations interspersed with explanations. In view of this fact, I make the following proposal: — that you invite any representative exponents of Cubism whom you may choose to meet me at any time and place you may select, with the object of giving me an opportunity to answer your questions *à vive voix*.

Such an exposition by me, combined with the discussion to which it would give rise, could not fail to be constructively valuable in the clarification of what Cubism is, or rather is not, in relation to Pure Plastic Art.

Stenographic notes could be taken of this discussion and published in THE FORUM.

I believe the artistic world would be grateful to you for bringing this about, as it would bring a solution to a controversy which has lasted so many years. I most sincerely hope that you will take advantage of this offer.

ELIE NADELMAN.

New York City.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

I have received your invitation to answer the question: "Is Cubism Pure Art?" or, under a broader title: "Is Modern Painting Art?" The second, broader frame of the question, points out even somewhat better the skepticism as to whether all this which is being produced to-day, under different promising "modern" labels, is art at all.

Cubism, if under this word we understand that specific manner of expression, is not art in itself, but nevertheless, through this manner artistic feelings and conceptions can also be expressed. Real art, from whatever epoch or with whatever method of expression, is in its essence perennial and unshakable like the laws of mathematics. Accordingly, neither Cézanne nor the Cubists have invented anything *essentially* new, and are on the wrong path if they think they have come, through their sophisticated methods of expression, to a closer connection with the mysteries of the world; in just the same way, also, the "traditionalists" are on the wrong path, when they think that the task of the fine arts is the repetition of set forms of expression or the reproduction of nature as seen by every layman.

I, personally, am of the opinion that there is no "modern" nor "old" art, but that there is art only, which is as old as men's thoughts and feelings and which will exist as long as men will be able to think and feel, to conceive and create. And there is no formula for artistic creation. Accordingly, the method of expression by itself cannot be art.

Because artists commonly do not know how to express themselves by words, many men of science believe that artists are not capable of a deeper and abstract thought, and infer from this that the task of Art is a reproductive one, that is, that a painter or sculptor ought to reproduce nature in the same way as, for instance, the singer recites a song according to the composer's notes. This, however, is not true, for the painter or the sculptor is in the position of both the composer and the singer.

Art is not a copy of nature but it is in a sense its equivalent. Art creates its forms according to the same laws of harmony by which nature also creates its forms, and therefore the forms of both are similar but not the same.

Art, though, expresses itself always by means of forms existing in nature, and not means of abstract schemes. The artist can simplify the existing forms in order to emphasize what is essential, but he cannot wholly renounce them. If all the forms are so simplified as to become mere mathematical or geometrical diagrams, they become words or graphic signs of a wider religious, philosophic, or scientific system like the Egyptian hieroglyphics or the various mystical signs, which have in themselves nothing artistic, but are interesting only for the thought which they express. On the other hand, the picture or the sculpture, if it is indeed a work of art, will impress one by itself alone, whether in an æsthetic sense or as a symbol, but it will be always through the form and not through the formula.

Art, being not a reproduction of created forms, is itself a manifestation of the creative principle of the spirit. It is just in this that the work of art differs from a common sign or a scheme, which only indicates some powers and some principles in nature, but does not manifest them in their complex action.

That which can be expressed through a painting or sculpture cannot be expressed by means of another language. Herein lies the very function of art. However much its language may consist in form or color, it can be, and necessarily it must be, equivalent to a theoretical expression of thoughts or to a fixed mathematical formula.

As, nowadays, we often confuse the ideas of culture with that of civilization, so it happens that in art also we confuse art with mannerism. Only insofar as manner is concerned is there a "modern" and an "unmodern" pictorial art. Art itself is one and eternal, and the proper question to ask is, not whether some kind or some manner is more or less artistic, but whether some work, regardless of the manner of expression, is indeed artistic or not, and whether in its essence it embodies artistic power or not.

Each and every sentiment has its own style of expression, and every style can be artistic if it is a sincere expression of a sincere artistic sentiment. The most essential quality in art is sincerity.

Therefore, for us artists, there is still a lesson in that warning of Goethe: "*Schaffe Kunstler, rede nicht!*" — "Artist, create, do not talk!" In our times many "moderns" talk more than they create, care more for the depth of impression than for the depth of expression.

Popularly speaking, it does not matter whether something is written in hieroglyphics or Latin words, but neither will the Latin words make an ugly poem good, nor will hieroglyphics kill the poetry if there is poetry in the poem.

IVAN MĚSTROVIČ.

New York City.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

I am convinced that the recent art movements (which might be called "Picasso and Cubism", although this would be a very abbreviated listing of the forces at work) are healthy evidences of a return to the great underlying and undying art urges of the race.

The degenerate pseudo-scientific-eyesight-painting which is being conserved by the official and institutionalized art organizations of the world will not long be able to resist this cure, — the disease is not chronic, — in fact the so-called conservative point of view is really a very modern sickness; and the so-called Modern Movement is nearly related to the ancient art spirit of mankind.

JOHN SLOAN.

New York City.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

In reply to your discussion, — the Art of Picasso, and Is Cubism Art? — I would

say that the work of Picasso was one of the greatest benefits that could have occurred at the time it did. The world at that period was just at the end of the Victorian age and might have developed in any direction, but, by a curious twist of events, turned to Picasso's work, which was undoubtedly the product of a man of the deepest sincerity groping to find a new way in which to express himself.

He had many followers, and the art of Cubism ran almost immediately to such extremes as to show the world where things would easily go if sanity did not prevail. The result has been a very definite swing of the pendulum towards a far higher level in art.

For that reason I would say that Cubism in my judgment was not poor art, but was exceedingly valuable in stimulating the human point of view towards art at a time when it might have swung in almost any direction.

ALFRED C. BOSSOM.

New York City.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

It is a great satisfaction to those to whom art has always been the very essence of life to realize that we in America are becoming aware of the relationship which exists between art and life. We have been like the ostrich hiding its head in the sand and denying this existence. But when plays are brought to the attention of juries and pictures dragged to court for jurors to decide whether or not they are sacrilegious we cannot escape the fact that a relationship between art and life does exist.

All sorts of discussions and articles are beginning to appear in our dailies and periodicals, and an illuminating essay by Alexander Black, entitled "The Great Art Delusion", came out in the May "Century". It seemed to me to be among the few that went to the root of the confusion that exists to-day with regard to art, by showing that unfortunately for us, the word art has always had to serve two terms: art as the expression and art as the thing or object.

Personally I feel that this confusion of terms is only of comparatively recent date and that it crept into our American language with Webster's definition of art as "acquired skill". This brought the meaning of the word art down to the realm of the artisan and did away with the discrimination which, for instance, exists in the German word *künstlerisch*, as pertaining to the spirit of a work of art. Formerly the word craftsmanship was much more current than it is to-day, when everyone is an artist and everything a work of art, whether it be a Cézanne or a drawing for a fashion plate. We have cast the whole of art into one grand democratic mold.

The men who created Cubism, or Futurism, or Expressionism gave to the world a vision which is the beginning of a vast new emotional experience. One cannot limit art any more than one can limit God. Art belongs to the creative functions of man, — which is the part akin to God, the Creator. Neither can we turn to the child to teach us art, for the child is unconscious of the art it creates. Art is never unconscious, for it is the highest expression of the most developed and conscious soul — the seer. The form of expression it seeks is immaterial.

The Chinese in their great wisdom relegated everything to craftsmanship, which does not lift the spirit of man to the mountain peaks. Such phrases as "significant forms" really only have a significance to the initiated, for in the pure realm of art the emotions must express through paint and color, line and form and balance, something which may also be expressed through music, but which cannot yet be formulated into words. It has always been thus since the days of primitive man; — art preceded speech, and we have no right to try to confine it to words. This can only be done when speech has reached the height of the vanguard of art. By that time the vanguard has again advanced, and again words fail to express the vision which has been revealed to the artist and through the artist to the people. The sooner the public replaces its confidence in the artist and makes him once more the standard bearer of life, the sooner shall we regain the spiritual energy which art creates by meeting some distinctive need in man. Thus it again will become an integral part of every day living.

KATHERINE S. DREIER,
President of the Société Anonyme. Museum of Modern Art.
New York City.

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 300 words in length, and those of 100 words are especially desired.*

The Permanent Court

When the conflict between the Senate and the Executive ended in America's failure to participate in the League of Nations, all true friends of America felt a special sense of regret. America had always been a leader in the development of International Law, and especially in those concerned with the preservation of peace and the settlement of national quarrels through some form of judicial tribunal instead of by resort to the sword. It seemed, therefore, something in the nature of a tragedy that when the first attempt was made to substitute trial by law for ordeal by battle that American jurists, instead of taking the place which belonged to them owing to their great tradition and their enduring faith, should be obliged to stand aside. It was a tragedy analogous to that of the scientific inventor who, owing to adverse circumstances, sees his ideas taken up and carried through by some more fortunate man.

A second chance was, as it were, given to America when the League of Nations founded the Permanent Court of International Justice. In strictness, there is no constitutional reason why America should not participate directly in this Court. None of the things done in Congress to prevent America entering the League prevent her having a share in the Permanent Court. But, though this is so, the shyness among the politicians over the International issue and the dread of appearing to break the great taboo against the League have up till now disabled America for taking her seat at the new table spread before her.

In the book which forms the subject of this notice (THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE AND AMERICAN PARTICIPATION, Harvard University Press, $4.00) Dr. Manley Hudson, Professor of International Law in Harvard University, deals with the problem I have sketched. Let me say at once that this is a very wise, very reasonable, and very persuasive book, and proves that Dr. Hudson has exactly the temper which ought to belong to an International jurist. He sees the great Commonwealth of Nations steadily and he sees it whole. He is not put off by little fears, or little punctilios, or little shabby jealousies, but has that great vision which is sometimes given to lawyers, — the vision given perhaps most of all men to Chief Justice Marshall, but

given also to Lord Mansfield and to Mr. Justice Blackstone.

It is difficult to submit Dr. Hudson's already sublimated book to a further sublimation, still I think I am not doing the work any wrong when I say that its essential function is to show how much America can do, and ought to do, to help and to participate in the International Court of Justice. The negative enchantment is not a real one. America can step out of the circle which appears to surround her without the slightest danger or difficulty. What she dreads is not a true magic circle, but only a chalk mark on the floor. And here I ought to say that Dr. Hudson is not dealing with abstractions in a University room or study, but he is a man who has had practical contact with the issues he writes about. He was a member of the Legal Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations while the Statute creating that body was being drafted in 1920, and remained so during the period of establishment between 1921 and 1923. He is therefore a man able to deal with the realities of the situation, and not merely with vague aspirations. He shows us what an active and useful thing the Court already is, and shows also how much it may be developed.

To my mind the ablest and most enlightening thing in the book is the remarkable passage in which Dr. Hudson brushes aside the notion that a Court of International Justice is of no use unless it can claim compulsory jurisdiction. The fact that compulsion does not exist and that "a great code of International Law" has not been framed are not the obstacles which they appear to be. I cannot follow Dr. Hudson here in detail, but can only say that to my mind his argument is conclusive. I will, however, point to his very illuminating disquisition on the misleading nature of the alleged analogy between private litigants and State litigants. Here are his own words: — "We have learned in our own national history that one of our American States cannot be treated as an individual litigant would be treated before our own national courts."

After a reference to the judgments of the Supreme Court in the suit of Virginia versus West Virginia, comes a specially luciferous passage: — "The world is at any time dependent upon faith which men possess in the judicial process and the general desire for peaceful settlement of even the most exigent situations. We must not too easily pin our faith to States' agreeing to do what they may not want to do when the time for action comes." To put it in a homely way, you may take the State horse to the Arbitration water, but you cannot necessarily make him drink. What is wanted more than compulsion is to get the Powers to realize that when there is a dispute it is to their mutual interest not to stand on punctilios as to whether they can be forced into court or not, but to "settle" through an impartial tribunal.

I have dozens of other things to say in regard to this fascinating book, but if I attempted to set them forth my space would fail me before I had made the subject articulate. All I can do is to content myself with putting up a signpost to a very notable piece of work. My signpost shall have attached to it yet another example of Dr. Hudson's own pregnant words: —

"It would be a tragic discouragement to efforts to organize the world for peace to have the United States refuse to lend its support to increasing the prestige and influence of the Permanent Court of International Justice. It would be equally tragic to have the country take this step and content itself with going no further. For the perfection of our judicial machinery is but one of the necessary steps in outlawing war. Such machinery can at best handle only disputes which involve questions of a juridical nature. Senator Borah's resolution would restrict a court to 'purely international controversies as defined by the code or arising under treaties'. In other words, some international disputes are of a non-legal nature, involving questions which no system of international law can adequately cover and which no body of judges can adequately handle. Such, for instance, was the dispute of Sweden and Finland over the Aaland Islands in 1920, and such has been the dispute between Poland and Lithuania over Vilna. For handling such cases it is obviously necessary that some conciliation machinery should be at hand in addition to a tribunal for adjudication. It is chiefly with reference to the non-juridical questions that nations are likely to fight. For

the most part, the kind of case that comes before the Permanent Court of Arbitration, for instance, is not the kind of case which leads to war. The more serious cases are likely to be those which call for conciliation, compromise, and adjustment, as distinguished from arbitration and adjudication."

That is finely said. The best comment I can make upon it is again in Dr. Hudson's own words: —

"It is not given to any generation to provide whole cloth for the future. But each generation can add something to its own inheritance, to be passed on to the future for succeeding generations to mold as they will. Such additions, if wisely made, involve always a willingness to take the next step. The generation of Americans who have lived through the World War will have failed to improve its own inheritance if it does not make progress toward the outlawry of war by handing on to the future the two institutions which constitute the war's one great legacy — the Permanent Court of International Justice and the League of Nations."

I must add a word of postscript before I leave Mr. Hudson's book. Nothing delights me more in it than the dignified and admirable style in which it is written, — a style worthy of the very best traditions of our common literature. It is dignified without being pedantic, precise without being stiff. It is a standing answer to those foolish people who declare that the intellectual spirits of America and of England have drifted so far apart that the two peoples cannot now understand each other. That view is as stupid as the view that enraged Burke when he said that "we listened to the hum of angry insects in the field and forgot the stately cattle that were browsing in silence." Are we really going to pronounce a decree of intellectual divorce between the two countries because the talk in an English tap-room or football field and at an American baseball match is so very different, — in a word, because we have not a common slang?

Personally I delight in slang in all its phases, but I am not going to make it into an idol, or pretend that such motley is our only verbal wear!

J. St Loe Strachey.

London, Eng.

Lincoln's Ancestry

There are those who consider that delving into Abraham Lincoln's ancestry is an irreverent, and possibly a sordid, task. There are other inquiring natures to whom the study seems by no means iconoclastic, — to whom, in fact, it matters little whether Abraham Lincoln was or was not Abraham Lincoln, because whatever the decision, he was and always will remain, Abraham Lincoln. In other words, the man and his personality; the sayings, the speeches, and statesmanship; the fascination of a character at once so simple and so complex, will persist no matter what his ancestry, — just as Christianity will persist whatever name the past nineteen and one-quarter centuries may have given to its author.

Dr. William E. Barton's latest volume, The Life of Abraham Lincoln (Bobbs-Merrill Co., 2 vols. $10.00) should be considered in connection with his earlier work, *The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln*. In the latter, after exhaustive review of the evidence, he affirms that Thomas Lincoln was the flesh father of Abraham, thus putting to rest the contemporary and rather malicious stories that some such person as Calhoun, the son of John Marshall, Hardin, or Abraham Ennloe had been the lover of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the President's mother. In *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* he goes back another step in the maternal ancestry. He affirms that where there is smoke there is fire, but that the fire in this case was a generation removed. He produces documentary evidence that Nancy was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and a "rich Virginia planter or farmer" whose identity has never been established. Lucy Hanks later married one Henry Sparrow and became the devoted mother of eight children, — one of them a minister, — and any number of worthy grandchildren. For her indiscretion she was punished by being unable to assume parentage of the child Nancy, and by the fact that her grandchild President was forced for political reasons to throw a dark screen over his maternal background, or as much of it as he knew.

The reviewer, having come to similar conclusions, independently of this volume, but not having had the documentary

evidence to back up his deductions, confesses to unstinted admiration for Dr. Barton's work. The findings appear to be backed up by Lincoln's remarks to Herndon in the oft-quoted buggy-ride; by the confidential story Lincoln is alleged to have told to J. L. Scripps, his first biographer; by Lincoln's significant omission in the autobiography furnished to J. W. Fell in 1860; and by many other shreds of evidence. There is possible justification in the charge that Dr. Barton places undue and morbid emphasis on this hereditary aspect; on the other hand, it is the primary contribution, the one for which his work will be remembered.

Other matters which challenge interest are the unpublished extracts from the diary of Senator O. H. Browning; the statement that Lincoln owned a German newspaper during the campaign of 1860; the interpretation of events on the night of the Great Emancipator's Assassination, and a rather didactic attitude toward early biographers with whose conclusions the author disagrees. In many ways Dr. Barton's volume is the most distinctive contribution to Lincolniana since Herndon's original, more than fifty years ago.

HORACE GREEN.

New York City.

Sterile Pain

"The thing in the world I'm most afraid of is sterile pain," murmurs the Bishop in Edith Wharton's new novel THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE (Appleton, $2.00). And it is upon this phrase that Mrs. Wharton turns her tale of a mother's renunciation, — a tale that contains much of the slap-dash sophistication of *Glimpses of the Moon*, and little of the vitality or brilliance of *Old New York* or *The Age of Innocence*.

Kate Clephane, who, "after having been thirty-nine for a number of years had suddenly become forty-four," had contributed one beautiful thing to life, — her daughter Anne. But the lavish Fifth Avenue home, the baby of three, a presumable husband, were deserted. "I couldn't breathe." That was all she had to say in her own defense. She had said it first, — more's the pity, — to Hylton Davies; with the result that two months later she was on his yacht, headed for the West Indies. . . . And even then she couldn't breathe any better; not after the first week or two. The asphyxiation was of a different sort, that was all.

Lonely, humdrum years at St Jean-de-Luz, at Bordighere, at Dinard. Against the boredom, the isolation of this woman's life, one week of love, "one tiny little week of seven days" shines like a jewel. Of Chris, the writer and artist to whom Kate has granted a friendship . . . with privileges, we know little. Obviously the author feels that the least said of him the better, for he hovers in the background, a powerful, but shadowy figure.

"Coming darling," cables Kate Clephane when Anne, at twenty, suddenly sends for her mother.

"As Kate Clephane stood on deck, straining her eyes at the Babylonian New York which seemed to sway and totter toward her menacingly, she felt a light touch on her arm.

"'Anne!'

"She barely suppressed the questioning lift of her voice; for the length of a heart-beat she had not been absolutely certain. Then . . . yes, there was her whole youth, her whole married past, in that small oval, — her own hair, but duskier, stronger; something of her smile too, she fancied; and John Clephane's straight rather heavy nose, beneath old Mrs. Clephane's awful brows. But the eyes — 'You chose your own eyes, my darling! So wise of you! Such an improvement on anything we had in stock!'"

Anne, in truth, had inherited more from her mother than form or feature. A will to win, a determination to take what she wants from life, even when it involves Chris, her mother's lover. Through chapter after chapter, and what it is easy to predict will be reel after reel, the struggle continues. How to tell Anne . . . or how to live without Anne if she does tell her? And then the Bishop murmurs. Life, we learn, is made up of adjustments, — adjustments in the balance of evil. "Sterile pain. . . . I should never want anyone to be the cause of that."

Portions of *The Mother's Recompense* read with that remarkable clarity encountered frequently in biography, more rarely in fiction. No writer, truly, is more skilful than Edith Wharton in flinging deft phrases quickly to characterize

people and places. No American writer, perhaps, has more thoroughly mastered the technique of turning out a best seller.

E. C.

New York City.

Mrs. Mason's Daughters

Mathilde Eiker writes about MRS. MASON'S DAUGHTERS (Macmillan, $2.50) as Mr. William Beebe might write about ants, — with the same complete understanding of their springs of action and the same absence of either pity or sympathy, as if they belonged to another species. She does not praise, condone, or explain her characters; she simply presents them. I am wrong; sometimes she is amused by them. But particularly, she understands them. The book covers eight years in the lives of Mrs. Mason and her daughters, a period of which a paragraph on p. 334 summarizes the action:

"Mrs. Mason had borne three daughters. One was a divorced woman; one was the mother of an illegitimate baby; one would soon be a Roman Catholic Sister. All three states Mrs. Mason would have abhorred. All three were projecting Mrs. Mason — "

Of the daughters, Fernanda is the most important. She is an excellent school teacher, dissatisfied with her profession because she craves something more personally satisfying. There are two things she desires, — to write poetry and to experience love. In time she tries both and succeeds at neither. Then she becomes, — rather too easily, — a successful manager of a tea-house and devotes her life to her illegitimate daughter, Jane. The Fernanda of the school-room and the home, where the only bond between the three women who live together is one of birth, is so accurate one longs, at times, to be able to release the thumb-screws. The later Fernanda of the affair with Dr. Mantuan and of the tea-house is more misty.

Throughout this first novel, Miss Eiker shows a structural skill not always found in a fifth. She carries four lives without losing the suspense of any, or wasting an incident. The style is as compact as the structure, and as clear in making its points as a mathematical proof.

Altogether, this book makes one a little afraid to meet Miss Eiker.

LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY.

Cambridge, Mass.

Treasure and Magic

L. Adams Beck puts into the mouth of an Englishman born in China the most fabulous, romantic, and yet plausible modern narrative I have read of the Orient (THE TREASURE OF HO, Dodd, Mead $2.00). The whereabouts of a vast treasure, intricately hidden in remote parts of the Empire, are revealed to the Englishman in psychic visions. His experience in recovering this treasure, and at the same time in finding his own Chinese kinswoman as its heir, leads the reader now credulous, now incredulous, through a maze of seemingly supernatural events.

When I had finished the story, I turned back with a sense of awe to the author's initial note in which he says, "The Treasure of Ho is historical, nor have I exaggerated its enormous value. Many of the incidents of this romance are historical also, and the so-called magical events have been seen and authenticated by travelers in the Orient for many generations past and down to the present day." If this be true testimony, Mr. Beck has gathered into these pages material not only of absorbing historical interest but of challenging interest to Western students of psychical research, material which puts Mr. Freud back into the kindergarten.

Says the Blind Man of Huei, "Your men of science have of late made the discovery which has been our daily bread for ages. They teach now that within every man and woman there is a second self. . . . This inner self is wiser than the outer, and yet in some ways more foolish. What is it? Your wise men cannot tell. We know. . . . Within every human body is power, layer below layer of experience and knowledge, and this is allied with the highest and the lowest, and when a man has gained this power, he can do mighty deeds for good and evil."

If Mr. Beck believes what he tells us as to the exercise of this power, and as to the character of superior individuals in China, it is no wonder that he appears to believe without dread in the approaching ascendency of the Yellow Faith.

If Mr. Beck's literary manner were as important as his psychological matter appears to be, his book would be a doubly valuable document. His style is not dis-

tinguished; and I wonder just how, without much verbal craft, he has been able to conjure the living presence of the Dowager Empress. Not even Bland and Backhouse, with all their skill and resource, have done it better. In three pages at the end of the ninth chapter, Mr. Beck makes poignantly beautiful a glimpse of Emperor Kuang Hsu, displaced and thwarted by the so-called Benevolent Mother. If the whole book had been written with the simple artistry of that fine passage, it would have been a book indeed.

WITTER BYNNER.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

The Life of Osler

It is not an exaggeration to say that thousands have been eagerly looking for this biography (SIR WILLIAM OSLER, by Harvey Cushing, Oxford University Press, $12.50); for, quoting Ulysses, he truly said of himself: "I am a part of all that I have met." Dr. Cushing has performed this labor of love with a surgeon's skill and an artist's insight. Who has not known some once vital life suddenly entombed in a bulky volume, and cried: "Now we know that he really is dead!" But in Dr. Cushing's work it is not an entombment, it is a revivification.

More completely than in any other biography I know, the biographer makes the *tour de force* of keeping a single eye on the subject of his *memoir*. The great of his generation, as well as the lowly, were friends of Sir William; and all were befriended by him; but no other distinguished presence tempts the biographer to sidetrack. Dr. Cushing simply raises the curtain and steps aside, — but though the reader does not see the hand which set the great picture in motion, no workman in letters will be deceived. It is an enormous piece of work, perfectly done.

Dr. Cushing gives the ancestry tersely but adequately. The story of the early wilderness home, the father, the mother, the babyhood, childhood, and boyhood are delightfully described. The sturdy, adventurous Osler stock, full of initiative, religious, intelligent, "wise to what is good", with perfectly simple ideals, somewhat accounts for this famous son of Ellen Pickton and Featherstone Lake Osler. It was not a spoon-fed race. Sir William's student days at home and abroad showed a genius for life and the joy of life. Heart, soul, and mind seemed to "stand on tiptoe" in these days of his apprenticeship. But after that, he was master. Canada, America, England looked to him during the period of great advance in medical science through which he lived, and he responded with mind and heart. The seeds he sowed with lavish hands grew overnight.

At the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1889, Dr. Osler, then under forty, assumed the leadership, organized the clinic, and surrounded himself with brilliant young associates. As you read the story it is with a thrilling sense of being part of the onward movement. His hand is on your shoulder, and you hear him say to you: "Go on." Yet with all his alertness to progress, he advanced from a profound background of living tradition, — only the slag of the past, not the ore, was thrown away by him. So you feel in these pages the beat of incessant activities, but they come from deep sources. It was a life of rapid achievement, yet with an indifference to achievement in the commonly accepted sense. Well might Sir William have said, with Rabbi Ben Ezra: "What I aspired to be and was not, comforts me."

One other figure moves through the pages like a ray of light, — Sir William's only son, a lovely child, a most lovely youth, — and then he passes out with the young dead of the late war. The chill of an arrested spring strikes your heart, and you realize that from that moment Sir William has entered the dark valley, — though he walks in it bravely, even with seeming gaiety and always working for others until his own death on December twenty-ninth, 1919, two and a half years later.

ERNEST BROOKE.

Baltimore, Md.

Roosevelt as Diplomat

ROOSEVELT AND THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR (by Tyler Dennett, Doubleday, Page, $3.00) will be indispensable to students of events in the Far East during the last twenty-five years or so. It is also the biggest monument to the acumen of Theodore

Roosevelt as a statesman that has yet been raised, because it shows him to have been not only a brilliant intelligence, but also a diplomat of the first rank, with a policy of his own which he carried through with firmness and persistence. Some of his remarks in that book are almost uncanny in their clear view of events and their possible consequences. What for instance can be more illuminating than the letter he addressed to his friend Spring-Rice on December twenty-seventh, 1904, when he said that "It would be well-nigh impossible, even if it were not highly undesirable, for this country to engage with another country to carry out any policy save one which had become part of the inherited tradition of the country, like the Monroe Doctrine. Not merely could I, for instance, only make such an engagement for four years, but I would have to reckon with a possible overthrow in Congress, with the temper of the people, with many different conditions. In consequence, my policy must of necessity be somewhat opportunist, although as a matter of fact I have very definitely concluded what I intend to do if circumstances permit, so far as this Far Eastern question is concerned."

Roosevelt was one of the few men who without the slightest animosity judged Russia and Russian statesmen, and realized the little weight which one could attach to the promise and assurances of the latter. "Russia," he writes, "for a number of years has treated the United States as badly as she has treated England, and almost as badly as she has treated Japan. Her diplomatists lied to us with brazen and contemptuous effrontery and showed with cynical indifference, their intention to organize China against our interests. . . . I should have liked to be friendly with Russia, but she simply would not permit it, and those responsible for managing her foreign policy betrayed a brutality and ignorance, an arrogance and short-sightedness which are not often combined."

The most interesting part of a book of which every page is interesting is that where the attitude of Roosevelt in the difficult question of bringing about the Portsmouth Conference is described. It is quite certain that without him the war might have lasted a year or two longer, with far-reaching consequences for both belligerent countries. Well may Mr. Tyler Dennett remark that the policy which he pursued in 1904-05 "was not American policy; it was merely the policy of Roosevelt, and its weakness lay in the fact that it could not be continued except at the expense of the Constitution of the United States."

The remark may be technically true, but it is not correct. Roosevelt was in himself the United States and its Constitution combined, and he treated the former, and ignored perhaps the latter, with the assurance which a man of genius alone can have. Men of genius are rare, and when a country is lucky enough to have had one at its head, it ought to feel thankful for the privilege, and not regret that the letter of the law was perhaps at times forgotten, when this insured for it a preponderant place in the world, that place which in his deep patriotism Roosevelt always wanted the United States to win and hold. As for the opinion people might have about him personally, he was far too great a statesman to care.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

Best Sermons, 1924

One can hardly forbear to ask concerning the propriety of so ambitious a title as BEST SERMONS, 1924 (Harcourt, Brace and Co., $2.50), as edited by Joseph Fort Newton, the pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City. Did the editor have contact with all the finest productions of the American pulpit last year? And if such were the case, is it still possible for any one man to choose the best in a field where the subtle play of personality is so great a factor in determining success?

But leaving all such questions aside, here is a book which any thoughtful person may be glad to own and study. For as the editor well says in his introduction, "Hardly an echo of recent debate is heard in these pages." The preachers who speak to us from them are concerned "with the issues and perplexities of life as men live it to-day." Some of the questions which we are often putting to ourselves are answered when Gaius Glenn Atkins speaks about "The price of the Best", when Robert Norwood discloses

his thought "On Loving An Enemy", and when Lynn Harold Hough discusses "The Nature of Religion". Nor can one fail to mention that pronouncement from Herbert E. Hawkes, a layman, and Dean of Columbia University, who with faith and insight deals with "The Younger Generation".

Moreover, not only is truth for our age set forth, but it is dressed for the most part in those garments of expression which stamp it as literature of a very high quality. One cannot read, for example, Newell Dwight Hillis's message, "The Bleeding Vine", based on the story of the repentant woman who broke her precious box of ointment on the feet of Jesus, without realizing afresh the power of a disciplined imagination to recreate the atmosphere of an age quite remote from our own. Again and again one comes upon passages which reveal that practical oratory, which is the present-day glory of our language.

The spirit of our age is reflected in the fellowships represented, most of the larger groups of Protestantism being accorded a place. Many would be glad to find here an utterance from Cardinal Hayes, and from such a Jewish preacher as Rabbi Mann. The subject matter includes expositions of Scripture, doctrine, and sermons on modern social problems. Not least among the attractive features is the gracious introduction to each preacher by that prince of preachers, Dr. Newton himself.

RALPH W. GEORGE.

Portland, Maine.

Child Problems

Heaven help the child left to the mercies of a conscientious teacher who remembers all the notes she has taken down during her college courses on "The Theory of Education". The born teacher is a creative artist, and a certain amount of theory won't do her any harm. But the hack teacher, entirely dependent on one or another or a combination of the dozen latest "methods", can make as serious a mess of her job as was ever possible under the old hit-or-miss régime.

Out of the welter of books on education, there occasionally emerges a thoroughly sensible volume. Indeed it is encouraging to note that educational books are in general becoming less methodical and more human. THE CHALLENGE OF CHILDHOOD by Ira S. Wile (Seltzer, $3.50) is an example. The author has worked among children for many years and knows them anatomically, psychologically, and morally. He seems to like them too, and liking children is at least half the educational battle. He has taken fifty representative types, and with commendable succinctness and lack of technical terms set forth the problem involved in each case and its solution. Wise teachers can find in these little true stories much food for thought. Mothers and fathers, even uncles and aunts, will also find the volume well worth glancing into for clues to their own pets, even though these be less naughty or less deficient than Harold and Sandy, Jane and Betty.

Another set of "cases", illuminatingly discussed, can be found in THE PROBLEM CHILD IN SCHOOL, by Mary B. Sayles, in collaboration with Howard W. Nudd. The cases narrated give an excellent idea of the work accomplished by visiting teachers in the service of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

F. C. D.

There Once Was A ——

Cross-word puzzles are to "glimericks" what five-finger exercises are to "pieces". If you've done enough of the former you're entitled to the delights of the latter. The superior merit of glimericks over cross-word puzzles is that after you've solved a glimerick you have something memorable to show for it. Here is a sample from THE GLIMERICK BOOK (The Glimerick Publishing Company, $1.25) —

"Had Dante, surnamed.....
(Dante's last name)
Been somewhat less timid and.....
(lachrymose)
Had he loved.....
(Italian pronunciation of Dante's *inamorata*)
According to.....
(German philosopher)
She might have been more than a.....
(an abstract principle)

The Inquisition in Tennessee

A few brief impressions on the impending trial of John T. Scopes for teaching evolution in the high school at Dayton, Tennessee, by the literary editor of THE FORUM, *after a personal visit to Nashville, Chattanooga, and Dayton.*

On the first of October, 1632, Galileo Galilei, the famous Florentine astronomer and mathematician was cited to Rome by the Inquisition. During the previous January he had published a book in Florence, *Dialogo dei dui massimi sistemi del mondo*, in which he made a vigorous assertion of the astronomical principles first expounded by Copernicus in his *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium* (1543). Contrary to popular legend, Galileo was neither tortured nor even harshly treated by the Inquisition. On the twenty-second of June he was condemned to a limited and very mild sort of imprisonment and as penance "was enjoined to recite once a week for three years the seven penitential psalms." Of course he had to recant his heresy; the earth, not the sun, was the centre of the universe according to the interpretation of scripture favored by the theologians of the day, and the earth was stationary, neither revolving about the sun nor upon its own axis as Galileo had recklessly maintained.

On May twenty-fifth, 1925, John T. Scopes, science teacher in the Rhea High School in Dayton, Tennessee, was indicted by a Grand Jury charged with teaching evolution in violation of the State's anti-evolution law.

The charges preferred against Galileo by the Inquisition read in part as follows: "Whereas you Galileo Galilei of Florence were denounced in 1625 to this Holy Office for holding as true the false doctrine taught by many, — namely, that the sun is immovable in the centre of the world and that the earth moves and also with a diurnal motion; also for having pupils whom you instructed in the same opinions. . . . Therefore this holy tribunal, being desirous of providing against the disorder and mischief thence proceeding. . . . The proposition . . . is false because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scripture."

The indictment of Scopes reads in part as follows: "That John Thomas Scopes . . . did unlawfully and wilfully teach . . . certain theory and theories that deny the story of the Divine creation of man as taught in the Bible and did teach instead thereof that man has descended from a lower order of animals . . . against the peace and dignity of the state."

The authority under which Galileo was tried was ecclesiastical, whereas Scopes is being tried by the civil authority of the state. Here apparently the analogy ceases, but it is precisely at this point that the real and vital analogy is to be found. For in reality Scopes, too, is being tried by ecclesiastical authority. To-day religion no longer exerts the direct tangible authority it did three hundred years ago. But its authority is none the less real and apparent if only we look below the surface of events to their basic causes. Ecclesiastical authority can no longer appeal to the rack and to the torture chamber; instead it employs the weapons of our age: propaganda, organized public opinion, legal action, and economic pressure. Through these means it may still intrench itself as it has done in Tennessee.

In this State the great majority of the inhabitants of the rural districts are Fundamentalists, — that is, persons holding to a literal interpretation of the Bible. And taking advantage of their numerical preponderance they have established an ecclesiastical authority. Renegade to the most sacred principle of Protestantism, — the right of the Private Mind to interpret Holy Scripture for itself, — they have set up in our midst an Authority as real as that of Roman Catholicism. Renegade to the most sacred principle of Americanism, — that Church and State shall be separate, — they have in effect made the state a party to their beliefs and the instrument for their enforcement, thus recreating a situation which their ancestors came here to escape.

To understand how these things have come to pass we must take a glance at the character of these Tennesseeans and at the existing political situation in that State. If in the preceding paragraph I seem to have said harsh things about them, it is with no spirit of ill-will toward them. Never have I been treated with such

courtesy and kindliness as during the pleasant days I recently spent among them. They are not bigots, — in the derogatory sense in which the term is commonly employed; there is nothing of the dour, hard puritan about them; they are unlike the Fundamentalists of other parts of the country; they are rugged, honest, intensely sincere, well-meaning folk, to whom their religion is a vital and a beautiful thing, living in cultural isolation, half a century behind the thought of cosmopolitan civilization, utterly untouched by the spirit of modern science. In science they see only the evils of its many pernicious applications, they see the moral danger of the skepticism engendered by science in those not really fitted by nature for skepticism. They recoil from the implications of a theory of man's origin which, to them, disrobes man of his humanity and God of His divinity, — to them evolution means ancestors who were monkeys, — they cannot comprehend the vast unifying beauty of this hypothesis because they cannot understand it. Nor can the present generation be made to understand it; to do so they would have to be educated all over, — a manifestly impossible task. If these people are ignorant in our eyes, we should neither scorn nor pity them, but devise means to help them. They are ignorant not because they are unintelligent, but because the region in which they live is a cultural desert largely because the North trampled their native culture underfoot in its war to free the slaves.

For the present generation nothing can be done, but for the rising generation there is great hope. Under the tutelage of such scientific-minded young men as John T. Scopes they will readily be brought to see the beauty of the scientific conception of the universe, and how, far from belittling God or man, it pays homage to God and raises the aspirations of man. But for the present there is an anti-evolution law upon the statutes which creates a tragic impasse, — a veritable vicious circle. For it is safe to predict, that unless something very unforseen happens, Scopes will be found guilty, fined one hundred dollars, and the law upheld. This brings us to the political implications of the case.

Tennessee is seventy-five per cent rural. The farm and backwoods control the legislature. The urban politicans are at the mercy of the rural; they cannot get laws passed vital to the cities unless they do the bidding of the rural representation in other matters. The State senators in Nashville whom I talked with assured me that they were not in favor of the bill, that they voted for it, or failed to vote against it as a political expedient. They needed the favors of their rural colleagues who wanted the law. They were indifferent to it. It seemed unimportant to them, just one more statute to be passed and never enforced. Each house passed the buck to the other; both to the governor, and the governor to the courts, where the matter now rests.

The philosophical-political implication is the ever recurrent one in our politics: the issue of republicanism versus democracy. Are we to be governed by the opinions of enlightened representatives imbued with the culture of their age, or by the delegated will of uninformed majorities? Is it to the interest of our nation that a mere majority should be able to perpetuate its ignorance and its prejudices, religious or other, by insisting that only what it believes and approves shall be taught to the young? Since all new ideas originate with minorities, in the dictatorship of numbers lies stagnation and decay.

I do not insist upon the truth of evolution. We know no truths. God alone knows the truth. Evolution is one of many generally accepted working hypotheses, — assumed generalizations through which the spiritual and material well being of humanity is advanced, useful until superseded by another hypothesis more in accordance with the observed facts. Unless there is complete freedom to examine into the workableness of hypotheses science is dead. Tolerance is then the motivating force of all human progress. Let us beware, lest intolerance become our besetting national sin, — it was mutual intolerance that produced the Civil War which has made the South a cultural wilderness, — let us beware lest intolerance strike America down on the high-road to its destiny.

W. P.